

PHOTOPLAY

CHOOSE YOUR STARS

VOTE NOW!

FRANK SINATRA'S

**COMPLETE
LIFE STORY**

**IF MARILYN
HAS A LITTLE GIRL**



PAULET LEIGH-TONY CURTIS

Stars of

"THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH"

Adaptations from the picture featured in this issue

MRS C SLOSBERG
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NEW
IPANA[®] OR IPANA^{A/C} 47¢
AMMONIATED CHLOROPHYLL GIANT SIZE

TEK^{DeLuxe} TOOTH BRUSH 59¢

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New flavor! New cleaning! New anti-decay WD-9!

All new Ipana and Ipana A/C
now on sale contain
anti-enzyme WD-9 (Sodium Lauryl Sulfate)

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"NEW IPANA is new all the way through," says Garry Moore. "I like it better than ever—and I'm sure you will, too." Here's why Garry is so sure:

- Wonderful new minty flavor—the 2 to 1 choice of men, women and children who tested it.
- Twice the cleansing foam—*deep*-cleans between your teeth, right where tooth

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Why not try new Ipana now? Save 37¢ on the finest tooth paste and finest tooth brush you can buy. Look for the special combination at your store. Supply limited—so hurry.

NEW! DOCTOR'S DEODORANT DISCOVERY*

**SAFELY STOPS ODOR
24 HOURS A DAY!**

*New Mum with M-3
won't irritate normal skin
or damage fabrics*



Proved in underarm comparison tests made by a doctor. Deodorant *without* M-3, tested under one arm, stopped perspiration odor only a few hours. New Mum *with* M-3, tested under other arm, stopped odor a full 24 hours.

1. *Exclusive deodorant based originally on doctor's discovery, now contains long-lasting M-3 (Hexachlorophene).
2. Stops odor all day long because invisible M-3 *clings* to your skin—keeps on destroying odor bacteria a full 24 hours.
3. Non-irritating to normal skin. Use it daily. *Only* leading deodorant containing no strong chemical astringents—will not block pores.
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5. Delicate new fragrance. Creamier texture—new Mum won't dry out in the jar.
6. Gentle, safe, dependable—*ideal* for sanitary napkins, too. Get new Mum today.

NEW MUM®
cream deodorant
with long-
lasting M-3
(HEXACHLOROPHENE)

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



Your **NOVEMBER** issue
will be on sale at your newsstand—
OCTOBER 7

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER, 1954

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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Color Portrait by Ornitz

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COMES DANCING AND ROMANCING TO THE SCREEN!

BRIGADOON

NOW BIGGER THAN EVER

IN THE BEAUTY OF

COLOR!

You're seeing
the famed stage
musical
from a
front-row seat!
Rich in spectacle...
the whirling sword
dance, the skirling
bagpipes,
the gathering of
the clans,
the glory of
the Highland
setting
and
more!

Those BIG
BRIGADOON
Song Hits!

"Heather On The Hill"
"Waitin' For My Dearie"
"Almost Like Being In Love"
"There But For You Go I"
"I'll Go Home With Bonnie Jean"
... and others!

AN M-G-M PICTURE STARRING
GENE KELLY
VAN JOHNSON
CYD CHARISSE
with
ELAINE STEWART
BARRY JONES
ALBERT SHARPE

IN

CINEMASCOPE

Screen Play, Book and Lyrics by

Music by

Color by

Directed by

Produced by

ALAN JAY LERNER • FREDERICK LOEWE • ANSCO • VINCENTE MINNELLI • ARTHUR FREED

AN M-G-M PICTURE

Exciting things happen
when it's

Evening in Paris



Today, Tonight—wear it and
see why more women use
Evening in Paris than
any other fragrance
in the world!

Cologne, \$1.00, \$1.75
Perfume, \$1.00 to \$15.00
Improved-formula Face Powder
in 6 stylist shades, \$1.00
(all prices plus tax)

BOURJOIS Created in France... Made in the U.S.A.



Bob Stack, Rosemary Bowe—can this be love?

HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS

BY FLORABEL MUIR

About Betty Hutton and the unpublicized guy in her life, Alan Livingston of Capitol Records, who seems to have moved into the top spot. . . . About the romance of Grace Kelly and Oleg Cassini, which gets its biggest chance to burgeon this autumn when Grace takes her long siesta in New York. . . . About Jean Parker's screen return in "Black Tuesday" with Edward G. Robinson, following her decision to wind up her marriage with Robert Lowery. . . . About whether Jane Withers and Bill Moss might not get together before their divorce decree becomes final. This was one marital split-up that has puzzled the town, and there's no question that Bill is a much-changed man since the bickerings climaxed in court.

About the surprise word brought back to Hollywood by some of the Cote d'Azur set that the real reason why l'affaire Gene Tierney and Aly Khan is indefinitely sidetracked is the opposition of the aging Aga Khan who still believes Rita Hayworth was a tough matrimonial bet for his heir to lose. But don't sell this romance short while Aly's huge diamond sparkles on Gene's third finger, left hand. . . . Joan Crawford's latest interest, Lee Trent, oldtime burlesque actor and film bit player who retired years ago from "the profesh" and piled up a fortune as a manufacturer. . . . About Judy Garland and Sid Luft, who will return from abroad with the nucleus of the new racing stable they've started building. Their Irish three-year-old Ozbeg won his first two starts at Hollywood Park.

About the graceful way Pier Angeli bounced in the direction of a new boy

(Continued on page 6)

"Sabrina" is a motion picture as great as its great, great cast!

It's bubbling with Laughter... Romance... Drama... Exciting Entertainment and Academy Award Stars!

HUMPHREY
BOGART



Topping his Oscar-winning role in "The African Queen"!

AUDREY
HEPBURN



Surpassing her Academy Award success in "Roman Holiday"!

WILLIAM
HOLDEN



Outdoing his "Stalag 17" power-performance!



Produced and Directed by the Academy Award winner who brought you "The Lost Weekend" and "Stalag 17."

BILLY
WILDER



in

Sabrina

... the chauffeur's daughter who learned her stuff in Paris!

with

WALTER HAMPDEN • JOHN WILLIAMS • MARTHA HYER • JOAN VOHS

Written for the Screen by BILLY WILDER, SAMUEL TAYLOR and ERNEST LEHMAN

From the play by SAMUEL TAYLOR • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



(Continued from page 4)

I dreamed I went on a safari* in my maidenform bra

Look who's after big game... me!
...the most dangerous figure in the Congo.

Completely ambushed by admiring
glances for my fabulous form.

No girl on the hunt ever had more fatal
ammunition than a Maidenform bra.

Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette* in acetate
satin with lace. Also in nylon taffeta and
in broadcloth with lace... from 1.50



friend, actor James Dean, when she got word that Kirk Douglas was really married. . . . And the growing seriousness of Bob Stack for Walter Wanger's young acting protegee, Rosemary Bowe, who bowed in Wanger's "Hajji Baba" and who may be seen next season in a Broadway musical.

About the chances of the Harry Karl-Marie McDonald marriage to come through its current crisis. The betting is that it will, because of Harry's total devotion, unless Marie really believes she can make it to the top as an actress. This, by the way, is a very disturbed girl.

About the off-again-on-again—maybe—teeter-tottering of Frances Langford and Jon Hall, with Frances, who handed Jon his walking papers in the first place, now saying a divorce, if any, is strictly up to him. Jon's pals know how hard hit he was when Frances slipped him the bad news. If she really wants it that way these two will be back together again.

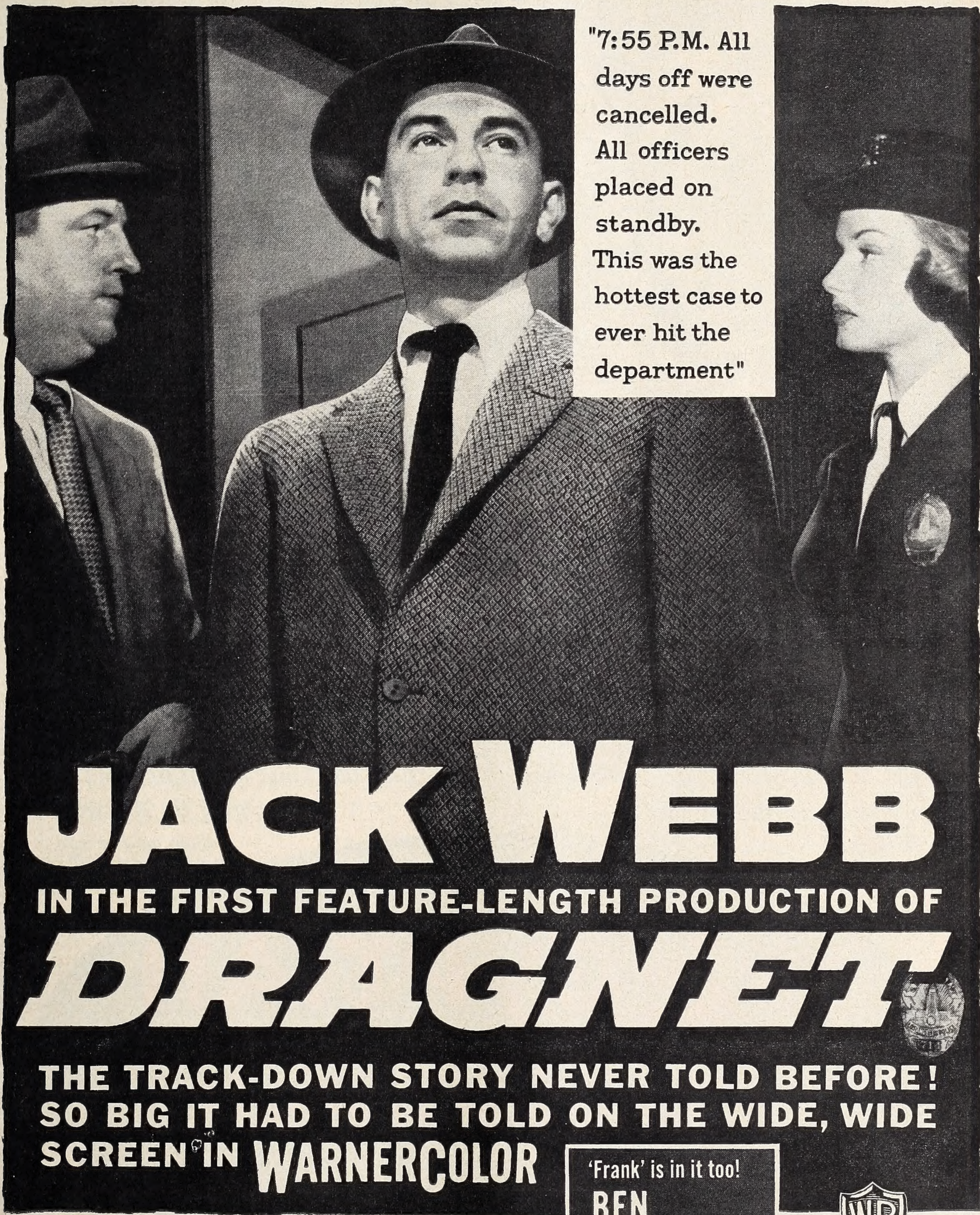
About Johnny Ray's initial job as a motion-picture star in 20th Century-Fox's "No Business Like Show Business" and the inevitable comparisons between Johnny and Frank Sinatra, who came to film glory the hard way. Johnny found a couple of guardian angels right off the bat in Ethel Merman and Dan Dailey who steered him away from all the pitfalls.



Judy Garland, Sid Luft—they picked a winner

About the romance of Paramount's Marjie Millar and Johnny Flores, *Collier's* cameraman, whose marriage is now set for January. But will Marjie's great hit as the ingenue in "About Mrs. Leslie" change her rosy plans? It's been known to happen, the wisecracks point out. And about how Marjie won her first important break, the test at 20th that resulted in the Paramount job. Her petticoat dropped off at a party and Virginia (Mrs. Darryl Zanuck) came to her rescue!

SGT. JOE FRIDAY for the first time in a motion picture theatre!



"7:55 P.M. All days off were cancelled. All officers placed on standby. This was the hottest case to ever hit the department"

JACK WEBB

IN THE FIRST FEATURE-LENGTH PRODUCTION OF

DRAGNET

THE TRACK-DOWN STORY NEVER TOLD BEFORE!
SO BIG IT HAD TO BE TOLD ON THE WIDE, WIDE
SCREEN IN **WARNERCOLOR**

PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

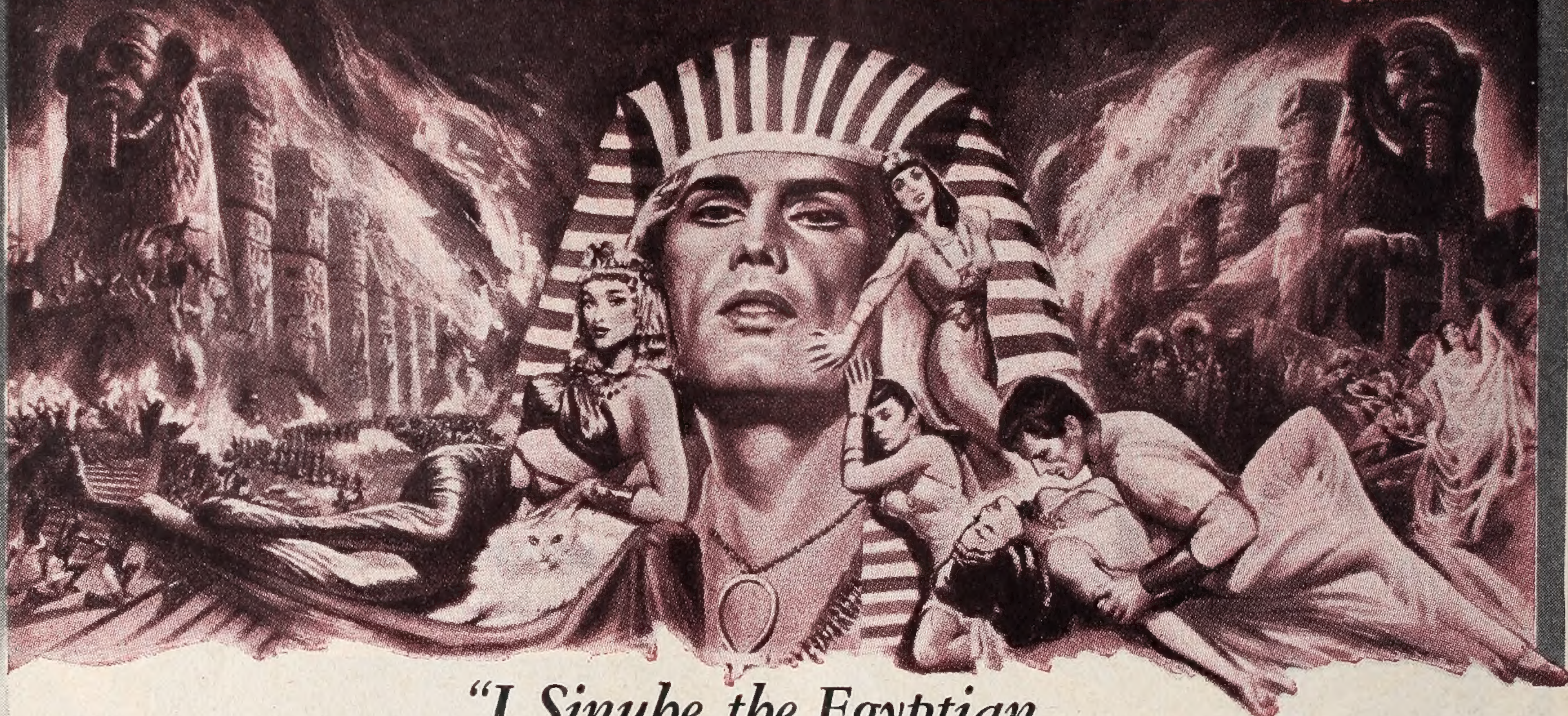
WRITTEN BY **RICHARD L. BREEN** **RICHARD BOONE** **ANN ROBINSON** A **MARK VII LTD.** PRODUCTION

PRODUCED BY **STANLEY MEYER** DIRECTED BY **JACK WEBB** DISTRIBUTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

'Frank' is in it too!
BEN ALEXANDER
as Officer
Frank Smith



"THE GREATEST GIFT ANY MAN CAN BRING TO A WOMAN IS HIS INNOCENCE — WHICH HE CAN GIVE ONLY ONCE." — *The Egyptian*



*"I, Sinuhe, the Egyptian,
have forsaken eternity and everlasting life
for the perfection of love..."*

"I committed every crime against man, woman and the gods. I gave my innocence to *Merit, a tavern maid*, who bore me a son. I surrendered my parents hope of immortality to *Nefer, shameless temptress of Babylon*. I committed the sin of sins, with *Princess Baketamon*, who coveted the throne of Egypt!"

Before your eyes, "The Egyptian" comes to life! The graven images become flesh-and-blood realities. The ancient hieroglyphics become transformed into living vistas. The Rivers of Babylon flow once again in the wrong direction. *The Forbidden Land of the Hittites and the Pyramids of the Nile relive their golden age.*

20th Century-Fox presents DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production

THE EGYPTIAN

Photographed With The Revolutionary New Anamorphic Lens In

CINEMASCOPE

starring

Jean SIMMONS · Victor MATURE · Gene TIERNEY · Michael WILDING · Bella DARVI · Peter USTINOV

and Edmund PURDOM as "The Egyptian"

with Judith Evelyn · Henry Daniell Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ Screen play by PHILIP DUNNE and CASEY ROBINSON From the novel by MIKA WALTARI

Color by DeLuxe · In the Wonder of 4-Track High-Fidelity Directional-STEREOPHONIC SOUND

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR

Broken Lance

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Though the setting is the American Southwest and the time the last century, this is no routine Western. With Spencer Tracy and Richard Widmark dueling for acting honors, Bob Wagner doing his best work, it's an unusual drama of family discord. Tracy has the dominant role, as a cattle baron who considers himself above the law. Widmark has the most complex role, as the browbeaten eldest son, who finally stirs his brothers, Hugh O'Brian, who's weak, and Earl Holliman, who's dim-witted, to join him in rebellion. They resent their favored half-brother, Bob, son of Tracy's marriage to an Indian (Katy Jurado). Bob's romance with Jean Peters is touching as disaster descends upon him. An action-packed ending, however, brings events to a happy conclusion.

FAMILY



Best Acting: Richard Widmark

Dick, Spencer and Bob watch Jean sample a red-hot pepper

Rear Window

PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In an ingenious Alfred Hitchcock thriller, James Stewart is an aggressive action hero—wheelchair-bound. And Grace Kelly's appeal registers warmly for the first time. As a magazine photographer who has broken a leg in line of duty, Jimmy recuperates in his New York apartment, which looks out on a center-of-the-block court. He amuses himself by spying on his neighbors' activities. This hobby, obviously impolite, also proves dangerous, when Jimmy begins to suspect a tenant across the court of murder. He is salesman Raymond Burr, whose invalid wife is no longer seen in their apartment. Jimmy can sell his theories only to Thelma Ritter, his nurse, and Grace, his sweetheart—supposedly a useless ornament of high society. Detective Wendell Corey remains skeptical.

FAMILY



Even under Grace's blandishments, Jimmy stays marriage-shy

The Black Shield of Falworth

U-I; CINEMASCOPE,
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Cheerful and buoyant as its young stars—Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—this dashing tale of old England provides a pleasant entertainment session. Tony and sister Barbara Rush have been brought up in a humble cottage. When their guardian sends them to the castle of nobleman Herbert Marshall, Tony begins investigating the mystery of their real family background. Meantime, he becomes a squire, in training for knighthood. These sequences are both fascinating and funny, reminding us that full armor was not only fine to look at—but mighty clumsy to wear. While Tony courts Janet (Marshall's daughter), Barbara's romanced by squire Craig Hill. And there's a roaring climax in the fight against dastardly David Farrar, out to capture the English throne.

FAMILY



Well-taught by Torin Thatcher, Tony is ready to do battle

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 26

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 28

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 10

MOVIES

CONTINUED

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR



Best Acting: Audrey Hepburn

Sabrina

PARAMOUNT

✓✓✓ A slender but sprightly comedy-romance gives Audrey Hepburn another chance to weave her unique spell. William Holden and Humphrey Bogart handle off-beat roles with assurance, but Audrey plays first fiddle all the way. She's a chauffeur's daughter, raised on the fabulous estate of a rich New York family. As an awkward teenager, she worships Holden, the rattle-brained younger son. Bogart's the sober elder son, a briefcase-toting Wall Streeter, who rescues Audrey when she attempts suicide. Her outraged dad (John Williams) packs her off to France to learn the art of cookery. She returns a grown-up charmer, loaded with Parisian chic, to catch Holden's eye. Bogart intervenes in the crisis, since his father (Walter Hampden) is only an amused (and amusing) onlooker. **FAMILY**

Thinking Audrey's a lovely stranger, Bill offers her a lift



Betrayed

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Judged simply as an adventure story, the reunion vehicle of Lana Turner and Clark Gable is an exciting item. But the story of the Dutch underground never lives up to the authenticity of the Netherlands locale—and Victor Mature nearly steals the show. Gable is a Dutch intelligence officer captured by the Nazis, then rescued and spirited to England by Mature, dashing leader of the resistance. Lana, wealthy and once-frivolous widow of a Netherlands businessman, is trained as a secret agent so that she may serve as contact between Mature and the Allied command, planning invasion. None of the leads seems particularly European, and minor players create a babel of international accents. But the plot is full of tense climaxes, and backgrounds have a misty charm. **FAMILY**

Lana tries to comfort Vic, embittered by a wartime tragedy



Susan Slept Here

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Never before has Debbie Reynolds' natural sparkle come across so entrancingly. And Dick Powell keeps pace with her, revealing a nice comedy flair. It takes their combined skill to juggle a story that's preposterous from start to finish, moving too erratically to keep its slips from showing. As a writer planning a story on juvenile delinquency, Dick gets a strange Christmas Eve present from two police-detective friends. The present is Debbie, an alleged delinquent who is to spend the holiday as the writer's guest (and research subject). Dick fails in his effort to scare up a chaperone, and the resulting situation infuriates his fiancée (Anne Francis, again going sexy with gusto). Some lines border on vulgarity, but Debbie and Dick manage to make them funny instead of cheap. **ADULT**

After refusing Dick's gift, Debbie tries it on—and weakens

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF NEW FILMS SEE PAGE 26

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT FILMS ON PAGE 29

MORE REVIEWS ON PAGE 21

Back in his heart... Again!



But she wouldn't have been if she hadn't corrected that insidious trouble* that came between them.

Don't let *halitosis (bad breath) put you in a bad light, and don't trust to makeshifts to correct it. Trust it to Listerine Antiseptic, the extra-careful precaution against offending. Use it night and morning, and always before any date.

Lasting Effect

You see, Listerine instantly stops bad breath, and keeps it stopped usually for hours on end . . . four times better than tooth paste. It's the extra-careful precaution against offending that countless fastidious people rely on.

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste does. Listerine

Antiseptic instantly kills bacteria . . . by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end.

No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This...Instantly

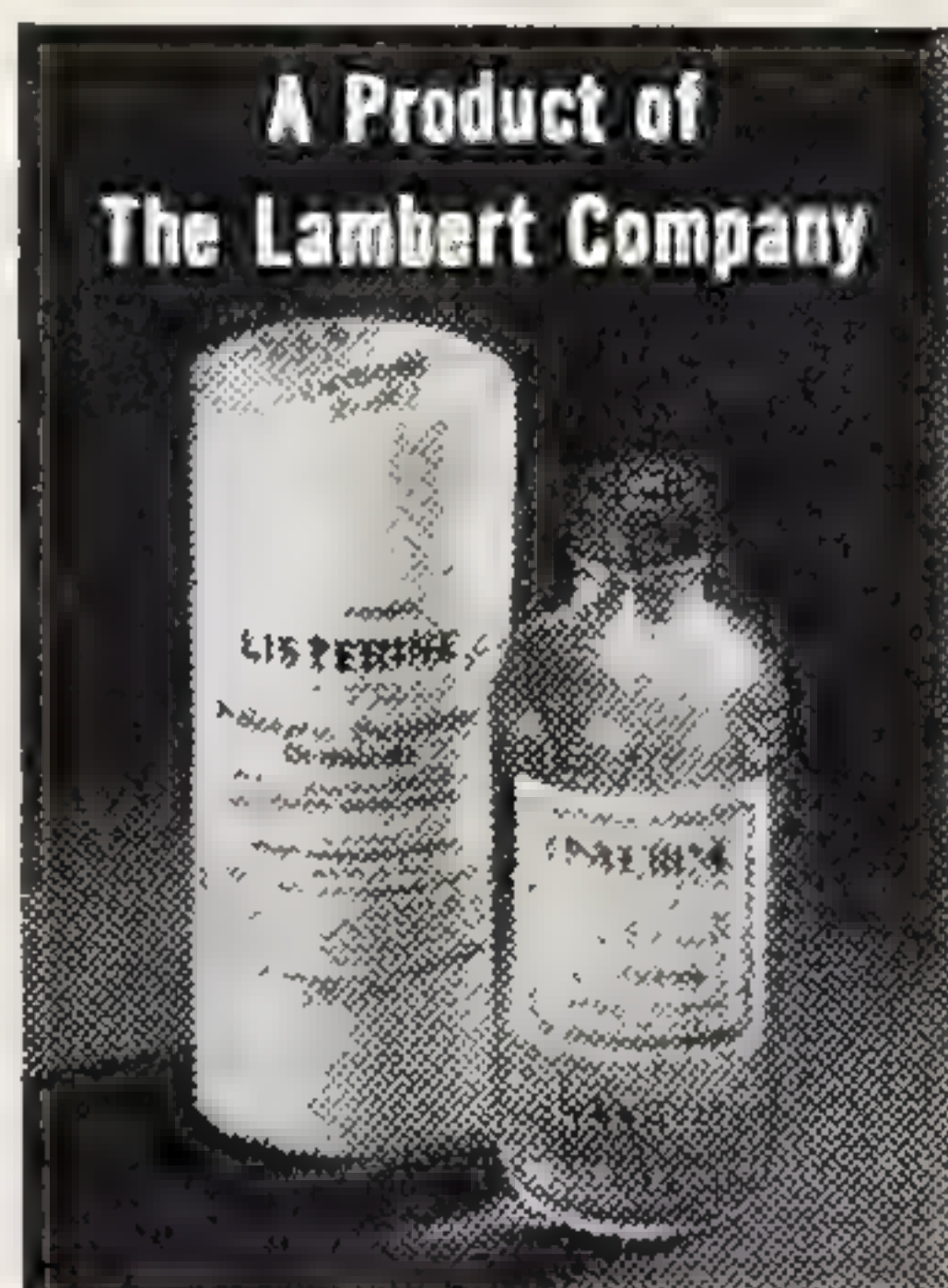
You see, far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. *And research shows that your breath stays sweeter longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting anti-

septic protection against bad breath.

Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine belongs in your home. Every morning . . . every night . . . before every date, make it a habit to always gargle Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



Every week on television —

"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE & HARRIET"

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH

4 times better than any tooth paste



never never never

since the world began—has there been a perfume like Adam's Rib

Perfume 1 oz. \$18.50, ½ oz. \$10.00, dram \$3.00

Toilet Water 3½ oz. \$4.00, 2 oz. \$2.50 prices plus tax

L'enthérie

New York Paris London

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Joan Weldon, Byron Palmer send me



My favorite character: Marie "Jane Doe" Wilson



The Crawford, with daughter Christine

BOB WAGNER now wonders if the lad who caddies for him will grow up to be a movie star . . . Judy Holliday is an indoor female. Her only outdoor fun is hunting for unique antique shops . . . Following Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh into a premiere as the fans cheered them, I overheard Tony say to Janet: "I wonder if those people in the stands realize that the main reason we came here was to see them." . . . I don't believe masters of ceremonies or disc jockeys know the celebrities they introduce one-quarter as well as they pretend . . . Hollywood is a place where celebrities get a kick out of mingling with celebrities . . . Many actresses think they are so very brave if they permit you to see them without their complete make-up. To me many actresses look better this way . . . I think the most underrated actor in town is Mickey Rooney. He's just as good today as he was when he did the sensational drunk scene in "National Velvet." . . . Please don't ask me who the most overrated actor is . . . Jeff Chandler is a restless sleeper. He uses every square foot of the bed at one time or another during the night . . . Ever

notice how people married to each other start looking alike, a la Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin . . . During a conversation, my favorite female character, Marie Wilson, said: "Well, if you ask me—Jane Doe sounds like a fictitious name."

Liz Taylor explains that she seldom carries money with her because she loses everything, wallet, keys, etc. Freudian, Liz, Freudian . . . I think "It's All Right with Me" from "Can-Can" is the most neglected of current show tunes and I wish Frank Sinatra would record it . . . What's happening with Pat Crowley and pictures? Paramount isn't doing right by our Pat . . . Lex Barker is still playing *Tarzan*. He sleeps in the raw . . . When starlet Kathy Marlowe was asked what a certain rich boy friend does for a living, she replied: "He earns a very high allowance."

Kathryn Grayson's singing gowns feature an elastic bodice. When Katie takes a deep breath for those high notes, her chest expands to 41 inches. So don't even mention Jane Russell

Apple of Eden

a primeval
red for the
uninhibited

***STA-PUT**
Lipstick 1⁰⁰

—in Jewel of
Eden case

2⁰⁰

prices plus tax



*trademark

Sentheric
New York Paris London

Don't let your hair look dull, drab, old.



Nestle glorifies hair with sparkling, young COLOR

NESTLE COLORINSE

Here's a wonderful, easy-to-use rinse that enriches your *natural* hair color in seconds! Gives your hair exciting color-highlights and sheen...makes it softer, silkier, easier to comb. Colorinse *rinses in — shampoos out!* 11 flattering colors plus Natural.

6 rinses 25¢ 14 rinses 50¢.

NESTLE COLORTINT adds deeper, longer-lasting, youthful-looking color. Hides gray hairs...blends-in streaked, bleached or dyed hair. COLORTINT is more than a rinse—but not a permanent dye. No ammonia, no peroxide, no artificial look! Contains Esters of Lanolin to condition dull hair. 10 lovely colors. 6 capsules 29¢, 14 capsules 50¢.

FREE! For sample of Colorinse or Colortint, (specify which one) send in color of your hair and self-addressed, stamped envelope to Nestle, Dept. V. 902 Broadway, N.Y. 10.



Ask for professional applications at your beauty shop

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

Continued

near me . . . I wish they'd get busy and put Agnes DeMille's "Dance to the Piper" on the screen . . . Hollywood is a place where the same guy who asks a celebrity for an autograph won't accept the same autograph on a check.

True, Joan Crawford never merely enters a restaurant or a night club. She makes an entrance. But I'm for it. Not only is it a dash of yesteryear's Hollywood but I have no objection to being kissed by Joan . . . The trouble with most of the night clubs on the Sunset Strip is that the tables are reserved but the customers aren't . . . Marilyn Maxwell wears pastel chiffon pleated short nightgowns to bed, and usually falls asleep with music from the record-player near her bed . . . You can take a lot of the so-called glamour gals, I'll take Joanne Dru . . . I'm rather proud of myself—I'm able to distinguish between Tab Hunter and Jeff Hunter. Is there a prize?

Marlon Brando will be the leading contender for all acting prizes for his "On the Waterfront" performance . . . George Sanders writes the naughtiest verse about the members of the cast after he finishes working in a picture . . . The latest fad is that the girls (Lana Turner, Terry Moore, Leslie Caron, Jean Simmons, to mention a few) are wearing men's shirts with slacks or shorts. Got to confess, it's the first time I don't object to stuffed shirts.

Anne Francis still takes her shoes off

at a party . . . Did you ever stop to think that Howard Hughes prefers brunettes? Hastily I've tried to recall all the girls who have been linked with him romantically or businesswise and the only blond I can name is Jean Harlow . . . John Wayne takes his own make-up man with him from studio to studio . . . I sometimes get the impression that Audrey Hepburn is amazed that she is a movie star . . . Yet nothing about Zsa Zsa Gabor amazes me.

Rosalind Russell is as good an actress off-stage as on, which she proved at the start of a Hawaiian luau in Honolulu when she vacationed with husband Fred Brisson after her smash Broadway success in "Wonderful Town." . . . Joan Weldon and Byron Palmer make a good-looking couple. Too bad it couldn't be.

I believe Stewart Granger is almost as brave (in movies) as Errol Flynn used to be . . . Rita Moreno is as delightfully amusing as she's delightfully curved . . . Hollywood is a present-tense town. Even a past success has the same weight as a flop . . . I have yet to meet a starlet who doesn't babble about her career . . . Doris Day sleeps in shortie nightgowns. "Pajamas make me nervous," explained Doris . . . I'll bet you were wondering when I was going to mention Marilyn Monroe . . . My favorite male character, Mike Curtiz, directing a new actor, said: "What are you trying to be—a Marlo Brandy?" That's Hollywood For You.



Liz Taylor never carries money or make-up



Roz Russell is skeptical of food at luau

INTRODUCING

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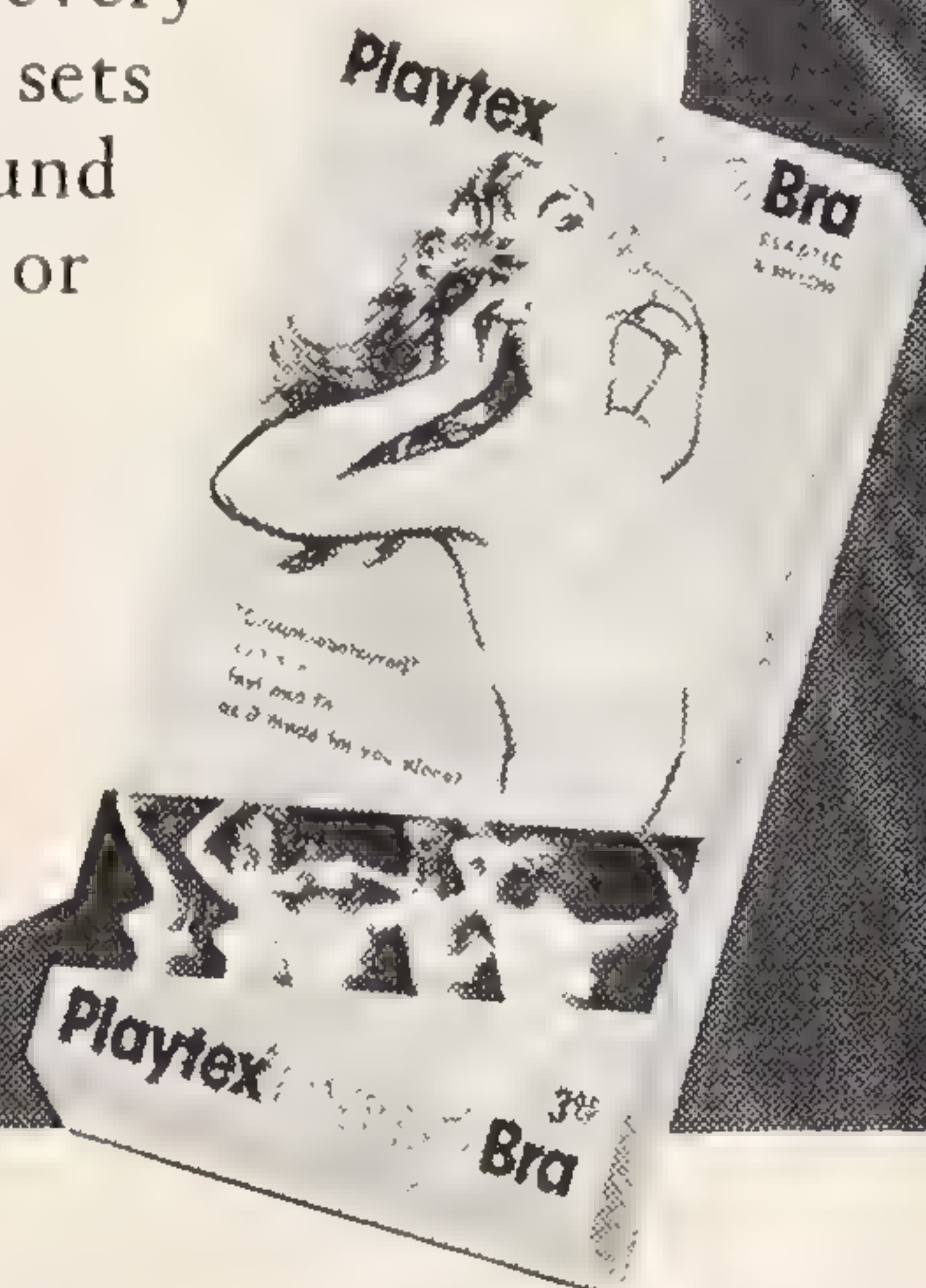
Now... the designers who performed such miracles with Playtex Girdles bring you an exciting new bra of elastic and nylon!

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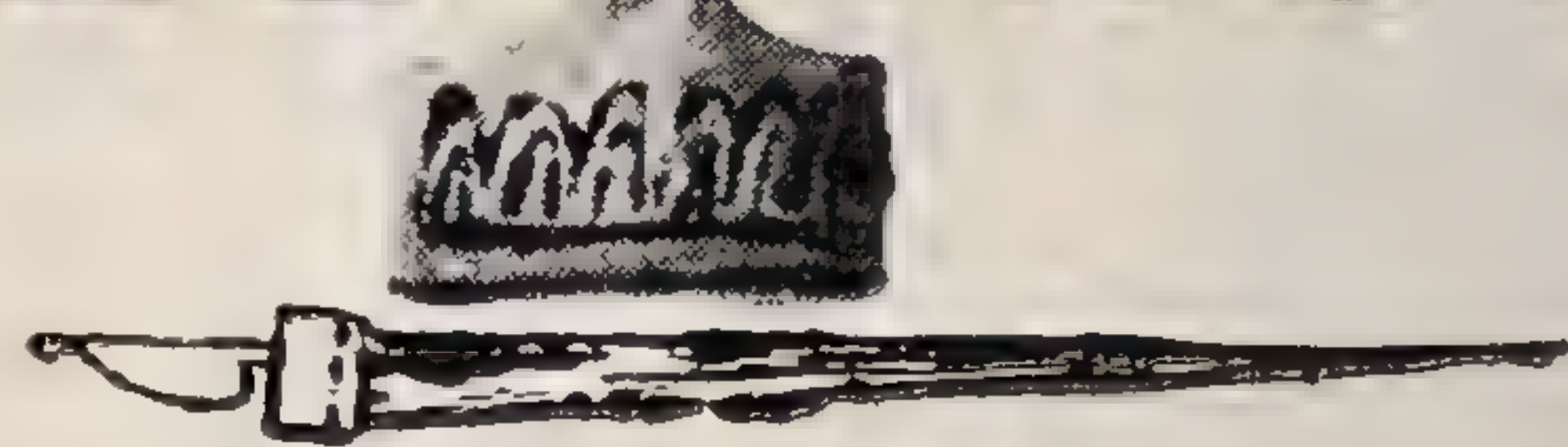


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READERS INC...

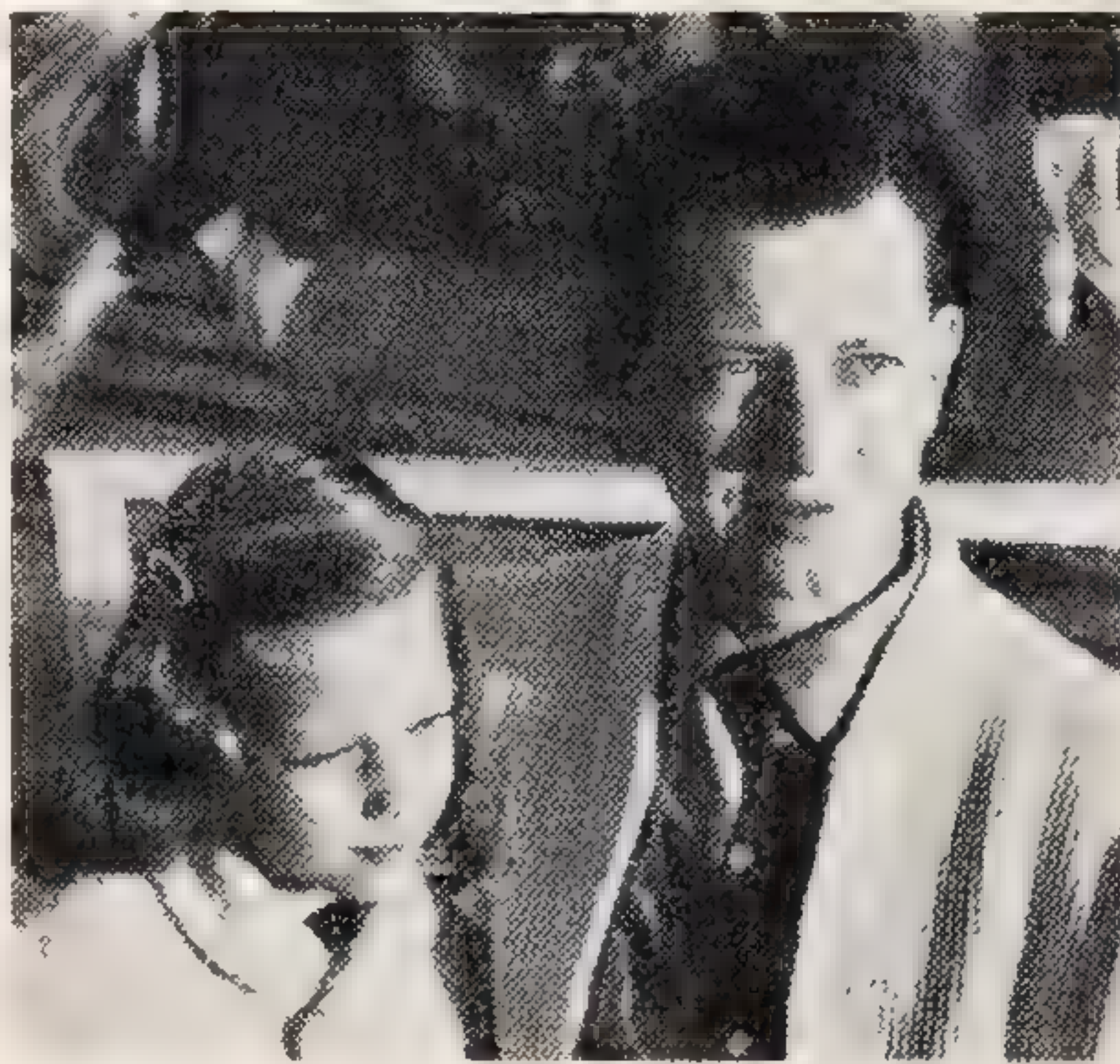


SOAP BOX:

From all over the country I receive letters which ask over and over again: "How can I become a star?"

Well, first, there's the matter of getting into the entertainment field. My case is one of being born into show business. But there are other ways. They all entail hard work. Many an "overnight success" has come after years of study and near-starvation.

An early start helps. I'd advise taking advantage of high-school days—the class plays, parties that can be livened by imitations, appearances at local benefits. Boys



Some wise advice from Don O'Connor

and girls who go on to college can find excellent drama courses and opportunities for stage work in college productions. A small-town little theatre will also be glad to lend a hand. If there isn't one, it might be a good idea to organize one.

There's summer stock. You may sweep out the auditorium and paint scenery the first season, but a good deal can be learned from watching professionals in action. There are dramatic schools—a reputable one can offer invaluable aid.

Then on to Hollywood—if bank account is equal to the chore. With a solid background, a belief in oneself and a will to work, an aspiring young hopeful has a right to ask for the big chance.

DONALD O'CONNOR

I have just seen that wonderful new movie, "The High and the Mighty," and I certainly wish to congratulate Warners on their wise selection of John Wayne for the part of Dan. No one could have played the part better. Congratulations to you, John, and lots of luck to you and to Warners in the future!

MARY YARDLEY
Salt Lake City, Utah

I just saw "The Greatest Show on Earth." The theatre was *really* packed. This may not seem so much, but it is when you live in a town with the whole number of 831 people and with "The Robe" playing only a few miles away.

If there were more movies as good as this one, Movie Makers wouldn't have to worry about TV or anything else.

FRANCES REILLY
Mabton, Washington

You probably don't get much mail from the menfolks, but I'm writing a short note for a reason. The reason is Marilyn Monroe. I wish you would please tell me why everyone thinks she is so beautiful... I have been photographing women for about ten years and will defy anyone, even her husband, to tell me she is good-looking... There are many women walking around the country that are prettier than she is...

ARNOLD SYLVESTER
Gloucester, Massachusetts

To Marilyn Monroe:

I am writing this open letter in answer to that large part of the public who have been against you. I had heard a lot about you from friends who had seen you on the screen, so I decided to see you for myself. The picture was "Monkey Business." I was shocked and flabbergasted at the way you walked and the clothes you wore, but thought, well, she's just playing the part on the screen. After that, I went to see more of your pictures. Then I saw you in "Niagara"; this was the picture in which you captured my heart. And I must confess, that I for one, was against you, but I realize now that here is a star that is going places and will top even the brightest stars if given the chance. In "River of No Return" you have, without a doubt, proven yourself to be a most versatile actress and are showing the cynics that for all your beauty and sex that you can be a good dramatic actress, too. I close with these words, Good Luck and may God be with you in your climb to stardom.

SGT. PHILLIP L. QUINTYNE
Washington, D. C.

I'm tired of everybody, or almost everybody, saying mean things about Robert Wagner. If they don't like him, just shut up! I'm tired of reading that he's a baby, if he were a baby, he wouldn't be where he is. People also say that he is not a good



Stop picking on Brando

actor. For me, he is a good actor, good looking, sweet and has many qualities that guys of his age don't have. The actors that are now famous started the same way.

Why don't they also stop bothering Marlon Brando? He is a good actor and should be judged by his acting only.

NATALIE FERNANDEZ
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico

(Continued on page 18)

Everybody's Talking About...



Revlon's 'LOVE-PAT'

the miracle makeup with the face-powder finish

IMAGINE! You puff on powder and makeup all-at-once! Instantly your complexion takes on new radiant color, a new younger look! Once you've tried this new way of powdering your face, you'll never go back to loose, spilly

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Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure.

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New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.

READERS INC...

(Continued from page 16)

I just finished reading Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life, Audie Murphy" and want to say I enjoyed it more than I have any other story which has appeared in your magazine for a long, long time . . . Let's have some more like it in the near future.

CAROL LEE SIMONSON
San Francisco, California

So far I have been sitting back and listening to everybody criticize Elizabeth Taylor. They are all wrong about her. I had the opportunity to meet her personally. There were about seven of us there and she signed our autograph books even though she had to report to work. How can anyone judge her without knowing her?

PHYLLIS KROS
Inglewood, California

I have read almost every issue of PHOToplay this year, and not once have I seen a picture or a story on one of my favorites.



More news on Mr. Purdom

Edmund Purdom . . . Please have a story on him in a future issue.

CAROLYN RIGGS
Kalamazoo, Michigan

An article on Mr. Purdom will be featured in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.—ED.

I'd like to say that I wholeheartedly agree with Cal York (July, Inside Stuff) when he says that Donald O'Connor did a swell job mc-ing this year's Academy Awards. The Press must have just been speaking for itself, which is certainly a minority compared to the millions of people across the country who liked him.

VIVIAN MORROW
Mt. Clemens, Michigan

We want to congratulate Maxine Arnold on writing such a wonderful article on Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis (July). To us, Dean and Jerry have always, and always will be, two of the best in show business.

THE MARTIN AND LEWIS FAN CLUB
Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

Last night I saw Republic Studios release "Jubilee Trail," and, though I've never written a letter praising any movie or actor, I felt that for once I had to express my delight in one of Hollywood's "products." The casting was as nearly perfect as in any picture I have ever seen. I'd like to say that the most perfectly portrayed character was John Ives, played by Forrest Tucker. He was John Ives. I hope that we'll see him in some more of the leading roles he so richly deserves.

LOUISE E. WISE
Orlando, Florida

(Continued on page 20)

honestly darling! this lovely carryette didn't cost a cent!...

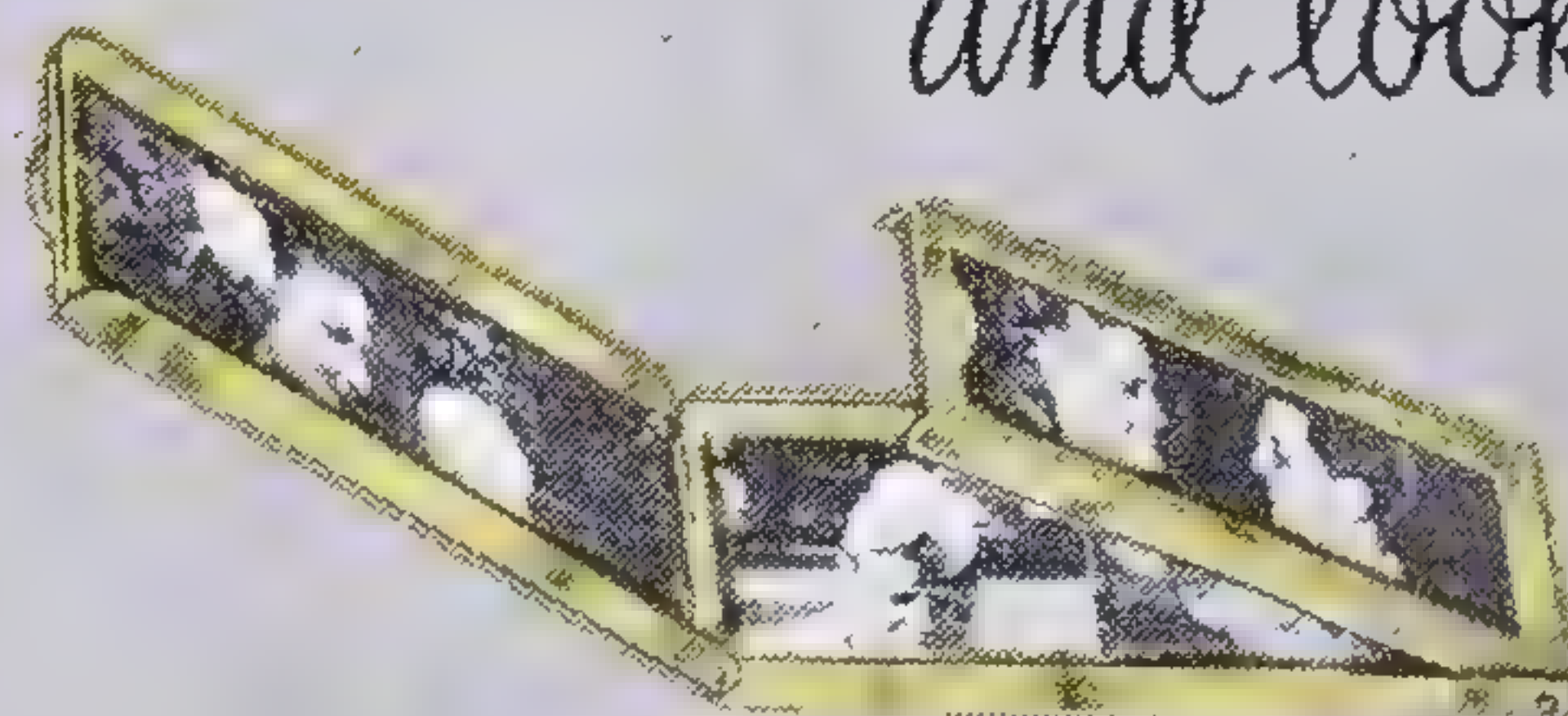


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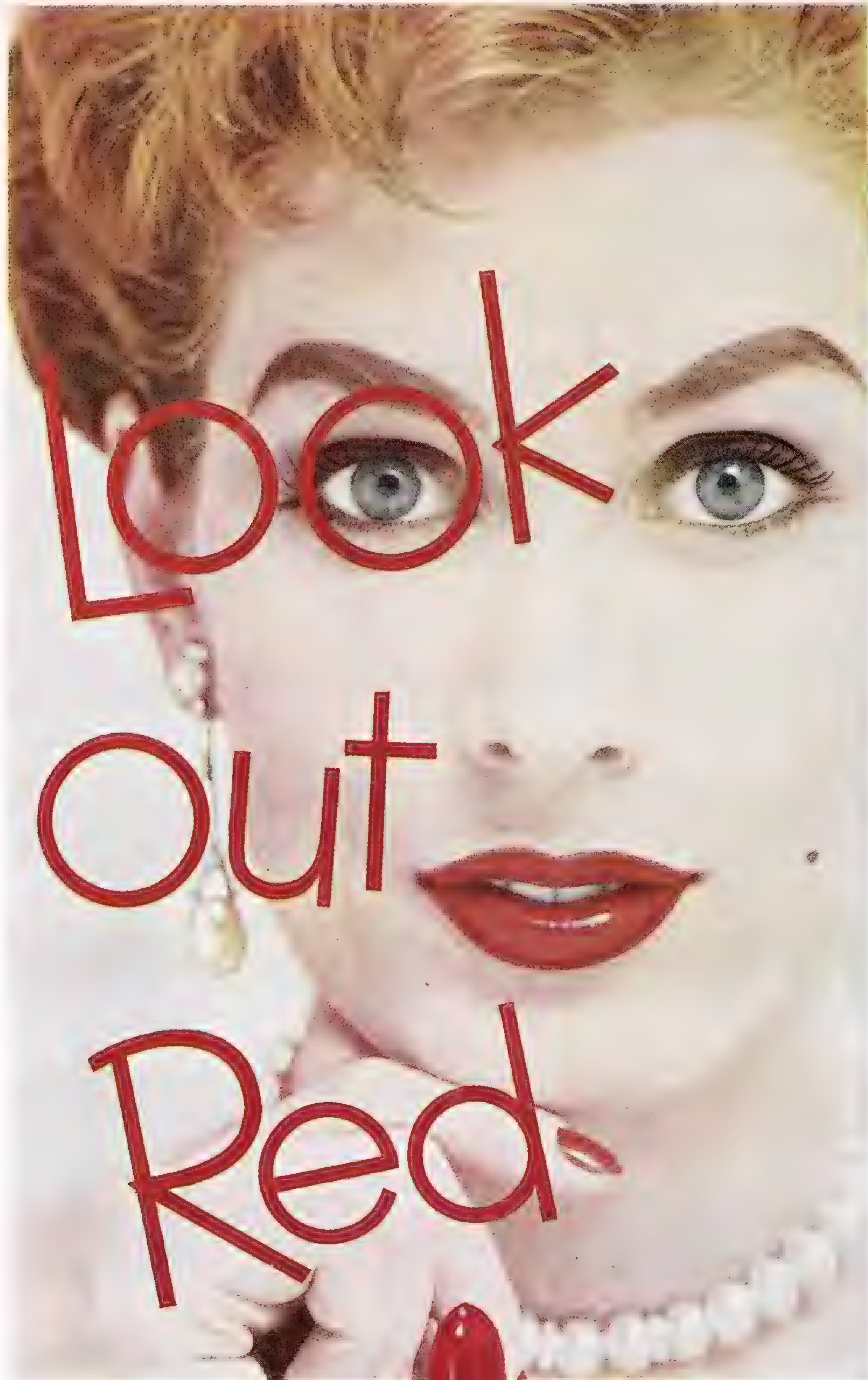
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Candy Jones

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Super-creamed to Keep Your Lips Like Velvet

READERS INC...

(Continued from page 18)

CASTING:

I think Guy Madison would be wonderful in the role of the famous flyer Charles Lindbergh when they make the movie of his book "The Spirit of St. Louis."

PATRICIA HOELSCHER
Houston, Texas

There have been what I consider some very good and some very poor suggestions in this column. I couldn't stand to see rugged Charlton Heston cast opposite Marilyn Monroe—as somebody wrote. Marilyn's mate should be Steve Cochran. Charlton Heston rates someone like the beautiful newcomer Grace Kelly.

SHARON LUPFER
Sheffield, Alabama



Look-alikes Mamie and Marilyn in sister act

I think that Marilyn Monroe and Mamie Van Doren should play sisters in some picture because of their strong resemblance.

LILLIAN HADDAD
Charleston, West Virginia

Why doesn't M-G-M make George Bernard Shaw's "Anthony and Cleopatra," starring Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh?

FAY BURGESS
Alabama City, Alabama

I would like to see the picture "Mrs. Mike" made over starring Rock Hudson as *Mike* and Marcia Henderson as his wife. I saw them together in "Back to God's Country" and they were very good.

I hope they are given more pictures together because they make such a perfect team co-starring together.

JUDY HUX
Fruitland Park, Florida

I just read "The Southerners," by Edna Lee, which I think would make a wonderful movie. I also think Ann Blyth would be perfect as *Jessica*.

KAY M.
Dayton, Ohio

John Wayne and Jane Russell would be a terrific team in Westerns. Are both of them married?

ETHEL LONG
Wells Tannery, Pennsylvania

Jane is—to ex-football pro, Bob Waterfield. John Wayne was recently divorced.—ED.

I am convinced that the perfect leading lady of the film version of "South Pacific" would be Judy Garland . . . Howard Keel or even Mario Lanza would be ideal for the leading male role in the film.

W. T. HOWES
Montreal, Canada

(Continued on page 37)



With Kim Novak, Fred enjoys being a detective

Pushover

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓ In a tough, crisp tale of crime, seductive Kim Novak makes a promising debut, and Fred MacMurray has a role recalling his hard-hitting "Double Indemnity." He's a detective assigned to track down a bank robber and recover the stolen cash. To do this, he strikes up a prompt and very close friendship with Kim, the bandit's girl. They're genuinely attracted to each other, they find, and they plot to kill the bandit when he appears—and keep the cash for themselves. On stakeout, Fred has the pleasant task of watching Kim's apartment, but his partner (Phil Carey) is distracted by her next-door neighbor, a nurse (Dorothy Malone). The tension is built up skilfully; the characters are believable, except that Kim's is a bit sentimentalized.

ADULT

The Raid

20TH, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ An obscure, astonishing episode in American history provides the basis for an excellent Civil War film, done tautly and with genuine emotion. Van Heflin leads a band of Confederate officers in an escape from a New York State prison camp. Crossing into Canada, they return stealthily to plot a raid on the little town of St. Albans, Vermont—eventually carrying it out in full Confederate uniform! As a charming war widow with whom Van boards, Anne Bancroft shows him how the other side feels. Richard Boone has an interesting role as a maimed Union veteran with a guilty secret, while Lee Marvin and Peter Graves are outstanding among Van's subordinates.

FAMILY

King Richard and the Crusaders

WARNERS; CINEMASCOPE, WARNERCOLOR

✓✓✓ Hollywood's current vogue for the Middle Ages now casts George Sanders as Richard the Lionhearted, off to free the Holy Land from the infidel (and liberate a few valuables on the way). Threatened by treachery in his own ranks, he has a

staunch defender in Laurence Harvey, a fiery young Scottish knight. The picture livens up considerably when Rex Harrison appears, as the wily Sultan Saladin, Richard's respected enemy. Virginia Mayo shares a romance with Harvey, between all the battle clashes and fine flourishes of chivalry.

FAMILY

Francis Joins the WACs

U-I

✓✓✓ Here's the most amusing *Francis* picture since the talking mule's first. Co-star Donald O'Connor is back in the Army, called up from the reserves—and, through a snafu, sent to an all-WAC unit. He heads a platoon including such unmilitary-looking types as Mamie Van Doren. Also on the post are Julia Adams and Lynn Bari, Don's superior officers—and *Francis*, who helps Don and the girls beat male troops in a battle maneuver featuring the use of camouflage. Chill Wills helps the gags along, playing a general who talks exactly like *Francis* (hardly strange, since Chill has always been *Francis*' voice).

FAMILY

The Little Kidnappers

RANK, U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Two of the most engaging little boys you've ever seen on the screen dominate a delightful story of Scottish and Dutch settlers in Nova Scotia (where the picture was shot). Tow-headed Jon Whiteley (of "The Stranger In Between") is the older; the younger is Vincent Winter, a completely natural five-year-old who seems to have no idea that the camera's watching him. Newly orphaned, they're taken in by their grandfather (Duncan Macrae). He's a stern old tyrant, just scraping by on his small farm, and he can't understand the lonesome children's yearning for a pet, preferably a dog. So they "find" and adopt a most unusual pet—a baby, whom they hide away and care for tenderly. Adrienne Corri, the spectacular redhead of "The River," does a beautiful job as a drab young spinster, daughter of the tyrant, who blocks her romance with a Dutch neighbor (Theodore Bikel).

FAMILY

Ugetsu

HARRISON AND DAVIDSON

✓✓✓✓ This Japanese film (with English titles) seems at first an adventure in the exotic, dealing with people and ideas far away in space and time. Slowly, it broadens into a story of the way war, ambition, love and death affect ordinary people. Then it becomes touchingly real, even though it takes place in a world where the existence of ghosts is taken for granted. As warrior kings battle across a frightened countryside, two peasants abandon their quiet homes and their wives. One is led by a longing to wear the splendid armor of a *samurai*; the other is ruined by his hunger for money and his infatuation with a strange, lovely woman. Several of Japan's top stars give strong performances in the leading roles, and many of the scenes are as entralling to the eye as fine Oriental prints.

ADULT

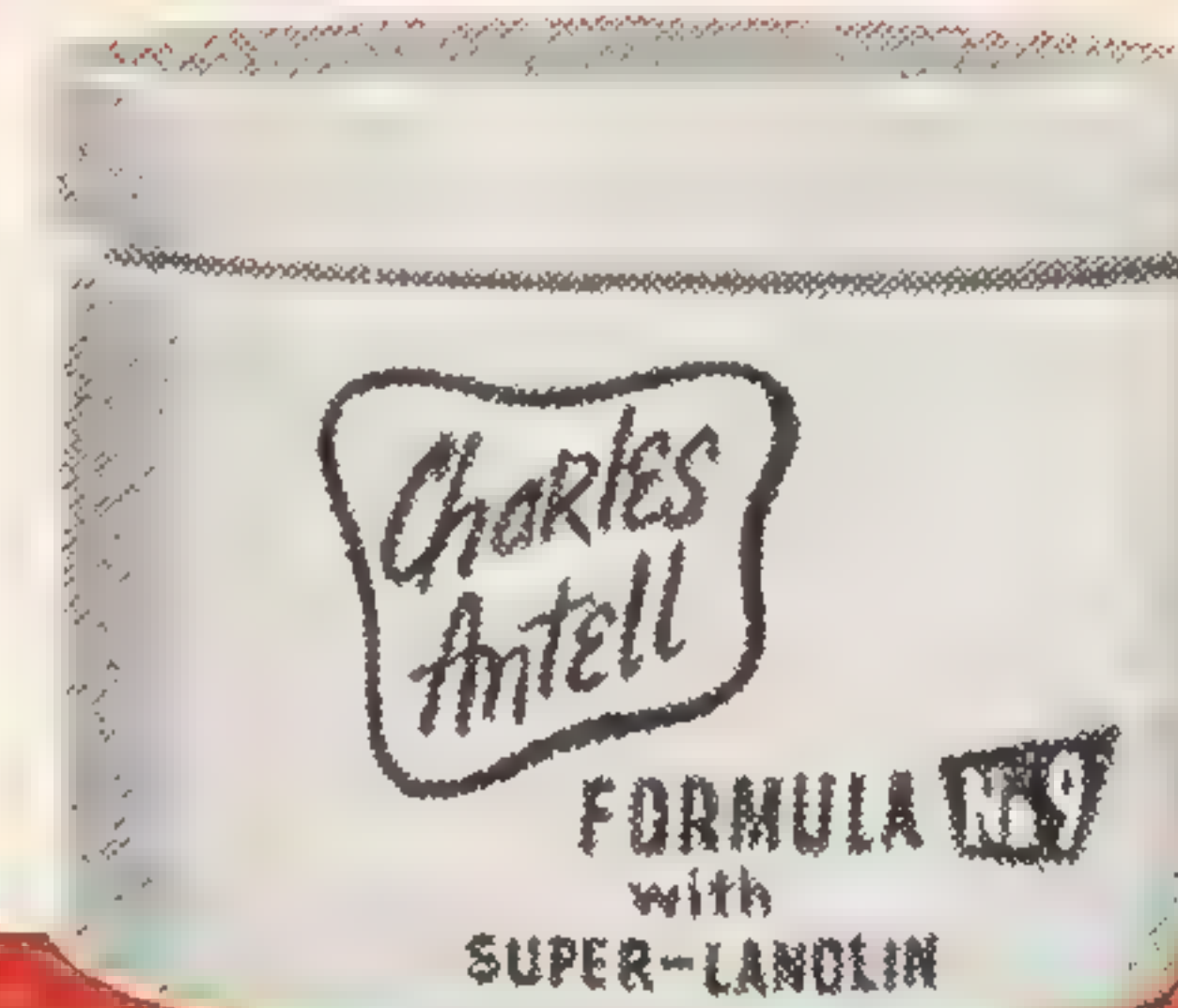
Continued on page 23

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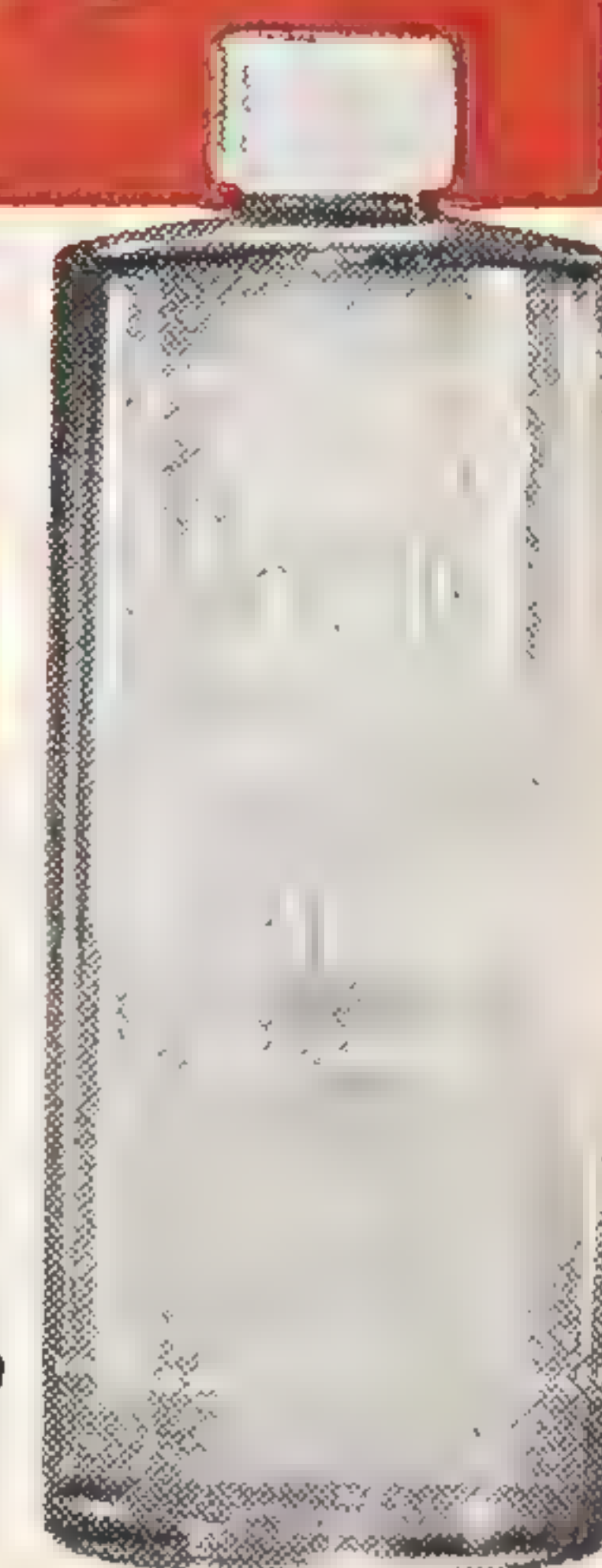
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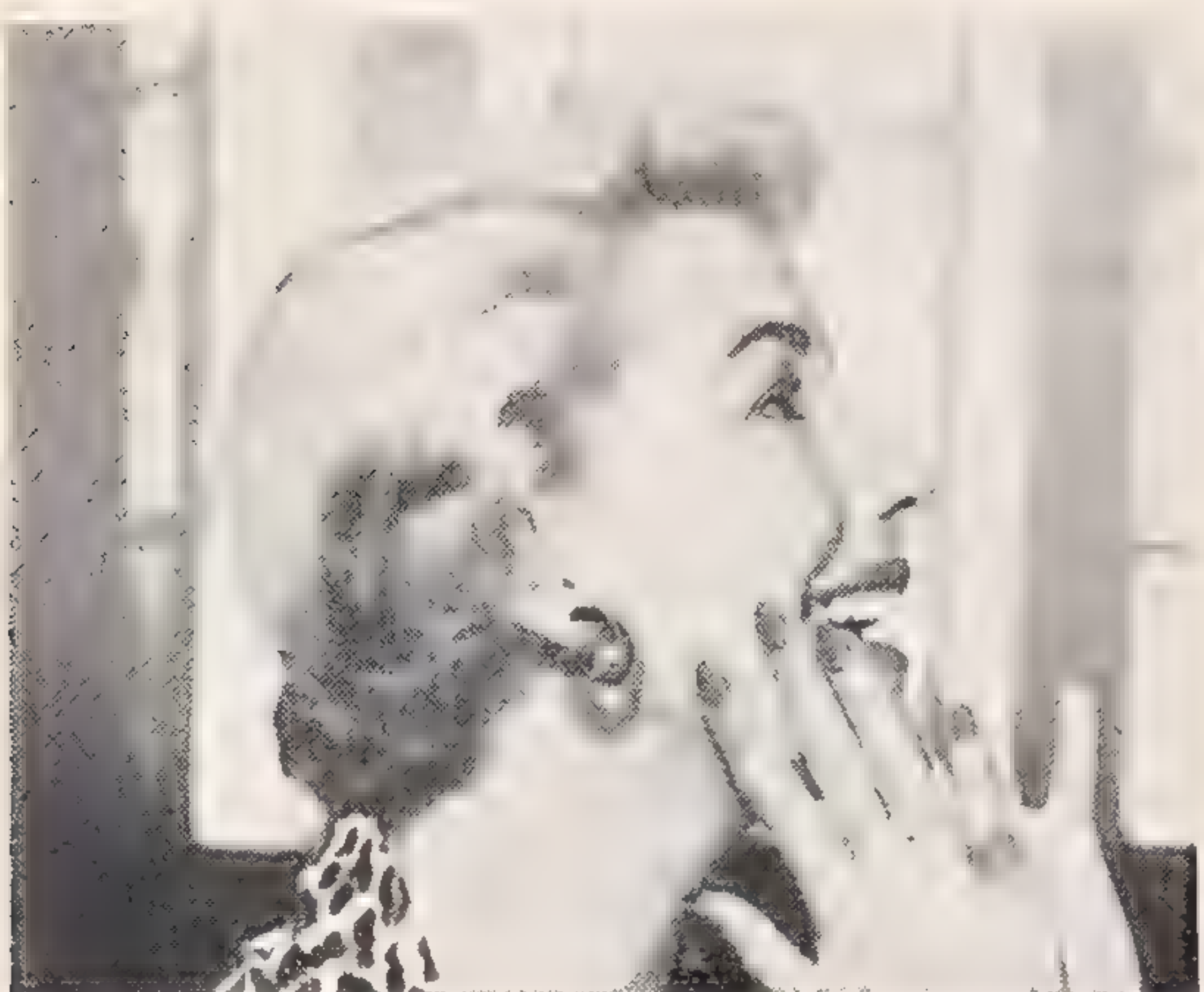




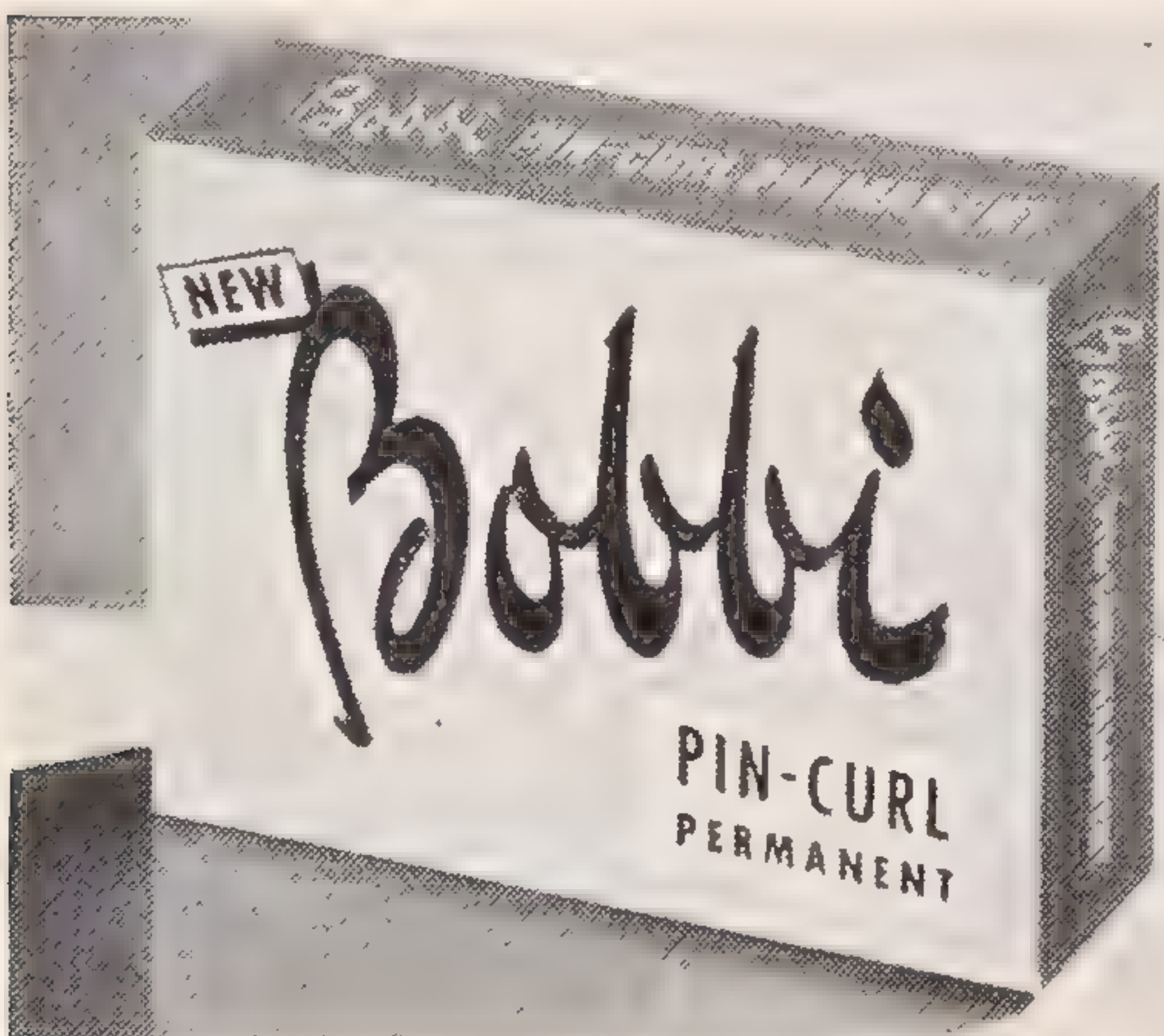
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Bobbi's soft curls make a casual wave like this possible. Notice the soft, natural look of the new "Cherie" style. Bobbi is so simple to give—no help needed.

NO TIGHT, FUSSY CURLS ON THIS PAGE!

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Ask for Bobbi Pin-Curl Permanent. If you like to be in fashion—if you can make a simple pin curl—you'll love Bobbi.



Just simple pin-curls and Bobbi give this far easier home permanent. When hair is dry, brush out. Neutralizing is automatic. No curlers, no resetting.

MOVIES

Continued

Suddenly

U.A.

✓✓ A suspense story that generates a fair amount of tension gives Frank Sinatra a chance to continue his new career as a non-singing actor. He's that familiar type, the psychopathic triggerman—with a sensational assignment. He's been hired to assassinate the President of the United States. Nancy Gates is the scared heroine, a widow whose home is commandeered by Sinatra. Sterling Hayden, as a local cop (Nancy's beau), and James Gleason, as a retired Secret Service man (her father-in-law), are doughty good guys.

FAMILY

Dawn at Socorro

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Starting off with a lively burst of action (which recalls the true saga of Tombstone), this Western later slows down, as it tries too hard to emulate first "Stagecoach," then "High Noon." Rory Calhoun's a dashing gambler, who retires from gunfighting on doctor's orders, to cure a racking cough. But he's pursued by a vaguely vengeful gunman (Alex Nicol), and he pauses on his way to a healthier climate in order to rescue Piper Laurie from a life of sin. Exiled from home by her nasty-minded father, she has decided to take a job as hostess at David Brian's gambling house.

FAMILY

The Littlest Outlaw

DISNEY, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ A colorful locale gives interest to a pleasant story. Filmed in Mexico, this is a standard child-and-animal yarn, after the manner of the *Lassie* and *Flicka* movies. Andres Velasquez, a comely boy with a sweet smile, rescues a beloved horse after it has failed as a jumper, because it has been subjected to brutality. The adventures of the runaway pair wind up with an exciting bull-ring sequence. Pedro Armendariz has too brief a role as the owner of the horse, and Joseph Calleia is a sympathetic *padre*.

FAMILY

A Bullet Is Waiting

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ The lustrous beauty of Jean Simmons is the chief attraction of a suspense film that dawdles over too much philosophical dialogue. She's the daughter of an English scholar (Brian Aherne), who has retreated to the isolation of a California sheep ranch. Alone, she's visited by two survivors of a plane crash: Rory Calhoun, alleged killer; sheriff Stephen McNally, Rory's ex-captor. Jean and Rory make a handsome pair of lovers, and photography helps the idyllic mood.

FAMILY

Duel in the Jungle

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Vivid African backgrounds are the making of this thriller, shot on the spot. As an insurance investigator, Dana Andrews goes there to check on the death of diamond tycoon David Farrar, supposedly lost at sea. He keeps running into Jeanne Crain, the "dead" man's deluded fiancée, and eventually both find Farrar—alive, malevolent, serenely ready to collect his



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MIRACLE STRETCH!

No other baby panty has it.
Let your own hand prove it.

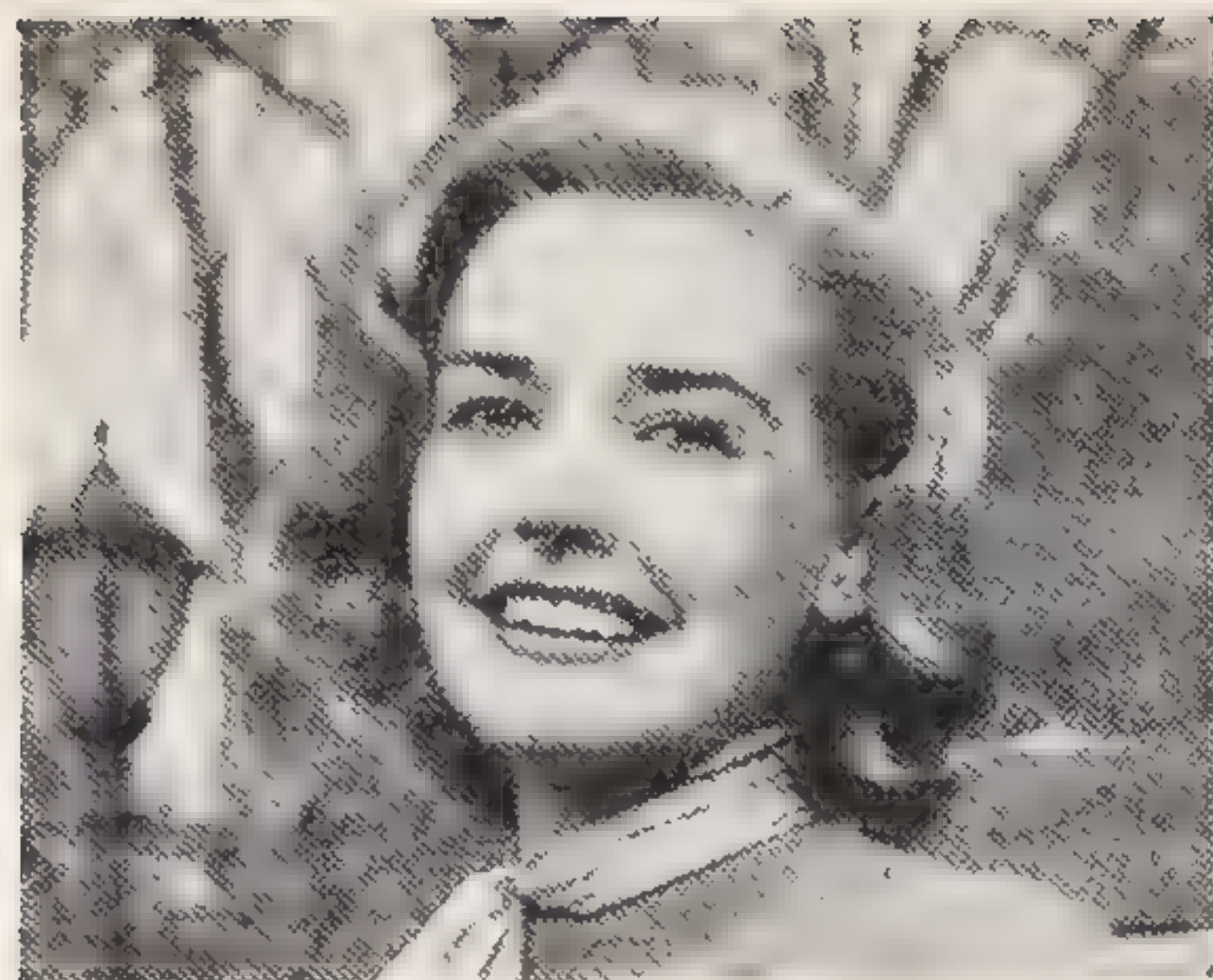
KEEP YOUR BABY "SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE"* IN PLAYTEX® BABY PANTS

See how the Baby-in-Motion picture (on top) proves that Playtex Pants—and only Playtex Pants—can shield baby with such complete comfort and provide such practical and gentle protection. Stitchless, seamless, longer lasting. Washes in seconds. No wonder more mothers buy Playtex than any other make!

*T.M.
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In Canada: Playtex Ltd., Arnprior, Ontario



Helps heal: "I've used Noxzema for three years," says Sheila Walden of New York City. "It helped heal my small blemishes* and made my skin softer."



Dry skin: "My skin gets extremely dry," says Janice Miller of Greenwich, Conn., "but I keep it looking soft and smooth with Noxzema."



Look lovelier in 10 days with DOCTOR'S HOME FACIAL *or your money back!*

This new, different beauty care helps skin look fresher, prettier —helps keep it that way, too!

● If you aren't entirely satisfied with your complexion—here's wonderful beauty news! A famous skin doctor has worked out a home beauty routine that helps your skin look fresher, smoother, lovelier!

Why It's So Successful!

Noxzema is a combination of softening, soothing, and cleansing ingredients found in no other leading beauty cream. It's *greaseless*—and it's *medicated*... to aid healing, help keep skin looking fresh and clear.

The Tingle Tells You! The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle. Noxzema is going to work, helping your skin look prettier!

Noxzema is wonderful for rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, and dull, lifeless complexions. Start *your* Noxzema care tonight. Here's all you have to do:

1 Cleanse your face with a Noxzema 'cream-wash.' Smooth on Noxzema, wash off with a wet face-cloth—just as if you were using soap. Unlike most cold creams, Noxzema washes off with water!

2 Night Cream: Use Noxzema before going to bed, to help soften and smooth your skin while you sleep. Pat a bit extra on any externally-caused blemishes. It's *medicated* to help heal them—*fast!* You don't have to worry about a messy pillow—Noxzema is *greaseless!*

3 Powder Base: Before putting on make-up, apply Noxzema. It helps protect your skin all day!

It works or money back! In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier looking complexions. Use it for 10 days. If you don't look lovelier, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore—your money back. *externally-caused

50% More NOXZEMA for your money (than in smallest sizes)

Limited time offer! Big 6 oz. jar only 69¢ plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters. Enough Noxzema for months at a big saving!



Jeanne and Dana visit Africa's Victoria Falls

own life insurance. Various wild creatures help along the human menace, but Jeanne's chic make-up and flaming coiffure defy all hazards.

FAMILY

The Law vs. Billy the Kid

COLUMBIA
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Scott Brady plays the famed outlaw in a version that favors legend over history. The Kid is a fundamentally decent character, who just can't avoid killing all those men. James Griffith scores as his friend and executioner, Pat Garrett, and Betta St. John is pretty and plaintive as his sweetheart. The well-known story is told straightforwardly, and action scenes move along at a nice clip. But just once by way of novelty, it might be exciting to see the short life of William Bonney presented in the style of a realistic gangster picture, with Billy shown up as the unsavory little character he was. Juicy acting role for somebody!

FAMILY

Malta Story

RANK, U.S.

✓✓ British stars Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins and Anthony Steel, highly impressive in other movies, get scant opportunity in this story of World War II. The ordeal of Malta, Britain's "island aircraft-carrier" in the Mediterranean, is graphically shown in documentary shots of the bombardments. But the personal angle is weak with Hawkins as commanding officer of the island air force, Guinness as a Photographic Reconnaissance pilot. Guinness shares a romance with Muriel Pavlow Steel, with Renee Asherson.

FAMILY

The Earrings of Madame De

ARL

✓✓ Another trio of top foreign stars wasted in a mild movie (this one is French, with English titles). A bit of jewelry affects the affairs of Charles Boyer, a stuffy general, Danielle Darrieux, his lovely and idle wife, and the attractive Vittorio de Sica, Italian diplomat who becomes Danielle's lover. Beginning as a light comedy, the story shifts gears into romantic tragedy.

ADU



why Dial soap protects your complexion even under make-up

*Dial clears your complexion by removing
blemish-spreading bacteria
that other soaps leave on your skin.*

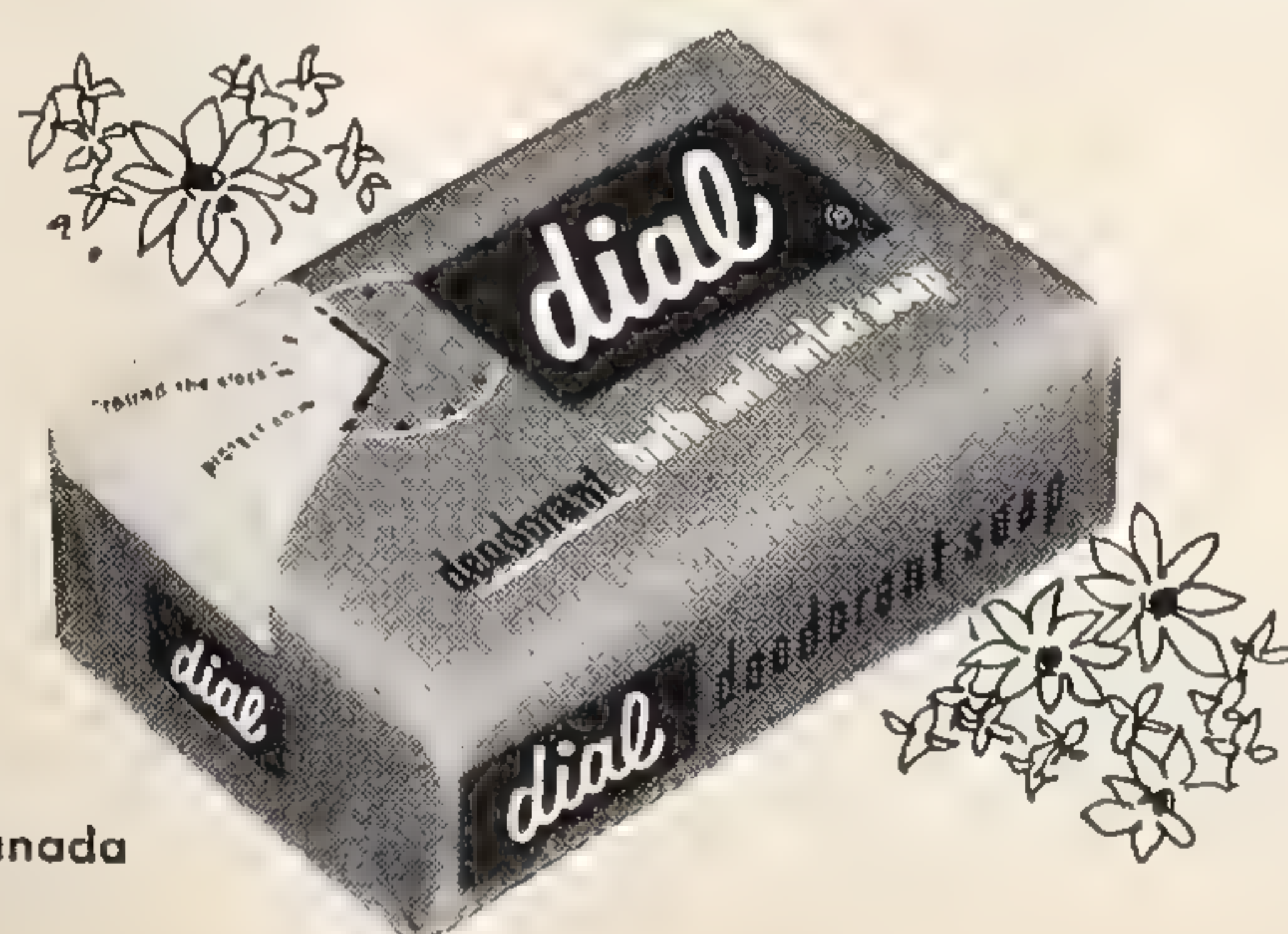
No matter how lavishly or sparingly you use cosmetics, when you wash beforehand with Dial, the fresh clearness of your skin is continuously protected *underneath* your make-up. For mild, fragrant Dial washes away trouble-causing bacteria that other soaps (even the finest) leave on your skin. Dial does this because it contains AT-7, known to science as Hexachlorophene. And there's nothing else as good. It clears the skin of unseen bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface blemishes.

Works in a new way!

Until Dial came along, no soap could remove these trouble-makers safely and effectively. Even after the most thorough washing with ordinary soaps thousands of bacteria are left on the skin. Then, when you put on make-up, they're free to cause trouble underneath. But daily washing with Dial removes up to 95% of them. And Dial's AT-7 clings to your skin, so it continually retards the growth of new bacteria.

And Dial is so mild!

When you first try this beauty-refreshing soap, you'd never guess it gives you such benefits. Doctors recommend it for adolescents. With Dial *your* skin becomes cleaner and clearer than with any other type of soap. Let mild, fragrant Dial protect your complexion—even under make-up.



P. S. Shampoo a
Diamond Sparkle
into your hair with
new Dial Shampoo.

Also available in Canada



It's Lanolin
magic!

ENRICHES YOUR HAIR WITH BEAUTY!

Twice as much lanolin gives your hair twice the twinkle! Leaves it amazingly manageable. So soft, so clean... radiant to behold!



Helene Curtis
**lanolin
shampoo**

Lanolin Lotion Shampoo—29¢, 59¢, \$1
Lanolin Creme Shampoo—49¢, 89¢, \$1.69

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BETRAYED—M-G-M. Directed by Gottfried Reinhardt: Col. Pieter Deventer, Clark Gable; Carla Van Owen, Lana Turner; "The Scarf," Victor Mature; Gen. Ten Eyck, Louis Calhern; Col. Helmuth Dietrich, O. E. Hasse; Gen. Charles Larraby, Wilfrid Hyde White; Capt. Jackie Lawson, Ian Carmichael; "Blackie," Niall MacGinnis; "The Scarf's" mother, Nora Swinburne; Gen. Warleigh, Roland Culver; "Pop," Leslie Weston; Chris, Christopher Rhodes; Jan's grandmother, Lilly Kann; Jan, Brian Smith; Capt. Von Stanger, Anton Diffring.

BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH, THE—U-I. Directed by Rudolph Maté: Myles Falworth, Tony Curtis; Lady Anne, Janet Leigh; Earl of Alban, David Farrar; Meg Falworth, Barbara Rush; Earl of Mackworth, Herbert Marshall; Diccon Bowman, Rhys Williams; Prince Hal, Daniel O'Herlihy; Sir James, Torin Thatcher; King Henry IV, Ian Keith; Walter Blunt, Patrick O'Neal; Francis Gascoyne, Craig Hill.

BROKEN LANCE—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: Matt Devereaux, Spencer Tracy; Joe Devereaux, Robert Wagner; Barbara, Jean Peters; Ben, Richard Widmark; Señora Devereaux, Katy Jurado; Mike Devereaux, Hugh O'Brian; Two Moons, Edward Franz; Denny Devereaux, Earl Holliman; The Governor, E. G. Marshall; Clem Lawton, Carl Benton Reid; Van Cleve, Philip Ober; Mac Andrews, Robert Burton; O'Reilly, Robert Adler; Capitol Clerk, Robert Grandin; Prison Guard, Harry Carter; Cook, Nacho Galindo; Manuel, Julian Rivero; Court Clerk, Edmund Cobb; Judge, Russell Simpson; Clerk, King Donovan; Gateman, Jack Mather; Paymaster, George E. Stone; Ranger, John Eppers; Bailiff, Paul Kruger; Stable Owner, James F. Stone.

BULLET IS WAITING, A—Columbia. Directed by John Farrow: Cally Canham, Jean Simmons; Ed Stone, Rory Calhoun; Sheriff Munson, Stephen McNally; David Canham, Brian Aherne.

DAWN AT SOCORRO—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: Brett Wade, Rory Calhoun; Rannah Hayes, Piper Laurie; Dick Braden, David Brian; Clare, Kathleen Hughes; Jim Rapp, Alex Nicol; Sheriff Caughen, Edgar Buchanan; Lotty, Mara Corday; Buddy Ferris, Skip Homeier; Doc Jameson, Roy Roberts; Earl Ferris, Lee Van Cleef; Tom Ferris, Richard Garland; Old Man Ferris, Stanley Andrews; Harry McNair, James Millican; Vince McNair, Scott Lee.

DUEL IN THE JUNGLE—Warners. Directed by George Marshall: Scott Walters, Dana Andrews; Marion Taylor, Jeanne Crain; Perry Henderson, Arthur Henderson, David Farrar; Superintendent Roberts, Patrick Barr; Captain Malburn, George Coulouris; Martel, Charles Goldner; Pitt, Wilfrid Hyde White; Mrs. Henderson, Mary Merrall; A Lady on S.S. Nigeria, Heather Thatcher; Vincent, Michael Mataka; Pan American Airways Clerk, Paul Carpenter; Pan American Girl, Delphi Lawrence; Junior Secretary, Mary Mackenzie; Irish Landlady, Bee Duffell; Waiter, Alec Finter; Wireless Operator, Patrick Parnell; Clerk (Henderson's Office), John Salew; Jim, Walter Gotell; Skipper, Charles Carson; Smith, Hotel Clerk, Bill Frasher; Redhead, Simone Silva; Woman, Irene Handl; Servant, Lionel MacKane; Bookmaker's Clerk, Bill Shine.

EARRINGS OF MADAME DE, THE—Arlan. Directed by Max Ophuls: Monsieur De (General), Charles Boyer; Madame De, Danielle Darrieux; Baron Donati, Vittorio de Sica.

FRANCIS JOINS THE WACS—U-I. Directed by Arthur Lubin: Peter Stirling, Donald O'Connor; Capt. Parker, Julia Adams; Gen. Kaye, Chill Wills; Bunky, Mamie Van Doren; Maj. Simpson, Lynn Bari; Lt. Humpert, ZaSu Pitts; Lt. Dickson, Allison Hayes; Kate, Mara Corday; Marge, Karen Kadler; Bessie, Elsa Homes; Francis, the talking mule.

KING RICHARD AND THE CRUSADERS—Warners. Directed by David Butler: Emir Ilderim and Sultan Saladin, Rex Harrison; Lady Edith, Virginia Mayo; King Richard I, George Sanders; Sir Kenneth, Laurence Harvey; Sir Giles Amaury, Robert Douglas; Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, Michael Pate; Queen Berengaria, Paula Raymond; Archbishop of Tyre, Lester Matthews; Baron de Vaux, Antony Eustrel; King Philip of France, Henry Corden; Duke Leopold of Austria, Wilton Graff; A Dance Specialty, Neila Ates; Nectobanus, Nick Cravat; Castelain Captain, Leslie Bradley; 1st Castelain, Bruce Lester; 2nd Castelain, Mark Dana; 3rd Castelain, Peter Ortiz.

LAW VS. BILLY THE KID, THE—Columbia. Directed by William Castel: Billy The Kid, Scott Brady; Nita Maxwell, Betta St. John; Pat Garrett, James Griffith; Bob Ollinger, Alan Hale, Jr.; John H. Tunstall, Paul Cavanagh; Charlie Bowdre, William "Bill" Phillips; Arnold Dodge, Benny Rubin; Tom Watkins, Steve Darrell; Tom O'Fallon, George Berkeley; Dave Dudabaugh, William Tannen; Pete

Maxwell, Richard Cutting; Carl Trumble, John Cliff; Governor Wallace, Otis Garth; Miguel Bolanos, Martin Garralaga; Jack Poe, Frank Sully; Parsons, William Fawcett; L. G. Murphy, Robert Griffin.

LITTLE KIDNAPPERS, THE—U.A. Directed by Philip Leacock: Granddaddy, Duncan Macrae; Grandma, Jean Anderson; Kirsty, Adrienne Corri; Willem Bloem, Theodore Bikel; Harry, Jon Whiteley; Davy, Vincent Winter; Jan Hoof, Sr., Francis De Wolfe; Arnon McNab, James Sutherland; Andrew McCleod, John Rae; Dominie, Jack Stewart; Tom Cameron, Jameson Clark; Sam Howie, Eric Woodburn; Jan Hoof, Jr., Christopher Beeny; Archibald Jenkins, Howard Connell.

LITTEST OUTLAW, THE—Disney. Directed by Roberto Gavaldon: General Torres, Pedro Armendariz; The Padre, Joseph Calleia; Chato, Rodolfo Acosta; Pablito, Andres Velasquez; Pepe Ortiz (Matador), Played by Himself; Celita, Laila Maley; Tiger, Gilberto Gonzalez; Vulture, Jose Torvay; Senor Garcia, "Ferrusquilla"; Senora Garcia, Enriqueta Zazueta; Gypsy, Senor Lee; Doctor, Carlos Ortigoza; Silvestra, Margarito Luna; Marcos, Ricardo Gonzales; The Bride, Maria Eugenia; The Groom, Pedrito Vargas.

MALTA STORY—U.A. Directed by Brian Desmond Hurst: Peter Ross, Alec Guinness; Air Officer Commanding, Jack Hawkins; Bartlett, Anthony Steel; Maria, Muriel Pavlow; Melita, Flora Robson; Joan, Renee Asherson; Banks, Ralph Truman; Payne, Reginald Tate; Eden, Hugh Burden; Control Room Operator, Ronald Adam; Giuseppe, Nigel Stock; Matthews, Harold Siddons; O'Connor, Colin Loudan; Stripey, Edward Chaffers; Paolo, Stuart Burge; Hopley, Noel Willman; Carmella, Rosalie Crutchley; General, Jerry Desmond; Old Man at Bus Stop, Ivor Barnard; Ramsay, Michael Medwin; Flying Officer, Peter Bull.

PUSHOVER—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: Paul Sheridan, Fred MacMurray; Lona McCane, Kim Novak; Rick McAllister, Phil Carey; Ann, Dorothy Malone; Lt. Carl Eckstrom, E. G. Marshall; Paddy Dolan, Allen Nourse; Briggs, Phil Chambers; Fine, Alan Dexter; Billings, Robert Forrest; Peters, Don Harvey; Harry Wheeler, Paul Richards; Ellen Burnett, Ann Morriss.

RAID, THE—20th. Directed by Hugo Fregonese: Major Neal Benton, Van Heflin; Katy Bishop, Anne Bancroft; Captain Foster, Richard Boone; Lieutenant Keating, Lee Marvin; Larry Bishop, Tommy Rettig; Captain Dwyer, Peter Graves; Reverend Lucas, Douglas Spencer; Colonel Tucker, Paul Cavanagh; Banker Anderson, Will Wright; Lieutenant Robinson, James Best; Corporal Dean, John Dierkes; Delphine Coates, Helen Ford; Mr. Danzig, Harry Hines; Captain Henderson, Simon Scott; Lieutenant Ramsey, Claude Akins.

REAR WINDOW—Paramount. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: Jeff, James Stewart; Lisa Fremont, Grace Kelly; Thomas J. Doyle, Wendell Corey; Stella, Thelma Ritter; Lars Thorwald, Raymond Burr; Miss Lonely Hearts, Judith Evelyn; Song Writer, Ross Bagdasarian; Miss Torso, Georgine Darcy; Woman on Fire Escape, Sara Berner; Fire Escape Man, Frank Cady; Miss Hearing Aid, Jesslyn Fax; Honeymooner, Rand Harper; Mrs. Thorwald, Irene Winston; Newly Wed, Havis Davenport; Party Girl, Marla English; Party Girl, Kathryn Grandstaff; Landlord, Alan Lee; Detective, Anthony Warde; Miss Torso's Friend, Benny Bartlett; Stunt Detective, Fred Graham; Young Man, Harry Landers; Man, Dick Simmons; Bird Woman, Iphigenie Castiglioni; Waiter (Carl), Ralph Smiley; Stunt Detective, Edwin Parker; Policeman, Len Hendry; Policeman, Mike Mahoney.

SABRINA—Paramount. Directed by Billy Wilder: Linus Larrabee, Humphrey Bogart; Sabrina Fairchild, Audrey Hepburn; David Larrabee, William Holden; Oliver Larrabee, Walter Hampden; Thomas Fairchild, John Williams; Elizabeth Tyson, Martha Hyer; Gretchen Van Horn, Joan Vohs; Baron, Marcel Dalio; The Professor, Marcel Hillaire; Maude Larrabee, Nella Walker; Mr. Tyson, Francis X. Bushman; Miss McCordle, Ellen Corby; Margaret (Cook), Marjorie Bennett; Charles (Butler), Emory Parnell; Mrs. Tyson, Kay Riehl; Jenny (Maid), Nancy Kulp; Houseman, Kay Kuter; Doctor, Paul Harvey; Board Member, Emmett Vogan; Board Member, Colin Campbell; Man (with tray), Harvey Dunn; Spiller's girl friend, Marion Rose; Spiller, Charles Harvey; Man (with Holden), Grey Stafford; Man (with Bogart), Bill Neff; Elevator Operator, Otto Forrester; Ship Steward, David Ahdar.

SUDDENLY—U.A. Directed by Lewis Allen: John Baron, Frank Sinatra; Tod Shaw, Sterling Hayden; Pop Benson, James Gleason; Ellen Benson, Nancy Gates; Pidge, Kim Charney; Benny Conklin, Paul Frees; Bart Wheeler, Christopher Dark; Dan Carney, Willis Bouche; Slim Adams, Paul Wexler; Jud Hobson, Jim Lilburn.

SUSAN SLEPT HERE—RKO. Directed by Frank Tashlin: Mark, Dick Powell; Susan, Debbie Reynolds; Isabella, Anne Francis; Maude, Glenda Farrell; Virgil, Alvy Moore; Maizel, Horace McMahon; Hanlon, Herb Vigran; Harvey, Les Tremayne; Marilyn, Mara Lane; Dr. Rawley, Rita Johnson; Georgette, Maidie Norman.

UGETSU—Daiei. Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi: Lady Wakasa, Machiko Kyo; Genjuro, Masayuki Mori; Miyagi, Kinuyo Tanaka; Tobei, Sakae Ozawa; Ohama, Mitsuko Mito.

Which of these Make-ups is the Most Flattering to You?

No one make-up is ideal for all complexions—which type becomes *you* most excitingly? Unless you have proved to yourself which type of make-up is best for you, you actually don't know how lovely you can look.

Campana makes all 3—Cake, Cream, and Liquid. Read on this page how they differ—decide which is best for

your complexion—and start tomorrow to wear the make-up that makes you your loveliest self.

And if you're not sure—*experiment!* Wear each of these make-ups on successive days—let your mirror, and lingering glances, tell you. It's so *inexpensive* to see "for sure"—so thrilling to find the perfect answer!

CAKE?

Yes, *cake*—if you like a frankly glamorous make-up, flawless even in "close-ups."

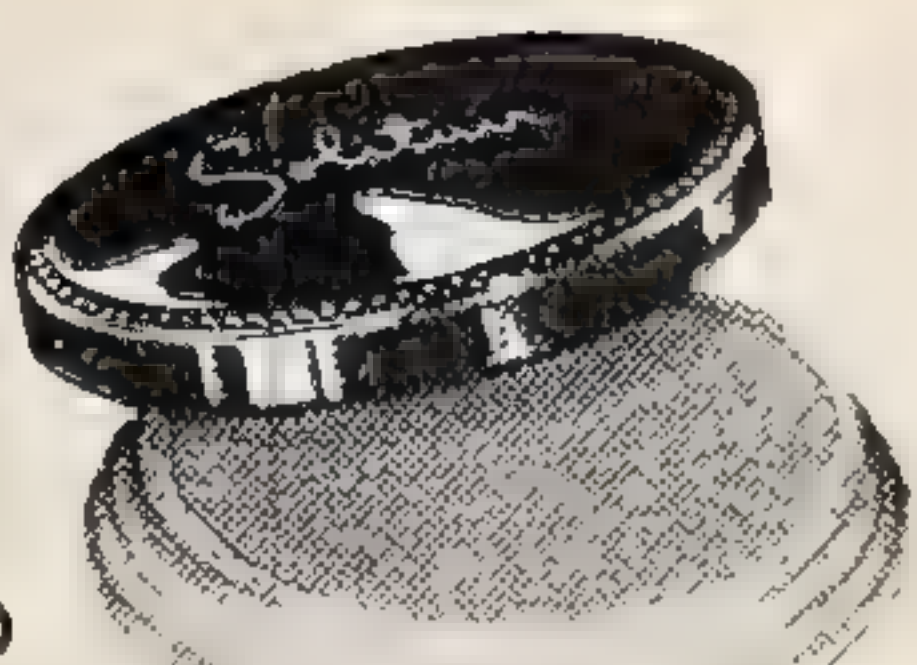


If you're looking for a *dramatic* make-up, wear Solitair. No other type of make-up "covers" tiny lines and skin blemishes so completely. With Solitair, your complexion appears completely flawless. Each little imperfection is discreetly hidden. Yet—so rich in Lanolin—this *non-drying* cake never clogs pores (clinically proved) and never looks heavy or mask-like.

By daylight Solitair is "outdoors-y", with the freshness of youth . . . by night, alluring perfection—even in close-ups. If you haven't liked other cakes, you'll *still* like Solitair . . . it's different from all others.

Solitair
CAKE MAKE-UP

7 shades—33¢, 65¢, \$1.00



CREAM?

Yes, *cream*—if you crave the "natural look" or if dry skin is a special problem!



If you fear the "made-up look"—or if dry skin makes a creamy make-up especially desirable, Magic Touch is ideal for you! This tinted *cream* is quickly applied with finger-tips. You can feel its softening, lubricating quality as you put it on. Adds soft glowing color and radiant smoothness . . . covers little lines and imperfections so naturally they seem to melt away.

Used without powder, Magic Touch makes your complexion appear dewy-fresh, with a youthful sheen. Powdered lightly, it gives a lovely mat finish. Rich in Lanolin, soft on your skin, richly protective.

Magic Touch
CREAM MAKE-UP

6 shades—43¢ and \$1.00



LIQUID?

Yes, *liquid*—if you can use a make-up so light, you hardly know you have it on!



If what you want most is delicate coloring and the youthful soft look, you'll find your answer in Sheer Magic! Its dainty color blends your complexion to flower-fresh smoothness, actually gives it the soft look of radiant youth. Little skin faults tactfully vanish, leaving your complexion gloriously even-toned and smooth.

Your skin feels like velvet . . . *baby-soft* to the touch! Yet Sheer Magic is so light, you hardly know you have it on. Special moistening agents create this youthful effect. A completely new experience in make-up. Try it and see!

Sheer Magic
LIQUID MAKE-UP

6 shades—only 79¢



All 3 by Campana . . . *Creator of Fine Cosmetics*

Now—a pressed powder for dry skin!

New "Puff Magic" is rich in lanolin!

New make-up clings longer, softens skin—
comes in 5 flattering new shades



My dear friends,
Some of my friends with dry skin have problems with pressed
powders—they don't cling long enough, and the shades are
too pale. These women need a lanolin makeup, like my new
Puff Magic. This pressed powder with lanolin foundation
comes in five radiantly flattering shades:

Natural Magic—a stardust finish for your skin.

Honey Fair—for that "lit-from-within" look.

Honey Brunette—flattering as candlelight.

Bridal Pink—soft and natural as a blush.

Tan Magic—rich as Riviera sunshine.

If you have dry skin, try exciting new Puff Magic. It will help
your skin look younger and lovelier always.

Sincerely,

Lady Esther

NEW

Puff Magic

by LADY ESTHER

PRESSED POWDER WITH LANOLIN FOUNDATION

Mirrored case. \$1⁰⁰ + Tax • Scroll case. 59^c + Tax

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY
for months indicated. For this
month's full reviews, see page 9.

✓✓✓✓
EXCELLENT

✓✓✓
VERY GOOD

✓✓
GOOD

✓
FAIR

A—ADULTS

F—FAMILY

✓✓ ABOUT MRS. LESLIE—Wallis, Paramount:
Shirley Booth's charm and superb acting sustain a
rambling love story in which she recalls her affair
with a married man (Bob Ryan). (A) August

✓✓✓✓ ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRU-
SOE—U.A., Pathecolor: Dan O'Herlihy is the
famous castaway in a strong, completely believ-
able version of the desert-island tale. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ APACHE—U.A., Technicolor: As a
proud Indian warrior who won't accept defeat with
the rest of his tribe, Burt Lancaster's a realistic,
unglamorized figure. So is Jean Peters as the girl
sharing his outlaw life. (F) August

✓✓✓ BLACK HORSE CANYON—U-I, Techni-
color: Joel McCrea, Race Gentry, Mari Blan-
chard pursue a splendid wild stallion in an in-
gratiating, light Western. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ CAINE MUTINY, THE—Columbia,
Technicolor: Good acting gives power to the
filmed best-seller. Van Johnson, goaded by Fred
MacMurray, leads the mutiny against a psychot-
ic Navy captain (Humphrey Bogart). (F) August

✓✓ COWBOY, THE—Lippert, Eastman Color:
Modest, often fascinating documentary showing
how the West has changed, how two young
modern cowboys really live and work. (F) July

✓✓✓ DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS—
20th; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Spectacular but
less inspirational sequel to "The Robe." Victor
Mature is tempted by wicked empress Susan Hay-
ward into forswearing Christianity. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ DIAL M FOR MURDER—Warners,
WarnerColor: Suave, taut tale of suspense. Ray
Milland plots the murder of his rich wife (Grace
Kelly); plans go excitingly awry. (F) August

✓✓ DIAMOND WIZARD, THE (formerly "The
Diamond")—U.A.: Thriller made in England.
Dennis O'Keefe and Margaret Sheridan oppose a
gang that's robbed the U. S. Treasury to finance
the manufacturing of fake diamonds. (F) August

✓✓ DRUMS ACROSS THE RIVER—U-I, Tech-
nicolor: Rapid-fire Western. Audie Murphy and
his dad (Walter Brennan) fight to keep gold-mad
gunmen from goading Indians to war. (F) July

✓✓✓ GARDEN OF EVIL—20th; CinemaScope,
Technicolor: Lusty action, magnificent Mexican
locales. Cooper, Widmark and Susan Hayward
seek gold, fight Indians. (F) September

Continued on page 30

These M-G-M stars wear
Bur-Mil Cameo stockings to
match their complexions

RADIANT

ESTHER
WILLIAMS,
star of M-G-M's
color musical
JUPITER'S
DARLING

OLIVE

CYD
CHARISSE,
star of M-G-M's
color production
BRIGADOON

PINK

JANET
LEIGH,
star of M-G-M's
production
ROGUE COP

MEDIUM

LANA
TURNER,
star of M-G-M's
color production
BETRAYED

IVORY

ELIZABETH
TAYLOR,
star of M-G-M's
color drama
BEAU
BRUMMEL

And whether your
complexion is *Ivory, Pink,*
Medium, Radiant, Olive
or Sepia, there are perfect
Bur-Mil Cameo hosiery
"Skin Tones" for you.

Now you, too, can wear

STOCKING COLORS
TO FLATTER
YOUR COMPLEXION



Under the expert guidance of William Tuttle, head of make-up at M-G-M, all M-G-M stars add to their glamour with blended face powder and Bur-Mil Cameo stockings in "Skin Tone" colors.

Helena Rubinstein, world-famous cosmetics authority, agrees and advises that leg glamour requires misty-dull stockings

which blend with and flatter complexions.

Let Bur-Mil Cameo's Face Powder Finish give your legs a misty, well-powdered look. Let Cameo's new "Skin Tones" harmonize with your complexion both day-time and evening.

Ask for Bur-Mil Cameo in seamless and full-fashioned styles. \$1.15 to \$1.65.

BUR-MIL
Cameo

the only stockings with FACE POWDER FINISH

"BUR-MIL"® "CAMEO"® "FACE POWDER"® AND "SKIN TONES" ARE TRADEMARKS OF BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION.

A Product of
Burlington
Mills
World's Largest
Manufacturer
of Hosiery
Also made
in Canada



Not
just
"soft..."

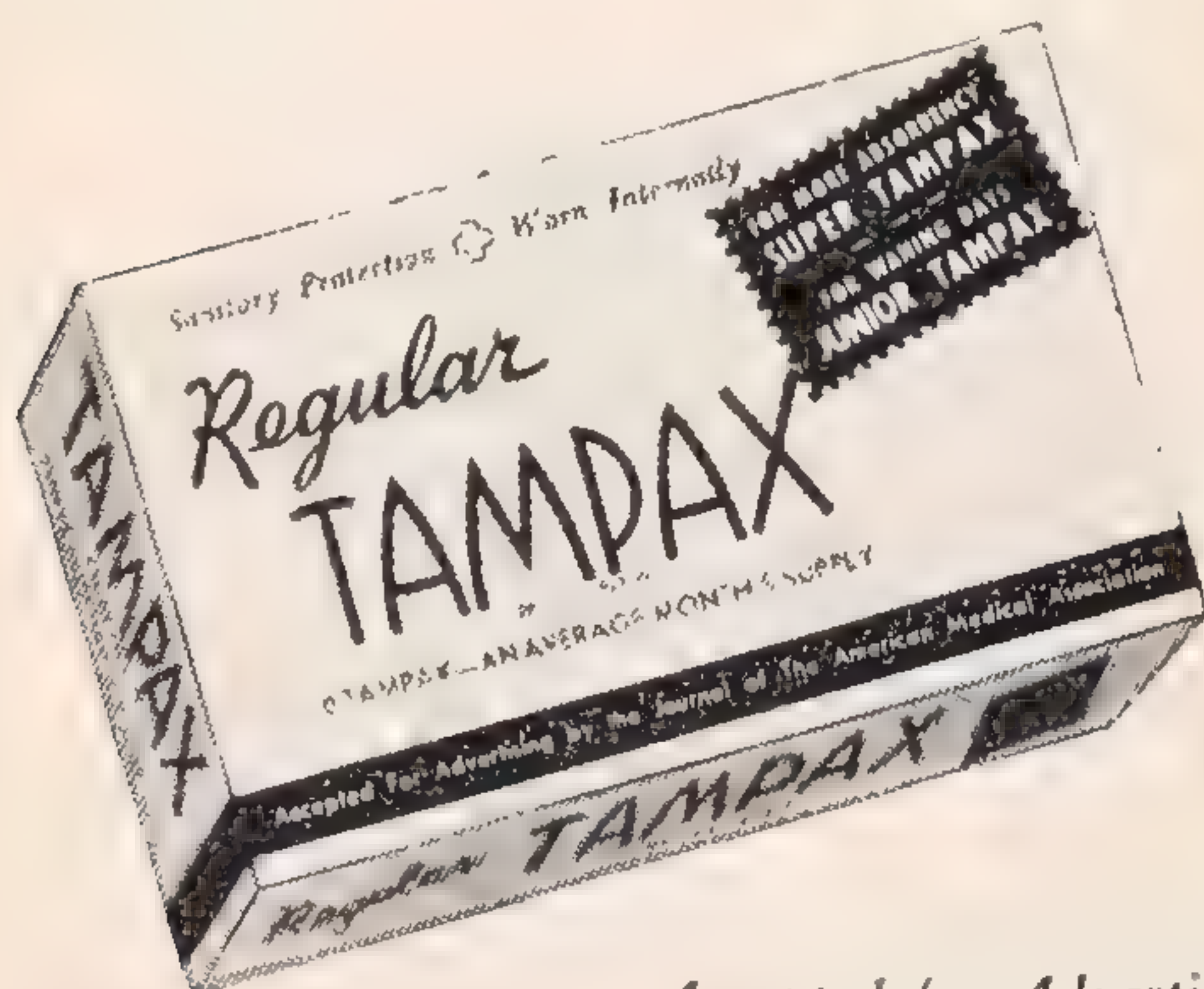
you can't even feel you're wearing Tampax

Only after you've tried Tampax do you realize how *amazingly* comfortable internal protection is. There is nothing to chafe, bind... pick up perspiration. Tampax completely eliminates belts, pins, pads... substitutes highly absorbent surgical cotton in disposable applicators. User's hands need not even touch the Tampax during insertion or when changing. And disposal, of course, is very, very easy—no problem at all!

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

But sheer physical comfort, nice as it is, isn't the only reason for adopting Tampax. Another important reason is that it *prevents odor from forming*.

Why don't you look into this matter of Tampax? Get a package at any drug or notion counter. (It's small enough so a whole month's supply can slip into your purse.) Try it—full directions are inside the package. Few who take this step are ever content with any other kind of protection. Choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

BRIEF REVIEWS

Continued

✓✓ GOG—U.A., Eastman Color: Science-fiction with interesting gadgets, uninteresting characters. Richard Egan investigates strange deaths in a space-research lab. (F) August

✓✓ HELL BELOW ZERO—Columbia, Technicolor: Against authentic backgrounds of today's whalers in the Arctic, Alan Ladd investigates the death of Joan Tetzels dad. (F) July

✓✓✓ HER TWELVE MEN—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Greer Garson teaches at a boys' school, makes a romantic choice between Bob Ryan and Barry Sullivan. Sentimental, humorous. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, THE—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Gripping story of aviation. Pilots John Wayne, Bob Stack fight to get a crippled trans-Pacific plane to land. Passengers' reactions vary vividly. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ HOBSON'S CHOICE—U.A.: Warm, witty British comedy. Pompous Charles Laughton bullies his three daughters, gets his comeuppance from the eldest (Brenda de Banzie), after she marries John Mills. (F) September

✓✓✓ INDISCRETION OF AN AMERICAN WIFE—Columbia: Unusual drama, shot in Rome. Tourist Jennifer Jones tries to end her love affair with an Italian (Montgomery Clift). (A) May

✓✓✓ JOHNNY DARK—U-I, Technicolor: Lively yarn of sports-car racing. Aided by Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis designs a striking new-model car, races it himself. (F) August

✓✓ JOHNNY GUITAR—Republic, Trucolor: Joan Crawford's the dashing, gun-toting heroine of a wildly off-beat Western. Sterling Hayden helps her defend her gambling house. (F) August

✓✓✓ LIVING IT UP—Paramount, Technicolor: Rowdy Martin-Lewis farce. Doc Dean thinks Jerry is fatally ill; newspaper gal Janet Leigh gives him a "last" fling in New York. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—U-I, Technicolor: Moving personal drama. Rock Hudson's a playboy who, blaming himself for Jane Wyman's blindness, becomes a dedicated surgeon. Barbara Rush and Gregg Palmer also do a tender love story. (F) September

✓✓ MAKE HASTE TO LIVE—Republic: Slender suspense thriller. Dorothy McGuire's past (her husband, Steve McNally, ex-convict) threatens her respectable, romantic future. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ MAN WITH A MILLION—Rank, U.A.; Technicolor: Gay yet malicious whimsy. Gregory Peck, a Yank in London of 1900, is taken for a millionaire, lives high—on credit. (F) July

✓✓✓✓ MEN OF THE FIGHTING LADY—M-G-M, Ansco Color: Van Johnson, Dewey Martin, Keenan Wynn score in a splendid, near-documentary film about jet bombers over Korea and the men who fly them. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY—G-B-D: Mad, totally plotless French film, recalling silent slap-

stick comedies. Everything goes wrong on Jacques Tati's shore vacation. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ ON THE WATERFRONT—Columbia: Smashing melodrama of the racket-ridden docks near New York. Marlon Brando serves the gang, then fights it, influenced by Eva Marie Saint and Karl Malden. (F) September

✓✓ OUTLAW STALLION, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Modest Western. Little Billy Gray defies mom Dorothy Patrick, tries to capture a wild horse with Phil Carey's aid. (F) September

✓✓ RING OF FEAR—Warners; CinemaScope, WarnerColor: Mickey (himself) Spillane tracks down a homicidal maniac as Clyde Beatty's circus goes through its routines. (F) September

✓✓ SARACEN BLADE, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Over-plotted swashbuckler about intrigue in Italy and the Crusades. Ricardo Montalban is out to avenge his murdered family. (F) July

✓✓ SECRET OF THE INCAS—Paramount, Technicolor: Charlton Heston's an unscrupulous adventurer on a standard treasure hunt. Colorful Peruvian locales, native music. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ SEVEN BRIDES FOR SEVEN BROTHERS—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Delectable, unusual musical. After frontier farmer Howard Keel brings home a bride (Jane Powell), his brothers all want wives, too. (F) September

✓✓ SILVER LODGE—RKO, Technicolor: Western with both thrills and substance. Accused of murder by Dan Duryea, John Payne sees timid townspeople turning against him. (F) August

✓✓✓ STUDENT PRINCE, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope, Ansco Color: Sweet old-fashioned operetta. Prince Edmund Purdom is humanized by university life, falls for barmaid Ann Blyth. Lanza's singing is dubbed in. (F) August

✓✓ TANGANYIKA—U-I, Technicolor: With Ruth Roman and Howard Duff, Van Heflin tracks down a crazed jungle dictator (Jeff Morrow) who has stirred an African tribe to war. (F) August

✓✓✓ THEM!—Warners: Smooth science-fiction. G-man Jim Arness, scientist Joan Weldon battle monster ants (A-bomb mutants). (F) July

✓✓✓✓ THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Lovely Italian travelogue plus neatly worked-out triple romance. Maggie McNamara snares prince Louis Jourdan; Jean Peters loves penniless Rossano Brazzi; Dorothy McGuire yearns for Clifton Webb, snobbish expatriate novelist. (F) August

✓✓✓✓ VALLEY OF THE KINGS—M-G-M, Eastman Color: High adventure, filmed in Egypt. Bob Taylor, Eleanor Parker look for a Pharaoh's lost tomb, also sought by robbers. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ VANISHING PRAIRIE, THE—Disney, Technicolor: Fascinating documentary, showing drama, comedy and violence among wild creatures of America's great plains. (F) September

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THE HOLLYWOOD STORY

BY SHIRLEY THOMAS

Hollywood Correspondent for NBC-Radio

Some people have to fight for everything they get in this world. Life is a battle, and even when they're winning, they worry about what might happen if they lost. For others, it is a different story. They are gifted with looks, talent and luck. Life, to them, is a bowl of cherries. This boy was a party of the second part.

His parents, while not rich, were comfortable. There were no missed meals, no ragged clothes, no stark periods of hardship and want. He didn't even have too much trouble getting into pictures—he was lucky. An agent saw him clowning around a piano—singing, mugging, enjoying himself—and liked what he saw. In no time the lad was represented by one of the keenest talent scouts in Hollywood and signed by a major studio.

The "breaks"—that hard-to-beat combination of talent and luck—kept him going onward and upward, from bits to supporting roles to choice second leads. Still, he was no more than a dilettante. Oh, he studied, to be sure. He took voice lessons and acting lessons and dancing lessons, but in the casual fashion that a young businessman might take up golf or tennis. He was playing at being an actor; he was not a professional.

Then the movie carousel whirled him past the gold ring: his first big starring part in a romantic-adventure role. Off he went on location, in a happy daze over this wonderful turn of events. Things went smoothly enough until he came to the simplest of scenes. He was

supposed to swim in a river with a group of other youngsters and dive for a precious object.

The director yelled, "Action," and the boy dived from his rowboat into the water. This was no problem, for he had always excelled in water sports. But as he dived, another youth accidentally kicked him in the stomach. The boy gasped for breath—and swallowed water—huge quantities of it. He sank beneath the waves, came up again, and sank once more, floundering and helpless. Then he felt the reassuring grasp of two crewmen who spotted him.

As he sat in the warm Florida sunshine, trying to shake off the chill that suddenly possessed him, he thought how close he had come to passing through death's door. In the next hour, as he regained the strength to continue, he thought long and hard. It was not enough, he realized, to take things as they came, to accept life on a platter. A man had to pick a goal and strive to reach it. He saw how aimless his wanderings had been, and he knew that what he wanted most in life was to be an actor, a good actor. Not just the "most promising youngster" or "the youth of the year," but an actor, a professional. When he returned to work it was like looking at the world through a new set of eyes. This determination to succeed gave him new stature in the movie and has helped him move a lot closer to his goal.

The fact that he had nearly lost his life was the means of finding a real purpose to living for Bob Wagner.

Listen to Shirley Thomas From Hollywood on NBC Radio in the Pacific Coast area at 5:30 P.M. P.D.T. Sundays, sponsored by Dr. Ross Pet Foods. Also to "Shirley Thomas Reports" on Weekend, 4-6 P.M. E.D.T. over NBC Radio. Consult your local newspaper for time and station.



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You'll have sunshine wherever you go when you use White Rain Shampoo. For lovely hair is your most delightful beauty asset. And White Rain sprinkles your hair with sunlight . . . leaves it soft to touch, fresh as a breeze, and so easy to manage. Ask for this fabulous new lotion shampoo that gives you results like softest rain water. And as surely as sunshine follows rain . . . you'll find that romance follows the girl whose hair is sunshine bright.

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Kim Novak's dress stopped traffic at the glamorous preem for "About Mrs. Leslie"

Well, suh, you might as well call the past one "The Debbie Reynolds-Eddie Fisher" month, so far as Hollywood preems and parties went. They were everywhere—and everywhere they got the loudest cheers from sidewalk fans! They act like they'll get to a preacher before the year is out, too. Eddie had quite a preem of his own the night he bowed into the Coconut Grove. Place was jammed with people who furnish fodder and fripperies for the likes of this dept. He sang most of his songs in Debbie's direction, and among ringsiders who noted it were Vic Damone with Anna Maria Alberghetti (she a mass of fluffy white ruffles); Jeff Chandler and Gloria De Haven, now a regular two; Charlotte Austin with Johnny Ray, and the Jerry Lewises (necking like crazy for all to see!).

The Reynolds-Fisher combo only stayed for the first half of "King Richard and the Crusaders," the night of that big opening, but I haven't found out why. Star of the film, Virginia Mayo, wore a soft-flowing gown of

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE

BY EDITH GWYNN



Wanda Hendrix and Jim Stack wedding was a beautiful festival of stars!



Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher were seen everywhere together this month

pastel chiffon, its bodice-top draped in a crisscross across the bust and held aloft by tiny shoulder straps. She arrived with hubby Mike O'Shea in a very modern open convertible, escorted by very "old fashioned" Saracen knights riding white chargers—and loaded down with full coats of armor. Poor guys! It was an unusually hot night. . . . Guy Madison beamed Barbara Warner, dotter of studio boss Jack Warner; Guy's brother Chad Mallory took Lisa Gaye. Bob Stack and Rosemary Bowe, Roy Rogers (wearing his white "formal cowboy suit") with Dale Evans, Johnny Ray (this time with his ex, Marilyn Morrison), Ann Miller with Dr. Al Meitus, the Bob Cummings, Julia Adams with George Nader, Rita Moreno with songwriter Jule Styne, the Preston Fosters, Jon Hall with Linda Danson, Joan Bennett, Joan Weldon—well, the celebrity list would fill a book!

At the sparkling preem of "About Mrs. Leslie," Debbie and Eddie again drew the most squeals from the gawkers. There was plenty of squealing too—wot with Robert Ryan, Terry

Moore, Pat Crowley, Marilyn Erskine (down to a dainty 92 pounds), Vanessa Brown, Byron Palmer with pretty best-gal Ruth Hampton, Lori Nelson, the Marshall Thompsons, Marla English with Larry (Bud) Pennell and Kim Novak (in a skin-tight black lace sheath over a flesh colored slip) among people to gawk at. Kathleen Hughes was with Lance Fuller—but this was a whole week before Kathleen announced she'd marry producer Stanley Rubin. Julia Adams (with Bill Thomas) was poured into something that had a strapless pale green top and a transparent lavender chiffon apron-type skirt, under which were green satin toreador dancing pants! Julia wore the same outfit to Ciro's with George Nader couple of nights later. She says, "I love evening pants. They give great freedom of movement." (I wouldn't call a full bouffant skirt exactly confining—would you??)

Now we're back to *them* again: Eddie Fisher was right on hand to help when Debbie Reynolds tossed a party for Paul Lillard, her adopted "brother." Pier



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by **CHERAMY**
PERFUMER

HOLLYWOOD PARTY LINE CONTINUED

Angeli with actor James Dean (who came West to be in "East of Eden"), Lori Nelson with Race Gentry and Robert Dix with Sally Jeffrey were some of the younger set on hand.

When the Harry Jamisons threw a gay moonlight cocktail-buffet for visiting columnist Louis Sobol and his wife, more than a hundred took a "tour" of the fabulous Jamison home. Don Loper, who did the decor, imported almost every inch of material, fixtures and floors for the place from Italy. The Jamisons are leaders of the cafe-society set hereabouts and entertain constantly. Among those who were bug-eyed at the solid-gold bathroom fixtures, the "marble halls," the exquisite old crystal chandeliers set in rooms with a definitely modern "feel," were, yup: Debbie and Eddie (both of whom sang later), Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse, Ethel Merman and Bob Six, Anne Jeffreys and Bob Sterling (Anne being about the best-looking expectant momma these eyes have seen!) Mitzi Gaynor was telling people she and Jack Bean really will tie the knot this fall and that she has her wedding suit all picked out. A stunning cadet-blue soft wool, trimmed with natural blue fox, sez she.

Which brings me to another wedding, one that came off as expected when petite Wanda Hendrix and Jim Stack took their vows. About 200 gathered in the garden at the home of Betzi Stack, mother of Jim and movie-star brother Bob. Wanda was married in a pale blue taffeta torso-hugging dress with a full skirt that was pleated from the hips down. She wore a tiny blue bonnet and blue veil that matched her

blue eyes. Wanda's eyes were full of stars—the kind *Jim* put there! And believe me, she was the most *composed* person at the ceremony and the reception that followed. Bob was sooooo nerrrvvousss, everyone thought he'd collapse before it was all over. In addition to the many socialites present, the Hollywood contingent included Jeanne Crain, in a black linen sheath trimmed with white and wearing a big black hat; Rhonda Fleming and Dr. Lew Morrill; Nancy Sinatra; Joy Page and Bill Orr.

Photographers had phun at a crazy mid-day "Hunt Breakfast" staged at Bob Dalton's restaurant by local socialite George Cameron and hosted by the Bob Daltons. Actually it was a sorta "miniature" sports-car exhibition—with *food*—and lots of celebs vying for fancy silver cups and other prizes. Hollywood, like so many other places around the globe, has gone sports-car maaad—mostly for foreign cars that cost several thousand dollars. At this shindig, writer Horace McCoy showed up with his Jaguar; tv star Bill Leyden drove his Allard; Alan Young, Greta Peck; the Walter Pidgeons; Wanda Hendrix and Jim Stack; Bob Stack; Lily Pons and several others either showed off their sleek racing cars or acted as "judges." But more than a hundred saw Lana Turner and Lex Barker walk—beg podden—*drive* away with first prize in that to-die-over bright canary yellow Fiat Lana bought in Europe. Rumored price-tag—fourteen thousand dollars! Lana's back to her old blond sylph (for "The Prodigal")—but neither she nor Lex is happy about it. Everyone else, though, likes Lana's locks light! Her costumes for "Prodigal" are the end! We'll tell you about 'em next time 'round!



Julia Adams, with George Nader, likes dancing pants—her new night-club attire



Virginia Mayo was both modern and medieval at the big preem of "King Richard"

(Continued from page 20)

QUESTION BOX:

I would like to know Susan Hayward's real name and age. Also . . . how long has she been in pictures? . . . thought she was



She started young in films

swell in "Garden of Evil" and "Demetrius and the Gladiators."

NANCY SMITH
Phillipsburg, New Jersey

Edith Merrener is her real name; she's thirty-five years old. Susan's been making films for sixteen years.—ED.

I wonder if you would settle a small disagreement that has arisen between a few of my friends and I . . . who was in "Captain from Castile?" We know that Ty Power was the leading male. Who was the leading girl? Was it Jean Peters? Was Lee J. Cobb also in this picture?

HELEN BROWN
Darby, Pennsylvania

All three players you name were cast in the film.—ED.

I recently saw the picture "Johnny Guitar" and thought it was wonderful. Could you please tell me who played the



Hit news; young Ben Cooper

part of Turkey, the young boy. I'd also appreciate it if you could tell me something about him.

JOANNE BRYLA
Westfield, Massachusetts

Twenty-one-year-old Ben Cooper was born in Hartford, Conn. He has brown hair, blue eyes and is unmarried. He is currently under term contract to Republic.—ED.

Who was the marvelous actor who played the Emperor Caligula in "The Robe" and "Demetrius and the Gladiators?" He is one of the best, but I don't know his name.

EMMY-JO LELAND
Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued on page 38)

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"



"Our Conover girls know it's successful for every skin type—dry, normal or oily!"

says
Candy Jones

(Mrs. Harry Conover) Conover School Beauty Director

Pat Heyer, Smith College sophomore, is planning an interior decorating career. Says Pat: "It's just good business to figure that the decorative-looking decorator gets the job! So I went to Conover's, where I learned their method of complexion care: a twice-daily beauty-wash with Cashmere Bouquet soap. I just cream that gentle, fragrant lather over my face with my

fingertips. It leaves my skin feeling so much smoother and softer . . . with that radiant look!"



Complexion and big bath sizes

P.S.

"Make the most of your Cashmere Bouquet complexion with make-up keyed to your skin tones. For pale skins, a pink or creamy powder; ruddy skins take beige or light tan; while olive complexions look lovely in sun-tan."

Candy



Should the hostess be served—

- ☐ First ☐ Last ☐ In turn

If you lived in the days of the poison-dealing Borgias, you might want to de-jitter your guests! So—you'd be served first, to prove no cyanide lurked in the soup. But today, etiquette scowls on "me first" hostessing. Here, service should start with the femme in foreground (at right)—continuing clockwise; hostess to be served in turn. Being sure builds poise. That's why, on *those* days, you choose Kotex—assured no outlines show, thanks to special *flat pressed ends*!



To dress up a plaid suit, add a —

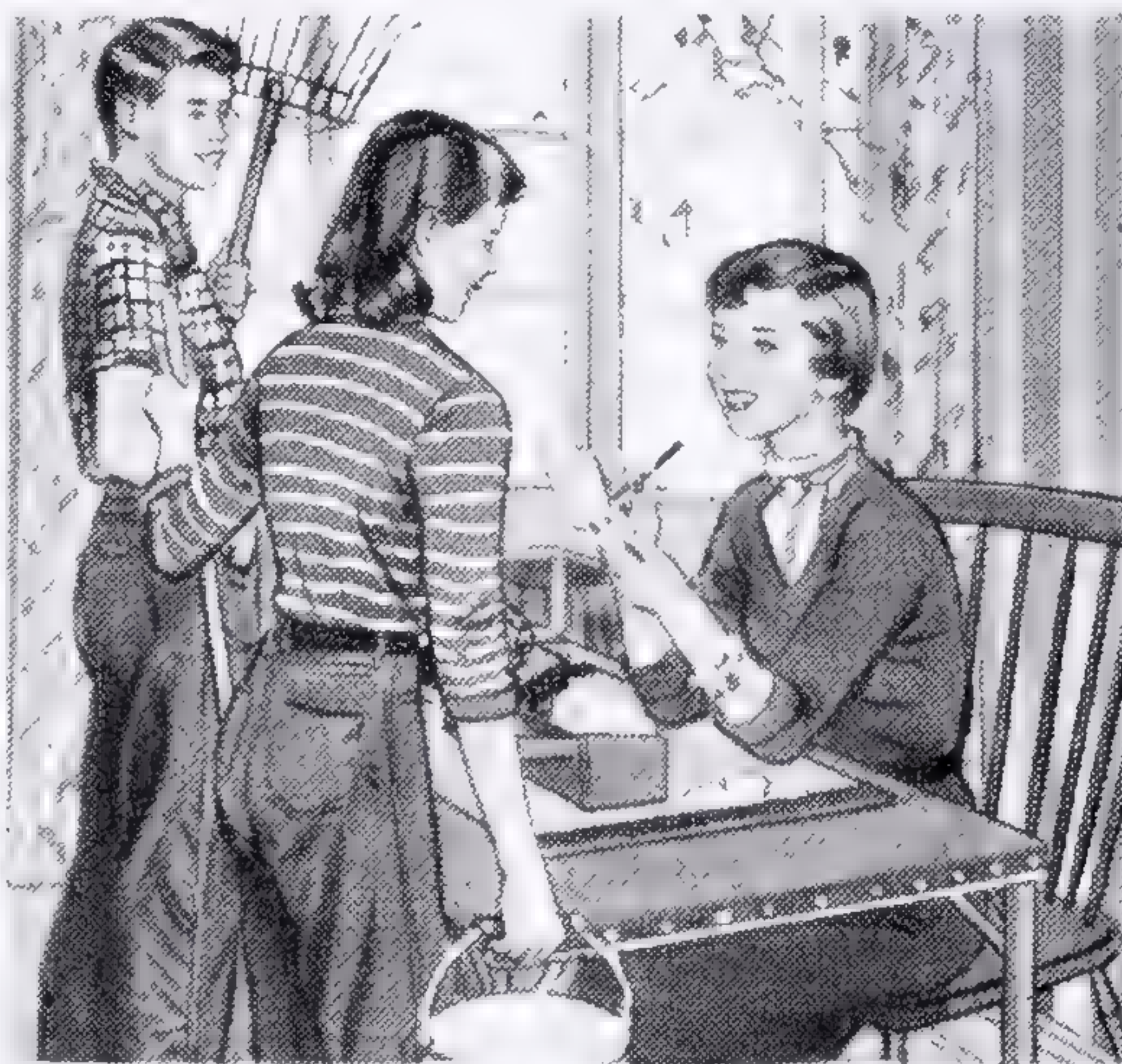
- ☐ Frilly blouse ☐ Faille purse ☐ Tam

All wrong—the answers above! It's a sad plaid that's teamed with ruffles, a silky purse; instead, add an elegantly simple blouse or sweater, good leather handbag. Smart *tailored* accessories are what's needed. And for certain needs, try the 3 sizes of Kotex—there's one just "tailor-made" for you. P.S.: No mistakes with Regular, Junior or Super, as Kotex can be worn on *either* side, safely!



Know someone who needs to know? Remember how puzzled you were when "that" day arrived for the first time? Maybe you know some youngster *now* who's in the same boat. Help her out! Send for new *free* booklet "You're A Young Lady Now". Written for girls 9 to 12, tells all she needs to know, *beforehand*. Write P.O. Box 3434, Dept. 12104, Chicago 11, Ill.

Are you in the know?



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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

READERS INC...

(Continued from page 37)

Talented Jay Robinson portrayed Caligula. Cast your vote for him in the "Choose Your Stars" contest in this issue.—ED.

Please tell me a little about Lyle Bettger who played in "The Greatest Show on Earth" and "Carnival Story." He was wonderful in both pictures.

KITTY WRIGHT
Camden, New Jersey

Usually a meanie in the movies, Lyle in real life is a happily married man with two sons. He has light blond hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs about 170 lbs. You can write him at Paramount.—ED.



Lyle's not really a meanie

I have just seen "Elephant Walk" and was both surprised and delighted to discover the handsome and exciting Peter Finch. Is Mr. Finch a new movie discovery or have I (perish the thought) missed all of his pictures?

CARLA MITCHELL
Camden, South Carolina

British-born Peter Finch is well-established as a stage and screen star in England, but "Elephant Walk" was his introduction to American audiences.—ED.

I've heard that either Rock Hudson or Charlton Heston is to play the part of Moses in "Ten Commandments." Could you please tell me which one will play the part?

MARY JANE KNAPP
Homestead Park, Pennsylvania

Charlton Heston will portray Moses.—ED.



A choice bit for Charlton

Recently, my husband and I had an argument about the nationality of Anthony Quinn. I say he is Filipino and Spanish and my husband says he is a Mexican. Would you please settle this . . . ?

TONI WARE
San Francisco, California

Tony was born in Chihuahua, Mexico.—ED.

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before a lipstick
so red...



New from *Toni* — a lipstick in SIX of the most vivid shades any woman has ever worn!

Here's a new depth of color for your lips! There just never has been a lipstick so red—so wonderfully, so excitingly red, as this new VIV lipstick by Toni!

VIV comes in a range of six vivid shades from pink to plum, shades that make you feel and look vividly alive. Each is more vivid than reds have ever been before because Toni has found a way to add a new *depth* of color to lipstick.

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It's caressably soft, yet so *obedient*! Yes, angel-soft, smooth as satin, glowing with that 'Radiantly Alive' look *he'll* love! And Prell leaves your hair *really* clean . . . fresh and sweet . . . and free of embarrassing dandruff! Prell is easy to use, too—so convenient. No spill, drip or break. Try Prell tonight—it's *wonderful*!



"Rear Window"



"Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"



"The Barefoot Contessa"



"The Egyptian"



"Susan Slept Here"



"On the Waterfront"



"A Star Is Born"

HOLLYWOOD'S GOLDEN AGE

Stan is a man you'll never hear of again—an average guy who works in an office here in New York. He's married and has a daughter just turning fifteen. Before his daughter Jane's school started, Stan and his wife and Jane toured the United States on a month's vacation, and in the evening after they had explored the town in which they found themselves—they'd go to the movies. And it was Stan's exclamation that inspires this piece: "Why," said he on his return, "this is the Golden Age of motion pictures!"

Like most good things in life, this didn't "just happen." In Hollywood today there are men who have spent their entire lifetimes gaining experience, bringing the best in entertainment to the screen. That knowledge is paying off in the best motion pictures ever made. Just as last year Hollywood produced "The Robe," so this year it has produced such wonderful spectacles as "Knights of the Round Table," "Prince Valiant," "Demetrius and the Gladiators," "King Richard and the Crusaders," "The Black Shield of Falworth" and "The Egyptian."

In the field of adventure films, "Hondo," "Rob Roy," "River of No Return," "Apache" and "Valley of the Kings" provide a full measure of excitement.

Film drama attains new power with "Executive Suite," "Men of the Fighting Lady," "The Caine Mutiny," "Magnificent Obsession," "Broken Lance," "On the Waterfront," "A Star Is Born."

What thrillers of other years have reached a greater pitch of suspense than "Dial M for Murder," "The High and the Mighty" or "Rear Window"?

For romance, gay or touching, you have "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Sabrina," "The Barefoot Contessa."

For hearty laughs or sly chuckles, there are "Knock on Wood," "Susan Slept Here," "A Woman's World."

"The Glenn Miller Story," "The Student Prince," "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," and "White Christmas" pour out a wealth of music to give a final touch of brilliance to Hollywood's Golden Age. Discover for yourself, just as Stan did, that there is nothing like a good movie to provide a completely satisfying evening of entertainment.

Ann Haggerty
Editor



Fraker

Times have changed, but not La Dietrich, on visit to old studio, Paramount, where she chatted with Audrey Hepburn, Bogey



Albin

Mike O'Shea has his arms full—and loves it. Mary Catherine's Mom Ginny, lovelier than ever, is star of medieval film, "King Richard and the Crusaders"



M-G-M

Time marches on: When Clark Gable and Lana Turner made "Betrayed," in England, it was their first picture together in six years!



Wolf



Warner Brothers

Judy, in pajama top she wears in "A Star is Born," proves there's nothing wrong with the Garland figure. Three-million-dollar film took year to make

When Junior goes to the garage of the Wildings' new mountain-top home, it won't be for his kiddy car! Liz and Mike have converted it into a nursery suite

★ JUDY GARLAND GIVES THE LIE TO THOSE RUMORS

★ ONE BABY'S NICE BUT THREE WOULD BE BETTER, SAYS LIZ

★ GRETA AND GREG MAKE THEIR FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT

INSIDE STUFF

C A L Y O R K ' S G O S S I P O F H O L L Y W O O D

Home Fires Burning: Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding took one good long look at a very modern mountain-top home that was built in a circle around a pool. Their adoring eyes met, they nodded approval and Mike whipped out his check book. The present owner (still in the house) is allowing them to build a carport and convert the garage into a nursery suite for young Michael Howard and the other two babies they hope to have. To complete their happiness, all Liz and Mike have to do is sell the old homestead, move into the new—and join the stork club!

Lights, Camera, Action: Interiors were shot in London and exteriors in Holland. At all times, in all places, long-time friends Lana Turner and Clark Gable had a ball working together in "Betrayed." Clark brought back old copper pieces for his Encino ranch fireplace. Lana collected rare, cut crystal mugs. Between shots the Hollywood pair taught English cast members how to play Scrabble! . . . And it was old home week for glamorous grandma Marlene Dietrich, who visited Paramount and Audrey Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart on "Sabrina" set. In typical Bogart fashion, La Dietrich got ribbed for failure to bring them a box of her famous cookies. They arrived the following day, via special messenger. . . . A pox on those Judy Garland rumor rousers. Her face and figure in "A Star Is Born" are completely captivating and she didn't feud with director George Cukor. Although the three-million-dollar production was in work one year, Executive Jack L. Warner's so

thrilled with results, Judy and husband Sid Luft get a trip to Europe as a thank-you present.

Love Tales: What Hollywood needs is more wives like Janet Leigh. She wanted to be with Tony Curtis, so she went on his "Five Bridges to Cross" location in Boston. So the first evening when Tony returned to their suite in the Ritz-Carlton, he found his favorite paintings on the wall and Janet had even sneaked his favorite ash trays into their trunks. With one day separating their anniversary from his birthday, Tony's wife threw a double-cake surprise party for the cast and crew. They "trained" back so Tony could relax (it says here!) and Janet could study her script for "My Sister Eileen," her first Columbia picture.

It's Magic: Joan Crawford said it and all Hollywood agrees. "Eddie Fisher loves people, therefore people want to give him love in return." And it was proven the star-studded night the entire industry paid rare tribute to the modest, warm-hearted singer at his Coconut Grove premiere. Anna Maria Alberghetti was there with another singer, Vic Damone, and Debbie Reynolds attended with Mike Todd, after which she flew to Las Vegas. It was there that those rumors of her big romance with Eddie Fisher began. Both deny it.

In Case You Care: Red-headed Rhonda Fleming didn't have to "dye" for her art and she gets to do that picture in Rome after all. . . . Despite those printed reports, there's just about as much serious romance between Guy

Madison and Eva Gabor as there is between Percy Kilbride and Marjorie Main. . . . Napoleon's favorite dish, and we do mean Marlon Brando (he plays the ill-fated emperor in "Desiree"), is eggs topped with sour cream! . . . Ava Gardner, while establishing residence in Nevada to divorce Frank Sinatra, introduced her Latin-looking escort to people as—"My Spanish tutor!"

Seen And Heard: Cal caught up with Tab Hunter in the Beverly Hills Ford Company. "Guess I'm getting conservative in my old age," he grinned. "While we're shooting 'Track of the Cat' at Mt. Rainier, I'm having my coral-colored car painted black!" . . . And Elaine Stewart can stop dreaming. She now owns a white car with red leather seats—just like Clark Gable's. . . . You're going to flip over Jeff Chandler's new recording of that old favorite, "Lamplight." The opposite side features "That's All She's Waiting to Hear," and for this one, the big boy also wrote the lyrics. Jeff treated Cal to a preview hearing of the record, which will be released in a month or two. . . . John Wayne's friends were asked to bring books to his birthday party—his former wife cleaned out the library shelves when they divorced. But no one mentioned what *kind* of books John likes to read!

Status Quo: Following a two-year absence, Gregory Peck arrived home from Europe. He was loaded down with presents for Greta and the boys and sporting the beard he'll wear in "Moby Dick" . . . During his two-week stay, the Pecks (*Continued on page 92*)



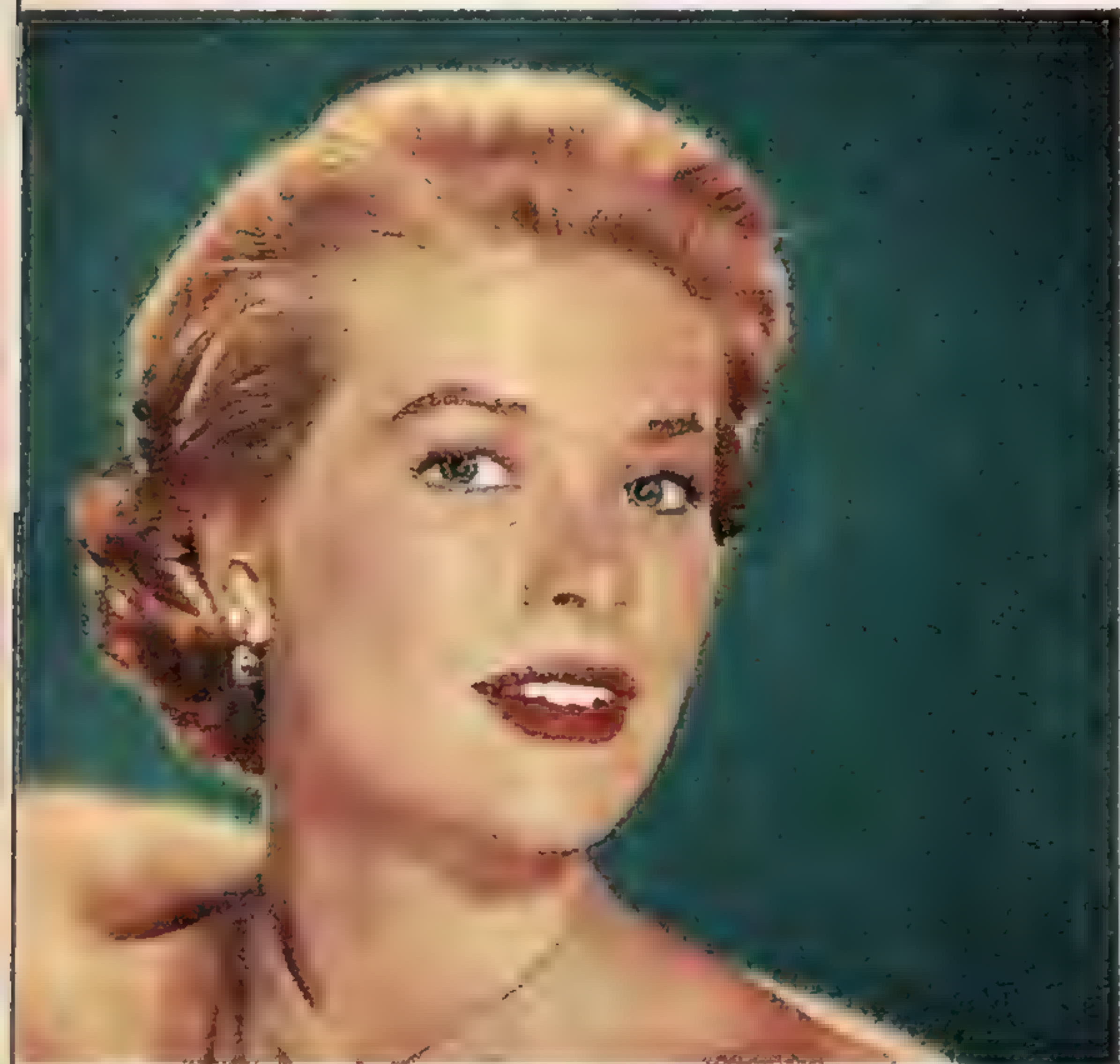
MAGGIE McNAMARA



DEBRA PAGET



RICHARD BURTON



GRACE KELLY



LESLIE CARON



BARBARA RUSH



GUY MADISON



PAT CROWLEY



MAY WYNN



JEFF RICHARDS

Seeing stars?

Then send in your votes
for the two players
you believe
most likely to succeed
as the top actor
and actress of 1955

BY RUTH WATERBURY

CHOOSE YOUR STARS

Which male and female players do you think will become the top stars in the year 1955? Which man do you think will be the new idol, which girl the new Miss Glamour?

Through all the years that PHOTOPLAY has been running "Choose Your Stars," you readers have shown an amazing ability to pick the newcomers actually destined for the heights. When they were just beginning their movie careers, you unerringly singled out for fame such big names of today as Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler, Marlon Brando, Bob Wagner, Howard Keel, Pier Angeli and scores of others.

Yet you have never had such a wide and wonderful choice as you have this year. Suddenly, every studio in Hollywood is crammed with spectacularly talented young people, some newly arrived, some being given long-deserved opportunity in answer to the public's demand for fresh personalities. Most of these players are not, as in former years, being tried out in bit roles. They have the leading roles in multi-million-dollar productions: Edmund Purdom in "The Egyptian," Grace Kelly in "Green Fire," Barbara Rush in "Captain Lightfoot," Maggie McNamara in "Three Coins in the Fountain."

The studios are making a courageous gamble with this sort of casting. For it is you, the fans, who will decide whether these players are true stars. You may agree with the studios' judgment—or you may applaud as your new favorites actors and actresses who have no strong studio backing, who conquer by sheer force of personality. Only a few years ago, you spotted Marilyn Monroe in a minor role in "The Asphalt Jungle"—and your reaction put her name up in lights.

With such a wealth of talent on hand, PHOTOPLAY is giving you a generous forty names to choose from. To varying extents, all forty of these young players have had a chance to show you what they can do on the screen. In direct contrast with the record of previous years, this list includes thirty-one players securely under contract; only nine are free-lancing.

Here is PHOTOPLAY's unbiased description of the forty candidates. The names are listed alphabetically, so that nobody will get top billing. Now it's all up to you!

Doe Avedon: Current picture, "The High and the Mighty." Next picture, "Deep in My Heart." This tall, blond ex-model clicked with such warmth as the airline stewardess in her debut film

that Batjac, John Wayne's unit, signed her and other studios are borrowing her. A young widow, she is sensitive and intelligent, as well as beautiful.

James Arness: Current picture, "Them!" Next picture, "Giveaway Hill." Like Doe, he's under contract to Batjac Productions. Like boss man Wayne, he's big and rugged. Six feet six, married, handsome enough, he now stands an excellent chance to make the grade, in spite of several fruitless years in movies.

Neville Brand: Recent picture, "Riot in Cell Block 11." Next picture, "Return from the Sea." Not overwhelmingly handsome, Neville's a powerful personality, a possible bet for star character roles. Things look sharp for

Continued

WHAT IS YOUR VERDICT?

Cast your vote! Choose the male and female player you think most likely to achieve top stardom in the year 1955.

Fill in the names of the actor and actress you've chosen. Paste this coupon on a two-cent postal card and mail to "Choose Your Stars," Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. All ballots must be in the mail by October 7, 1954.

I CHOOSE: _____
(actor)

(actress)
YOUR NAME: _____ AGE: _____
ADDRESS: _____
(street)

(city) (zone) (state)



JACK PALANCE



STEVE FORREST



KIM NOVAK

CHOOSE YOUR STARS

Continued

him, now that he's crashing into big-budget pictures with "The Prodigal."

Rossano Brazzi: Current picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain." Next picture, "The Barefoot Contessa." The tall, sex-appealing Italian made a brief trip to Hollywood several years ago and got nowhere. But in the last year he's become a Hollywood hit without stirring out of his native country. Also a producer, director and writer in Italy's movie industry, he'll continue his acting career opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Summertime."

Richard Burton: Current picture, "The Robe." Next picture, "Prince of Players." In his debut picture, "My Cousin Rachel," this five-foot-eleven-inch Welshman did not go across with American audiences as expected, in spite of his fine speaking voice and imposing acting background. "The Robe" took care of all that! He's very married, very intellectual, very witty.

Leslie Caron: Recent picture, "Lili." Next picture, "The Glass Slipper." Of course, this unique little dancing star won the fans' hearts with her first picture, "An American in Paris." But the gradual, surprising success of "Lili" made her a contender for top stardom. Will "The Glass Slipper," in which she plays *Cinderella* on the tips of her ballerina toes, make her one of the top stars? She's divorced and distinctive-looking, beyond mere prettiness, and M-G-M is planning to give her the big build-up.

Pat Crowley: Recent picture, "Red

Garters." Next picture, undecided. Hazel-eyed, brown-haired, pert-featured Pat clicked in her debut, "Forever Female." She's twenty, unmarried and very ambitious, but so far she hasn't had the luck to be in a smash boxoffice hit.

Bella Darvi: Current picture, "Hell and High Water." Next picture, "The Egyptian." Her studio, 20th, is betting on this exotic-looking Polish-French girl to score heavily with movie-goers. That's in Bella's favor; so is her assurance in dramatic scenes and her industrious fight to lose her accent. But the decision is up to you.

Marla English: Current picture, "Living It Up." Next picture, "Shield for Murder." Here's a doll, aged seventeen, with black hair, sea-blue eyes and a figure that makes men drool. Paramount loves her, but many a cuddlesome doll starts as Marla has in bit parts—and never gets any further. Will Marla be the exception?

John Ericson: Current picture, "The Student Prince." Next picture, "Green Fire." Tall, blond, gentle-mannered Johnny is one of the nicest guys in film-dom—maybe too nice for his own good. A fine young husband off-screen, he's usually the fine young man on-screen. With strong M-G-M backing, he'll be all right if his own politeness doesn't get him lost in the shuffle, as it has so far.

Steve Forrest: Recent picture, "Prisoner of War." Next picture, "Rogue Cop." Also a rangy blond, Steve is Ericson's opposite in attitude—a natural-born

fighter who'll see to it that nobody overlooks him. (Brother Dana Andrews may help him to avoid Hollywood pitfalls.) Already, major projects are afoot for Steve, not only at M-G-M, but on other lots. When you begin to get borrowed, you're hot! Steve is.

Robert Francis: Debut picture, "The Caine Mutiny." Next picture, "They Rode West." In Hollywood's opinion, this tall, fair-haired, thoroughly likable, highly eligible young bachelor is about the most exciting prospect unearthed in a long while. Columbia has tremendous plans for him.

Dianne Foster: Recent picture, "Drive a Crooked Road." Next picture, "Three Hours to Kill." Dianne has brown-red hair, is in her early twenties, has been divorced, is intense about her career. A colorless ingenue in her first leading role ("Bad for Each Other"), she suddenly bloomed as a sexy Hayworth type in "Crooked Road." Like Rita, Dianne belongs to Columbia, and she'll be right on hand if Rita keeps wandering.

Race Gentry: Current picture, "Black Horse Canyon." Next picture, not yet decided. U-I believes that broad-shouldered, youthfully attractive Race is good for the long pull, just as they judged Rock Hudson a few years ago. Question: Can he acquire acting prowess as fast as Rock has? If he can, nobody's future could be brighter.

Joanne Gilbert: Debut picture, "Red Garters." Next picture, undecided. Three weeks after her first night-club appearance, Joanne was drawing \$3,000

Continued



SHEREE NORTH



MARLA ENGLISH



JEFF HUNTER



DEWEY MARTIN



MAMIE VAN DOREN



ROBERT FRANCIS



JACK LEMMON



BELLA DARVI



CARLOS THOMPSON



JAY ROBINSON



JOAN WELDON



GEORGE NADER

CHOOSE YOUR STARS

Continued



RACE GENTRY



ROSSANO BRAZZI



NEVILLE BRAND



JACK KELLY



RITA MORENO



DIANNE FOSTER

a week at a succession of clubs all over the country. Paramount signed her, put her in one picture, then apparently forgot her. But she has luscious brunette appeal, a beautiful figure and a great singing style, and she's under consideration for top roles.

Elroy Hirsch: Debut picture, "Crazy-legs, All-American." Next picture, "Unchained." Here's one of the few professional athletes to click in pictures since Johnny Weissmuller turned *Tarzan*. "Mr. 40" of football fame, six feet two inches and 190 pounds, this

happily married man registered with such warmth, simplicity and charm in his first movie that he was quickly signed for a second.

Jeffrey Hunter: Current picture, "Princess of the Nile." Next picture, "White Feather." Six feet one, handsome, happily married (to Barbara Rush), Jeff has had two bits of bad luck: Bob Wagner's fast rise at the same studio (20th); his own assignment to minor movies. Now, however, he's landed a top-flight job, and he has the talent to meet the challenge.

Rick Jason: Current picture, "The Sarcen Blade." Next, "This Is My Love." Black-haired, green-eyed Rick attracted fans with his Latin role in "Sombrero," later managed to retain his appeal as a swashbuckling villain. Though he's married, on the job he's going it alone, without studio backing, so only moviegoers' acclaim can win him better assignments.

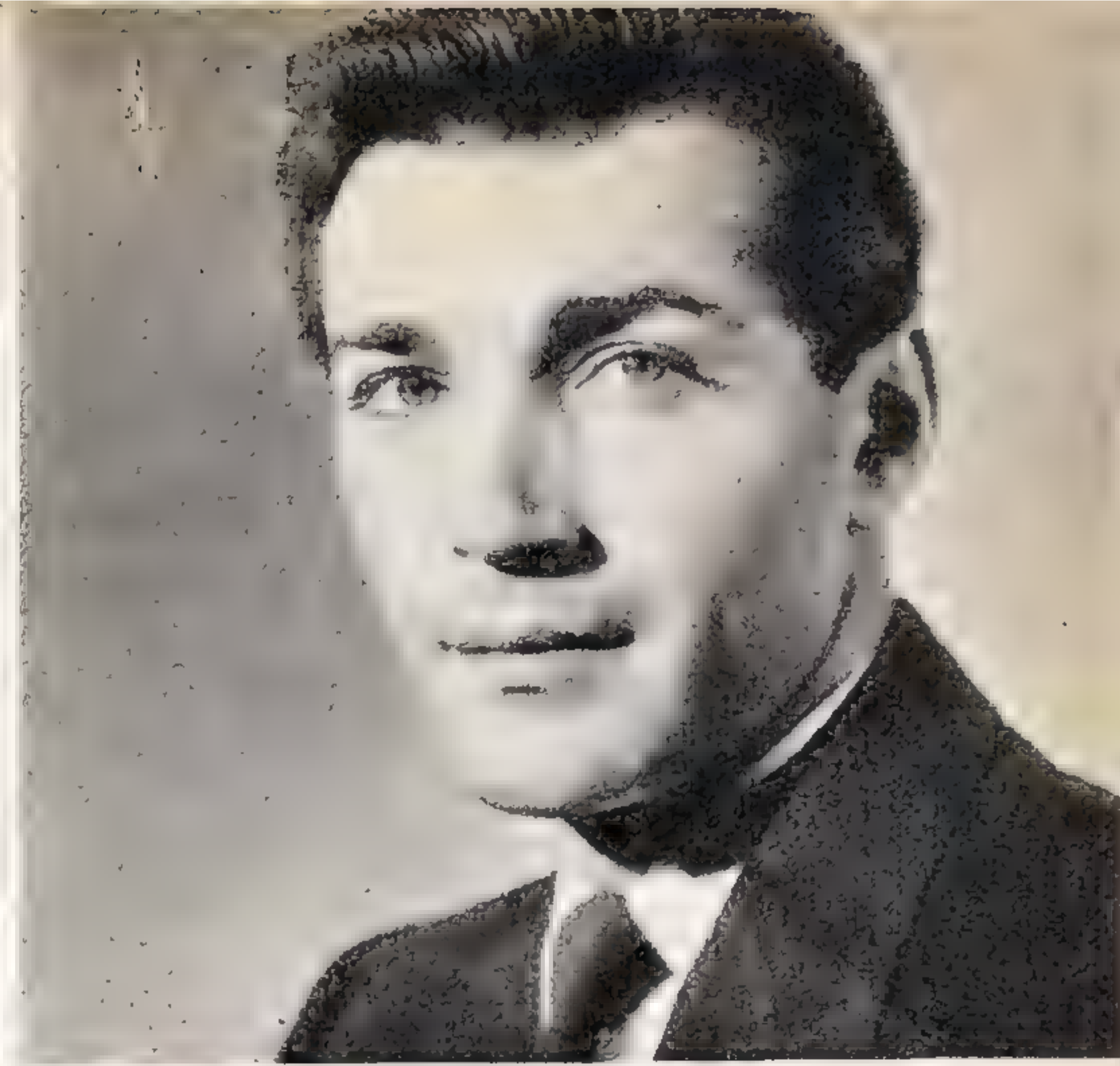
Grace Kelly: Current picture, "Rear Window." Next picture, "Green Fire." Blond and beautiful, soft-spoken but sexy, Grace made her distinctive per-



ELROY HIRSCH



JAMES ARNESS



RICK JASON



EDMUND PURDOM



DAN O'HERLIHY



JOHN ERICSON



JOANNE GILBERT



TERRY MOORE



DOE AVEDON

sonality shine even through pallid roles in "High Noon" and "Mogambo." Finally, this seems to be her year. She belongs to M-G-M, but every studio cries—and pays and pays—for her services. It's profitable to be different!

Jack Kelly: Recent picture, "Drive a Crooked Road." Next picture, undecided. Tall, dark and debonair, bachelor Jack stood out in the same picture that brought Dianne Foster to attention. Fine things are prophesied for him now, but his free-lance status is slowing his career. Will Jack's gamble pay off?

Jack Lemmon: Debut picture, "It Should Happen to You." Next picture, "And Then to Bed." Here's a comedian who's romantic yet! Curly-haired, brown-eyed Jack looked like a natural from the start, and Columbia's prepared to give him anything his heart desires. Can-sing and dance; isn't afraid to try anything.

Maggie McNamara: Current picture, "Three Coins in the Fountain." Next picture, not yet decided. She's five feet two, with eyes of hazel, dark brown hair, a provocative voice and a fine act-

ing background on the stage, tv and radio. She couldn't be cuter, as you must remember from "The Moon Is Blue." But she couldn't be more temperamental, either. Soooo?

Guy Madison: Recent picture, "The Command." Next picture, any one of five first-flight jobs—the choice being entirely up to Guy. As a green youngster, he scored a quick hit in movies, then an equally quick flop. Now, endeared to fans as tv's Wild Bill Hickok, he's off on a whole new movie career. This time, will (Continued on page 116)



Stuart Cramer's courtship of Jean was no mystery. They had dated often—and openly!



EXPLODING THE MYTH OF

THE MYSTERIOUS MISS PETERS

The only mystery in Jean's own story is—how one girl could fool all of the people, all of the time!

BY GLADYS HALL

● At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May 29, in the sanctuary of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., with the Rev. Dockerty reading the marriage service, Elizabeth Jean Peters said "I do" to Stuart W. Cramer, III. The bride wore pink, a pale pink chiffon taffeta one-piece dress trimmed with Chantilly lace, a little pink pill-box hat, with veil. She carried an old-fashioned bouquet of Sweetheart roses and the fragrant stephanotis and stood, during the ceremony, on a piece of the very same gold carpet on which the young Queen Elizabeth stood during her coronation in Westminster Abbey. The historic square of gold carpet was obtained by Dr. Dockerty from Westminster Abbey and Jean was the first bride to use it ("which will be forever memorable to me").

The members of the wedding were three—the groom's mother and father and the bride's mother. Immediately following the ceremony, the Just-Marrieds flew to Bermuda ("A very dreamy spot," says Jean) on the first lap of what Jean calls "Our two-part honeymoon," and the evening papers carried the story which could have been titled: "Surprising Girl in Surprise Wedding!" (Continued on page 105)



Bob Wagner wasn't Jean's only date. "I'd always dated," laughs Jean. But the columnists didn't know her gang





Ralph Edwards emcees "This Is Your Life" on NBC-TV, Wed. 10 P.M. EDT, for Hazel Bishop Lipstick, Nail Polish and Complexion Glow.

THE PIED PIPER

He sang—and a million teenagers followed his magic voice.

But Frank Sinatra was to lose his own way many times in the turbulent years that followed

● Yours is a song that would not be stilled. . . .

And yours is a story unparalleled in our time. The story of an Italian boy, bosomed in the toughness of a New Jersey waterfront, who rose almost overnight from obscurity to a fame such as the world has seldom seen. And may not see again. . . .

You shook the hands of presidents and the hearts of a nation's teenagers who swooned when you sang, who screamed their homage whenever you appeared. Your polka-dot bow ties made fashion history and made almost obsolete those more conservative ties of Winston Churchill. Overnight, your every word was page one.

You are known as "The Voice." And you have been the voice for many—for Jew and Catholic, for all faiths and nationalities. A voice that sang from the heart—from America's heart—"The House I Live In."

The house you lived in was next door to an international settlement of tenements. That you weathered the toughness and the distractions, the taunts of the intolerant who yelled, "Hey, you—Dago . . ." you yourself have attributed to your parents, to their loving and fighting vigilance. You've worried about others who've been less fortunate. "My family realized the danger and worked to get me away from it as soon as they could. They got me into an environment where I could (Continued on page 54)



Frank, a fatty at birth (he weighed fourteen pounds), lived up to nickname of "Angles" at high school



As vocalist with "The Three Pages" Frank, center, was swooning the customers—and getting fired, rehired every other day!



"Hmm—kinda thin," thought Jo Stafford when Frank joined the Pied Pipers. But when he sang! "The house quieted down," remembers Jo, "until you could have heard a pin drop"



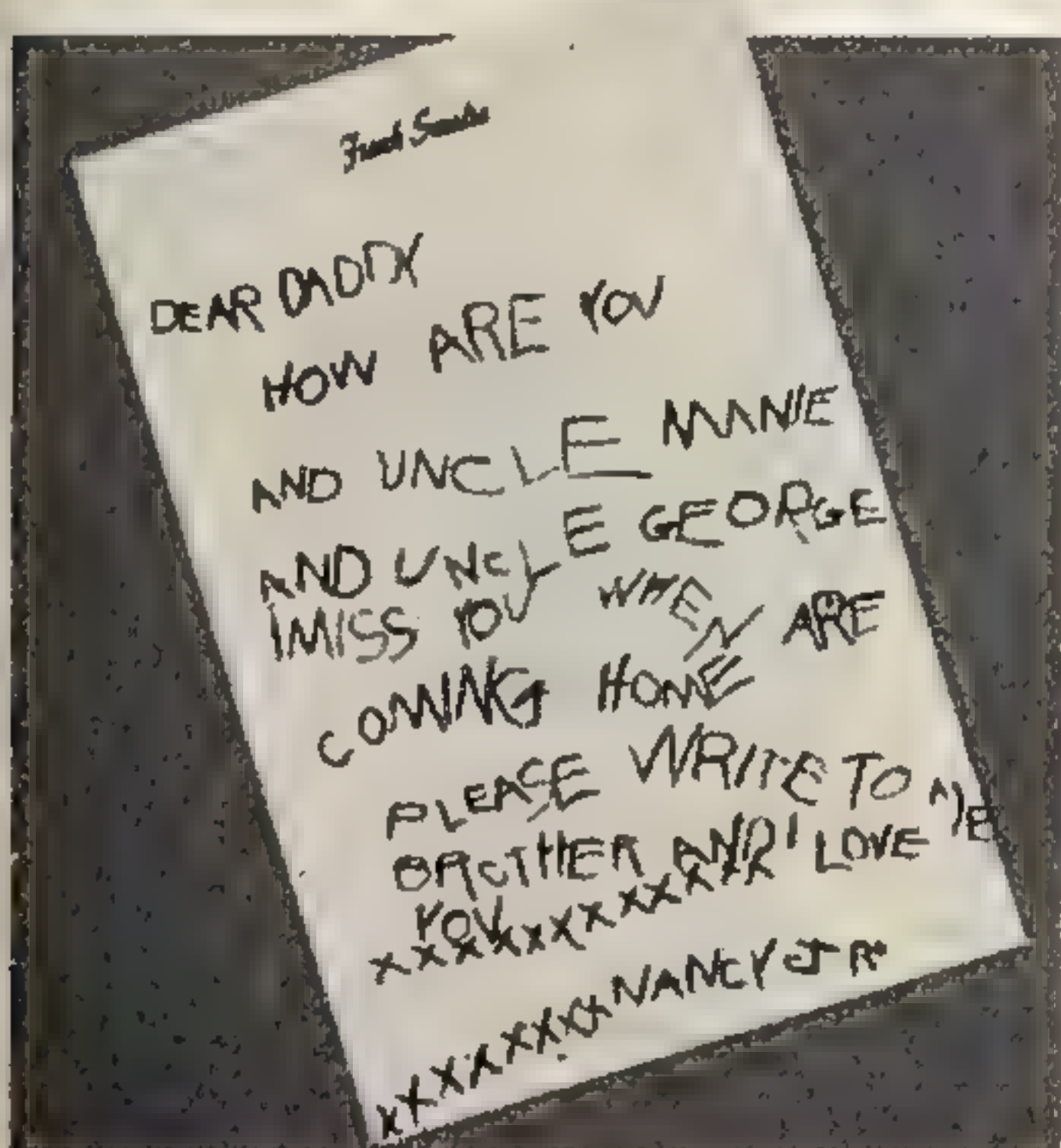
Harry James gave Frank his first big break. Though he replaced singer Connie Haynes, she says "Let's face it—Frank was great!"

OF HOBOKEN

The Sinatras' first home in Hasbrouck Hts., New Jersey



In 1939, Frank married his boyhood sweetheart, Nancy



As band vocalist, Frank was often away from home. Above, letter from daughter, Nancy



By 1943, the King of Swoon had captured even the sophisticates. Hollywood beckoned and The Voice went higher and higher. But in 1948, Nancy and Frank, now the parents of Nancy Jr., Frank Jr. and Christina, already knew anguish of a marriage tottering on the edge of fame



Frank's first Hollywood press conference was in a garage. Sixteen cops kept fans outside! Center, Photoplay writer Maxine Arnold



"Night and Day" sang Frank and arranger Alex Stordahl knew they had a hit. "Anchors Aweigh," with Gene Kelly made The Voice a dancing star!



Continued

THE PIED PIPER OF HOBOKEN



Continued

better opportunities. I only wish I could do something to help all the other kids too."

And you have helped them. You are an inspiration and a reminder of all that America means. That however humble the heritage, a boy can become as successful as he wills himself to be. That he can run a fast race, no matter how tough a start he had, and win.

You have won the highest honors Hollywood can give. You are the talk and the toast of the entertainment world. The Voice triumphant again. Pull up a microphone and hang on, Francis Albert Sinatra—for from Hoboken to Hollywood—this is your life. . . .



A shrewd press agent and loyal friend, George Evans, played an important part in Frank's career. His sudden death in '50 was an emotional shock beyond words



In 1951 Frank married Ava Gardner—with her, met the then Princess Elizabeth of England. The Hoboken kid had come a long way from the waterfronts of New Jersey



America thrilled when he sang "The House I Live In." But the one Frank and Nancy lived in broke up. Both agreed he could always see the three children he loved



1952 brought rumors that Frank's old black magic was failing. It also brought a cable from producer Buddy Adler that he'd won role in "From Here to Eternity"

An only child, you are born December 12, 1917. Your mother is a pretty nurse named Natalie, who brightened the eye of many a doughboy in World War I. Your father Martin Sinatra is to bring some measure of immortality to Hoboken's Fire Department as your dad. You weigh in at fourteen pounds, and you are the undisputed fatty of the neighborhood!

Your father, a former prize fighter, instructs you very early in the art of self-defense, and you are early provoked into practicing it. In one neighborhood encounter an antagonist breaks a bottle on your forehead, and today you still bear the scars from the wound the

jagged glass made. You have your first communion at St. Francis's Church. You are the envy of all the kids who want to grow up to be a fireman. You're already on the ground floor. The firehouse is an adventurous kingdom, and yours is the key.

You enjoy your share of childhood pranks—and some you don't enjoy. On one occasion you set off an alarm in the middle of assembly at school and pandemonium almost occurs. You're crazy for carousels, and once at a fair, you get a little too carried away playing cowboy. Aboard the merry-go-round, you're shouting, "Hi-ho, Silver!" and leaping high, you (*Continued on page 120*)



For Ava and Frank the song of love had ended. But the lonely Voice on the mike had new magic for listeners



March 25, 1954: The Voice is stilled. He has been given Hollywood's highest honor. Because of great acting as Maggio, he will do "Suddenly," above. But tonight, no teenagers scream for Frank. This is a grown-up world saluting the Pied Piper of Hoboken who twice fought his way up to the top

BUILD YOUR DATE LINE!

Relax, be yourself, have fun and you won't have to worry and wonder. You won't



have time!

BY TAB HUNTER

Star of "Battle Cry"

● I'm going to set a scene. It has nothing to do with movies. It's strictly from real life. And I think I'm safe in saying that nearly everyone has played this one at some time or another. If you haven't, chances are that someday you will.

The time: Evening.

The characters: A fellow and a girl.

The place: That isn't too important. Let's suppose they're driving along in his car.

As for the dialogue—unfortunately there isn't any. Suddenly there's just a long stretch of silence, and it's pretty darned uncomfortable for both of them. The fellow is deep in uneasy thoughts. She's so quiet . . . why doesn't she say something? Doesn't she like my company? . . . Should we have skipped the movie and gone dancing? . . . How can I explain that I've only enough change for a couple of milk shakes? . . . I think she's been having fun . . . Or is she just being polite?

The girl's thinking, too. Why doesn't he talk to me? . . . Am I making a good impression? . . . I wish I'd worn my blue dress, it's much more becoming . . . Does he like being with me? . . . Will he call again? . . . Is he having a good time?

Both have doubts. But they're doubting themselves rather than one another. It's their first date and they've reached the stop-and-ponder stage, the lull before they desperately start to talk about the weather. Sound familiar? Then you know how it can sneak up and strangle an evening. I (Continued on page 113)

Lori, and Pat Crowley, left, like sports. If you don't and your date does, don't let it spoil your fun. Give them a try—any guy will appreciate your efforts



I always know Lori Nelson will enjoy our date, even if I'm low on funds. If money means a lot to a girl, the evening's shot before it begins



Marilyn Erskine always looks good on a date, doesn't keep fumbling in her purse for a mirror to see how she looks. That embarrasses a guy!

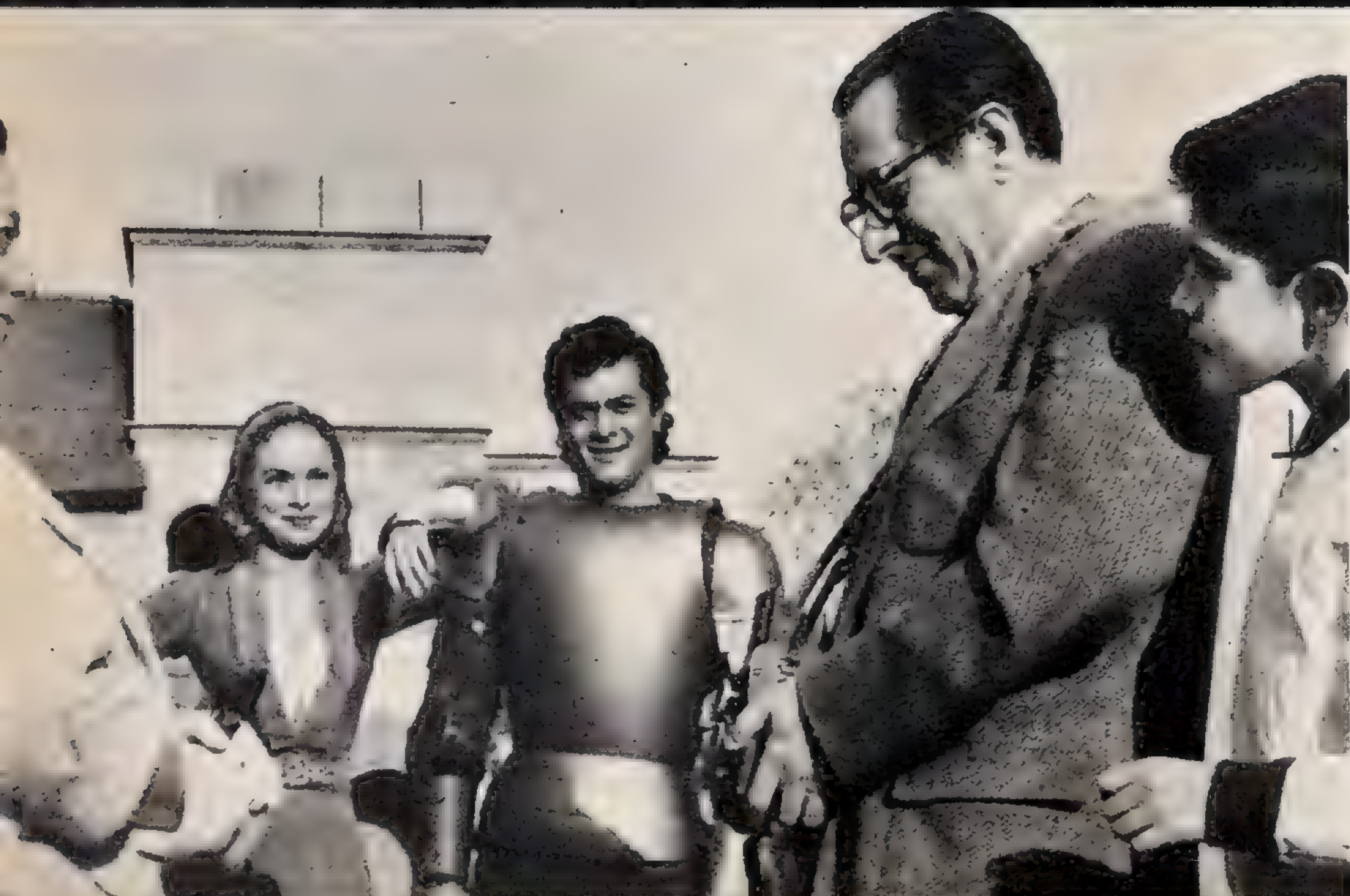


WHEN LOVE



The Curtises with his parents, brother. Says Mrs. Schwartz, "Janie takes care of my Tony so well..."

The Morrisons have a warm regard for their son-in-law, know Janet's welfare is Tony's main concern



IS ENOUGH

This is not just the story of two movie stars.

It is the story of every young couple who has

faced the same problems as Tony and Janet

—and levelled them with love

● They're for the young at heart who've claimed them.

The pert pretty blonde from a small California town whom you know as Janet Leigh and the dark handsome husky from Hell's Kitchen whom you call Tony Curtis were fingered by fate for the weavers of dreams.

Only Hollywood, which specializes in boy meeting girl, could ever have brought them together.

She was a college co-ed, a student of the finer arts, majoring in music. He'd finished high school "to kill the time." He'd lived to the discordant rhythm of a tenement symphony. To shrill voices, the whistles of cops, the cries of children and all the sounds of humanity packed too close and struggling to be heard, he had only the music in his own Gypsy heart.

A famous motion-picture star, idly turning the pages of a large album in the lobby of a ski lodge in northern California one day, is stopped by a ski photo of a lovely vivid girl. "Who is she?" Norma Shearer asks. "She's

Fred's and Helen's girl," the lodge owner says, speaking of the assistant manager and the receptionist. "She ought to be in pictures," Norma Shearer says, uttering the magic phrase that opens the door to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for Jeanette Morrison. . . .

And a continent away a Universal-International scout drops by the old Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village one evening and is impressed by the performance of Bernie Schwartz, son of an immigrant Hungarian actor-turned-tailor, fresh out of the Navy and studying drama on the G.I. Bill. The scout is so impressed that two days later a good-looking youth with black curly hair, amazed blue eyes and highly photogenic chest finds himself winging the magic skies to Hollywood, still not quite believing it and telling himself not to get used to the idea. "It'll never last. I'll be thumbing it back in six months sure."

Two years later, they meet, (*Continued on page 96*)

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh co-star in "The Black Shield of Falworth"

Learning to live with a woman was gypsy Tony's biggest problem!

Penalty of fame: A cross look, even in fun, can set those rumors flying

The last words in any Curtis argument are "I love you"



SUPERSTITIONS OF

If you can't see
the magic in a pair of
beat-up pants or
tired old shoes,
you'd better consult the stars!

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

● Jimmy Durante calls them "stupersstitutions." Then admits, "I never walk under ladders. And if a black cat crosses my path, I'm through for the day." How about *you*? Do you knock on wood, walk around ladders, cross your fingers or otherwise placate the Gods of Chance? If you do, don't be embarrassed. Nearly every star I've talked to in Hollywood has some foolish little fetish devised to keep disaster at bay or ensure a smile from Lady Luck.

With Marilyn Monroe, it's her famous derriere-hugging red dress. She waltzed into a PHOTOPLAY dinner three years ago in this eye-opening red gown—and no one else was present as far as the press and photographers were concerned. As a result, to Marilyn, this dress means *success*. She wore it many times. Although

Watch for this tired old vest! Jim Stewart wears it in every film. It's a happy memento of his association with *Harvey* the rabbit



Most people cross their fingers for luck, but when Jerry Lewis wants to ward off misfortune—he crosses his eyes as well!



Some people stop and turn the other way when they see a black cat. But Virginia Mayo is a lady who does just the opposite



THE STARS

she's no longer wearing it, the dress occupies a place of honor in one of her closets, and Marilyn threatens to keep it forever. It's her good-luck piece.

For Betty Grable, it's a *blue* dress she wore in "DuBarry Was a Lady" on Broadway, the musical that made her a star. And since that lucky day, every one of the Grable movies features something new, and it's always blue.

Some stars see dresses as good-luck insurance; for others shoes do the trick. Which brings me to Shelley Winters and *her* good-luck shoes. She wore a certain pair the day she made her successful screen test for "A Double Life" and you can't convince Shell, it was her talent and not the shoes that won the Academy Award-winning role for her. (Continued on page 111)

Rock Hudson never throws away his old shoes since the day he learned stars aren't the only people who collect superstitious souvenirs as good-luck pieces!



Steve Forrest was in the Army when a Dutch family presented him with this pipe. Because of the events that followed, Steve's convinced it's the best guarantee of luck he's seen.



When Shelley Winters kept the appointment that was to change her life, she wore the shoes, above. Now when anything important comes up—the shoes appear on Shelley!



Diamonds may be a girl's best friend. But to Marilyn Monroe, a red gown spells success. She wore it to PHOTOPLAY dinner, above with Dick Widmark—stopped the presses!



GIANT



Janet Leigh has been saying a special prayer for Jeff since day he shared dressing room with Tony!



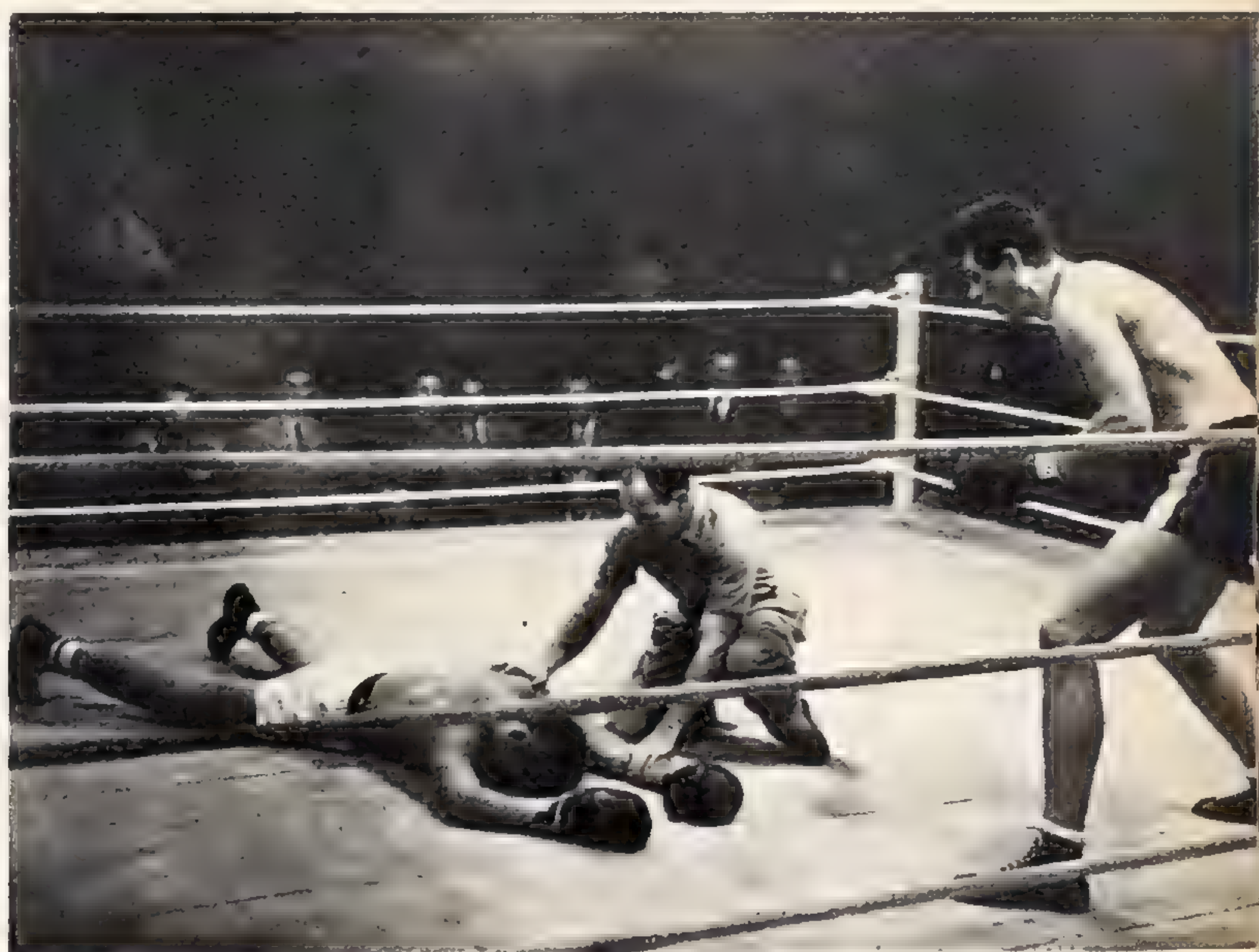
Thanks to Jeff, France's Christiane Martel got a friendly, heartwarming introduction to Hollywood

● It happened during the filming of "The Iron Man."

The next scene to be shot was a climactic fight scene between Jeff Chandler, who had the starring role of *Coke Mason*, and Rock Hudson, for whom this was the first picture in which he had a chance to show what he could really do. Before this, practically all Rock's parts had been what are sometimes called "Popcorn roles," because if you looked away from the screen for a moment to see how much popcorn you had left, you missed him completely.

So Rock was eager to make good—and understandably nervous. He wasn't sure of himself as an actor, and particularly he wasn't at all sure of himself as a man who could fake a fight convincingly. As a matter of fact, he was petrified by the thought that he might make a mistake and really hit Jeff, instead of just making it look as though he had.

Jeff realized this and was perfectly willing to stage a demonstration with director Joe Pevney to give Rock an idea of the technique of contrived movie mayhem. Pevney and Jeff went through the scene without a scratch, and then the director asked Jeff to run through a rehearsal with Rock to (Continued on page 103)



But for Jeff, that knockout blow on the set of "Iron Man" might have ended Rock Hudson's career

He would never tell this story on himself. But somebody else did. It reveals a lot about the real Jeff Chandler

HEART

BY BEVERLY LINET



Three Fords in '47: But Glenn saw little of Eleanor and son Peter—movie roles took him often and far from home

FOR THE LOVE OF PETE

BY ELEANOR POWELL FORD

The gossips guessed wrong when Ellie left Glenn and Peter behind in '49 to resume dancing career



Glenn and I looked at each other, stunned. Something had happened—something that concerned Peter.
That night we became a family

● About six o'clock last night I pulled open my front door. On my doorstep stood two mighty hunters, both of them dressed in muddy blue jeans and triumphant smiles. The small hunter was wet from the top of his head to the tips of his rubber boots, and he held a jar of tadpoles in one hand. The big hunter was even wetter, and his jar of tadpoles was twice as large.

I looked at my husband and my nine-year-old son, and I had to laugh. I was remembering what a dignified acquaintance once blushingly told me.

"How much I envy you," she had said. "I can imagine just how you feel when Glenn Ford steps out of the car each night, kicks the front door open and sweeps you into his arms." . . .

"Hey, Ellie, take this, will you?" my husband said, handing me his jar of tadpoles. "I've got to get the frogs. We caught a couple of beauties."

"Hey, Mom, take mine, too." Pete pushed his jar into my other hand. "I'd better help Dad."

So there I was, stuck with two jars of baby frogs, and I had to (Continued on page 108)

Today, Pete and his Pop are pardners. Glenn, who's in "The Violent Man," took family on location trip







BY PEER OPPENHEIMER

THE THINGS MOM NEVER SAID

A girl can learn a lot from experience—and a mother who never shows her guiding hand!

● Even her closest friends in Hollywood didn't realize how close Piper came to getting married a short time ago. They might have been even more surprised had they known that it was the refusal of Piper's mother to interfere that was instrumental in making up Piper's mind!

The evening Piper walked into her mother's bedroom, Mrs. Jacobs knew instantly her daughter was facing a crisis. She also had a strong notion what it was all about.

"Mom . . . you know whom I've been seeing these past few months . . ."

"Yes, dear. . . ."

"Frankly . . ." she hesitated a few seconds, "I don't know if we are right for one another. And we have religious differences, too. . . ."

Mrs. Jacobs agreed with her daughter, but she didn't say so. The decision, she felt, was up to Piper.

"Why don't you talk it over with someone of his own faith. Be frank with him. See what he has to suggest. Then make up your mind. . . ."

The following afternoon, they drove to a near-by

church. While Mrs. Jacobs waited in the car, Piper went inside to see the clergyman who was of the same faith as the man she loved.

She was gone almost an hour. When she came back to the car, she quietly asked her mother to take her home and spent the rest of the afternoon in her room by herself, thinking.

When Piper joined her mother just before supper, her mind was made up. "I'll start dating again," she announced. Her mother knew (*Continued on page 101*)

There were reasons why marriage wouldn't have been right for Piper, Dick Contino. But Mom didn't say so



As Piper grew up, she faced all the problems of teenagers. Mom didn't interfere—just planted good ideas!

Piper Laurie

ackwell • Piper is in "Dawn at Socorro"





John Derek

Color portrait by Cronenweth



John lost a role but left with something more important after his talk with Cecil B. DeMille

Miracle at the Crossroads

BY HYATT DOWNING

● There are several excellent ways of starving to death in Hollywood, but John Derek, the handsome and extremely gifted young graduate of Columbia's school of star-making, chose the one most likely to succeed. He tossed out the window a comfortable salary and an assured, though not rocketing, career and started freelancing in a town where sheer talent doesn't even raise an eyebrow. Moreover, he did this in the face of obligations which might well have daunted an older man, a man already scarred by the arrows of fate. John was the father of two children; he was supporting a large house not fully paid for and a hobby only slightly less expensive than a yacht—the breeding of Arabian horses.

It takes more than mathematics and an expert knowledge of percentages to take a jump like that. Faith of an almost sublime quality is needed, the kind that moves mountains. John had this gift of heaven, and in his case, at least, it worked.

"I remember the morning last April when the telephone rang," John said. "Things hadn't been going too well. Oh, nothing of the 'bloody but unbowed head' sort of thing, but it did begin to seem I might have jumped off the roof with an umbrella instead of a parachute. A free-lance actor, especially one not too well established, is putting his head right in the lion's mouth (Continued on page 117)



With loyal Patti by his side, new faith in himself, John's no longer afraid of the future.

Everyone has faced critical times when they've waited for something unusual to happen. When it does, it sounds fictional. But for John Derek, the miracle was real—and lasting



Color pictures by Stern

Susan just had to see what Race was doing, discovered he was carving their initials in the tree. "Why Race," she said, deeply touched



John, doing the Highland Fling with Susan, has Milly in hysterics. Su kept losing ballet slippers she wore in lieu of missing riding boots!

ON THE TRAIL...

Having wonderful time

● The mists over the mountain slowly lifted as the group of young people cantered along the trail to Griffith Park. The horseback riding party was Hugh O'Brian's idea. It was his birthday and he wanted to celebrate outdoors. It took nearly an hour to reach the picnic grounds—long enough to sharpen young appetites for the food the Stable had sent on ahead. After lunch, everyone relaxed—John Ericson found a tiny stream, decided to pan for gold. Not having a pan, he soon gave up, though he swore he'd seen flakes of gold! The day passed quickly, with games, singing, dancing. As the group rode away into the twilight, the whispering pines seemed to say, "It's been a very happy birthday for Hugh!"

10:30 A.M., the Pickwick Stables. Left, Hugh O'Brian, Rita Moreno, John and Milly Ericson, Race Gentry, Susan Cabot, "Gray Skies." Milly, no expert yet, hoped "the horses were polite!"



Brisk canter along the trail produced a horse-sized thirst! There were apples with lunch, "But those," said Hugh, "are for the horses!"



John gives his wife a piggyback ride. Milly recently finished a singing engagement at the Hollywood Palladium



"Watch this," says Hugh, leaping into the saddle. But the others decide that they prefer leapfrog—closer to the ground!



A hungry Rita sticks close to Hugh. Hot dogs grilled with bacon, cheese, tasted mighty fine!

Hollywood and the experts
reveal the secret of how to
acquire that lovely line every
woman wants—and any girl
can have if she's smart

BOSOM LOVELINES

● When Lana Turner went to Hollywood High, she wore sweaters just to keep warm. Even at that, she'd usually risk catching pneumonia before donning them because, when she wore them, the boys whistled at her. She blushed because her bosom was so round, firm and prominent. This, as of course you know, brought her to Hollywood's attention. And that was a long step from the fashions of a decade earlier when young Joan Bennett used to strap her chest with the tightest bands to make herself look properly "boyish."

Today we are where the ancient Greeks and Persians were when they worshipped the feminine figure for its very femininity, when the breasts were glorified. Very great stars like Jane Russell, or lesser starlets like Sara Shane, together with the Italian beauties like Gina Lollobrigida, initially caught Hollywood's eye because of the lovely curves of their bosoms. Yet one of these girls didn't possess this beauty naturally. She secured it through plastic surgery.

If you are the one girl in eighty who has perfect breasts, like Lana, perfect in proportion and in placement on your body, then you do not need to continue reading here. Or if you are a wee bit shocked at boldly thinking that perhaps your too-flat breasts could be improved, or your too-heavy ones corrected, then go back to your grandmother's class when it was considered very, very bold to have a manicure and the mere mention of lipstick was improper.

In our healthy age, to be shy about this vivid symbol of your femininity is exactly like being shy over being a girl. It can be, of course that you are enough of a personality, à la Audrey Hepburn, that you're utterly flat-chested and couldn't care less.

Or you may be one of the six million women who bought a padded bra this year and hoped that would do for you what nature forgot.

(Continued on page 90)





The star of "There's No Business Like Show Business." "My child will know she's loved, wanted." Below, Marilyn as a little girl

*In a quiet hospital room,
two women sat talking.
Out of that discussion
came this story—
one that will surprise those
who cannot imagine
Marilyn Monroe as a mother*



IF MARILYN HAS A LITTLE GIRL

BY ISABEL MOORE

● Now that Marilyn is married to Joe DiMaggio, a great many people who don't know Marilyn very well are wondering what sort of mother she'll make. A lot of them are finding it hard to reconcile the picture of the sexiest glamour queen ever to burn up the celluloid with the picture of the devoted wife and mother which Marilyn vows she'll be. But though I know her only slightly, I was privileged to know her at a moment when her defenses were down. I was privileged to sit and talk to her for two long hours one day in February, 1952, when neither Marilyn nor I was particularly interested in talking about the movie star. Many things conspired to create a mood of confidence, and Marilyn talked about things she has rarely discussed except with those few people who know her well.

The place was a narrow, modest hospital room in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Marilyn had been brought in late the night before with an emergency appendix. The acute attack had subsided, and Marilyn was to be operated on the following day. But her

thoughts were not concerned with the operation just now. They were concerned with the strange, lonely thing that had happened the night before when the admitting clerk, without even bothering to look up, had briskly asked that routine hospital question, "Next of kin to be notified in case of emergency?" . . .

"It was so strange," Marilyn was saying to me now, as I sat there with notebook and pencil idle in my lap and the bright, hot California sunlight poured into the room. "It was so strange and—and awful to realize I just didn't have anyone to call on. There is no one who can drop everything and come running if I need them. But, of course," she said with a quiet matter-of-factness that was all the more heartbreaking because it *was* so quietly matter-of-fact, "I've always been alone and I guess I always will be alone."

This was two years before her marriage, you see. She did know Joe DiMaggio slightly at the time, but she had no idea they would ever be married. She already had thousands of fan (Continued on page 94)

PHOTOPLAY STAR

FASHIONS

Inspired by U-I's

THE BLACK SHIELD OF FALWORTH

in Technicolor CinemaScope

starring

Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis



As Janet Leigh steps across the giant CinemaScope screen as Lady Anne in U-I's 15th century Technicolor spectacle, "The Black Shield of Falworth," she wears some of the most beautiful clothes ever designed for a motion picture. On this page and the following 12 pages, Photoplay presents exciting modern adaptations of these clothes. Here Janet models an after-five dress in ice-blue silk satin Jacquard with flattering open neckline and elbow-length sleeves. The long waistline, copying Janet's gown, below, ends at the hips with soft shirring. Also in red, silver, gray or navy. 8-14. \$50. Nathan & Strong. John Fred-erics Charmer hat, necklace \$9.95, bracelet \$9.95, earrings \$5.95. H. & S. Originals. Martin Baer fur stole

Original dress worn by Janet in
"The Black Shield of Falworth"

For where to buy these fashions,
turn to Buying Guide on page 89



More fashions →



PHOTOPLAY ★ STAR FASHIONS

**Medieval touches inspired
by "The Black Shield of
Falworth" turn fashion wise
in these mix-match outfits**



Against the medieval sets of "The Black Shield of Falworth," Mara Corday wears a blouson jacket that's lined in yellow quilting, \$11, and a neatly slim, man-tailored skirt. Pockets and a deep pleat make the skirt easy to wear. \$10.

More fashions on page 78

*Photographs by Christa
All fashions modeled by
U-I starlets*



Mix and match is the secret behind the gray flannel separates shown here. By Stella Landre for Ilene Ricky. All come in sizes 7-15. Myrna Hansen (above) wears a quilted gray and yellow weskit, \$8, and a full skirt with yellow quilted lining, \$15. (Left) She slips into Bermuda shorts, \$8, and a cotton broadcloth fencing shirt that features ruffled sleeves, \$10. Shirt in yellow, orange, white or black. Tooled bag. \$30. Meeker. Huskies charcoal gray moccasins

*For where to buy
"The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions,
turn to Buying Guide
on page 89*

For an alternate cotton blouse, here's a yellow little-girl style that's all-feminine from its Peter Pan collar to its gently ruffled bodice front and cuffed sleeve. \$6. Also in orange, white, black



1. You'll get miles of walking comfort in these neat charcoal gray leather loafers. Side zipper on vamp makes them easy to get into. Black suede, wine, red, gray leather, white nuback. 4-10 N, M. \$5.95. Huskies
2. The "Black Shield" slipper in black velvet with a shield of glitter cloth across the vamp. Comes in red, royal, green, lt. blue, pink. Sizes 5½-9 N, 4-9 M. \$4.99. By Honeybugs. 12-denier luxury nylons by Airmaid
3. Flat and flexible—the new charcoal gray color is carried to the feet in kicker-back loafers. Also in brown, black, red, smoke, leather; brown, black, blue, gray suede. 4-10 N, M. \$4.95. Huskies. Cameo's rachel nylons



The Black

*Shield of Falsworth**



*a U-I Cinemascope Production



you'll look like a star in a NOBILITY Juniors empire suit...inspired by "The Black Shield of Falsworth." In kitten-soft Mayflower flannel. Black Magic, Carbon Grey, Carbon Blue, Carbon Brown, Winter Beige. Sizes 7-15...about \$70.00*

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PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS

Continued



The dress on this page
inspired by "The Black
Shield of Falworth"



Susan Cabot prefers this black silk taffeta cocktail dress. News, not only for its "Black Shield" adaptation but for the elegant form it takes—a delicate framework of draping in the scoop neckline bodice of mat jersey, with merely a suggestion of sleeves. Sizes 10-18. \$49.95. By Nathan & Strong. Wear-Right satin gloves

For where to buy
"The Black Shield of Falworth"
turn to Buying Guide
on page 89

For more fashions turn to page 80

LOVABLE



"RINGLET" BRA

| 50

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SCENE STEALERS

RITE-FIT

**DRESS of the MONTH
SELECTIONS**

Right: The look of tweed in rich Petit-Point (viscose and acetate). Important points of interest . . . the diagonal pockets, the buttons that shape a triangle. Black, Navy or Brown. 14½ to 22½. About \$9.



Left: A trimly tailored jacket covers an intriguing scoop of satin latticework. The curved, fitted ensemble in soft Pat-a-Crepe (acetate and rayon). Black, Purple, Wine or Dark Grey. 14½ to 22½. About \$9.



For the name of your nearest store, see Photoplay's Buying Guide, or write: Max Wiesen & Sons, 463 Seventh Ave., New York 18.



All creations were inspired by "The Black Shield of Falworth"

PHOTOPLAY

STAR

FASHIONS

Continued

Leslie Gaye wears this exclusive fitted suit plotted to make a sensational outfit and designed to take you anywhere. Black broadcloth is the fabric recommended this season for fashion smartness. "Black Shield" trims left hip of the jacket. In sizes 7-15. \$69.95. By Nobility Jr. Black velvet hat by John Fredericks Charmers, zebra fur bag by Walter Katten, pearl necklace and earrings Delta





Mayflower flannel suit with the wonderful
of new empire line. In carbon gray it fea-
es a slender skirt and hip-length fitted
ket that's trimmed with the "Black Shield"
ignia on the upper bodice. A suit such as
ren Kadler wears here, is a perfect all-
ason, all-purpose outfit. Also in carbon
own, carbon blue, black, beige. 7-15.
9.95. Nobility Jrs. Dani hat. Ronay Bag

For where to buy
"The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions,
turn to Buying Guide
on page 89

For more fashions turn to page 82

NO WOMAN HAS
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AN
AFTER FIVE FASHION
BY

Ilene Ricky

Exquisite cowl-neck Blouse with V-back, in LEBANON worsted jersey. Hot Orange. About \$8.

Full flared Skirt sparkles with rhinestones set on RIVERDALE cotton drapery fabric. Black and white print. Pleated worsted jersey cummerbund to match Blouse. About \$15.



At fine stores, or write: ILENE RICKY Inc., 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

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Jewel-Lit Velvet

Glowing velvet espadrilles, topped by glittering "jewels" on a tinsel-bright shield. Palest pastels to midnight black. Sizes 4 to 10.

\$4.99



Denise Darcel

Co-Starring In
"Vera Cruz"
Color by Technicolor
Released thru
United Artists

PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS

Continued

These fashions were inspired by



The scene: the sets of "The Black Shield of Falworth." The star: Danny Crane in Rite-Fit's tailored "Black Shield" adaptation. The highpoints: neat stitched front cuffs and pockets, trim self-covered buttons and belt. The bonus: a fabric of rayon acetate that is meant to wear. In 14-20, 14½-24½, checked of gray, brown, pink/gray, blue/gray. \$9.

The graceful flowing lines of the medieval court gowns of old combine with something new—the very latest details of this year's sailor collar and tie—to make a perfect dress for busy young starlet, Betty Jo Howarth. Its tweedster fabric is Viscose acetate coupled with wool. Oxford gray, navy, brown, 12-20, 12½-22½. Rite-Fit. \$9.

For more fashions, see page

For where to buy
 "The Black Shield of Falworth" fashions
 turn to Buying Guide
 on page 89

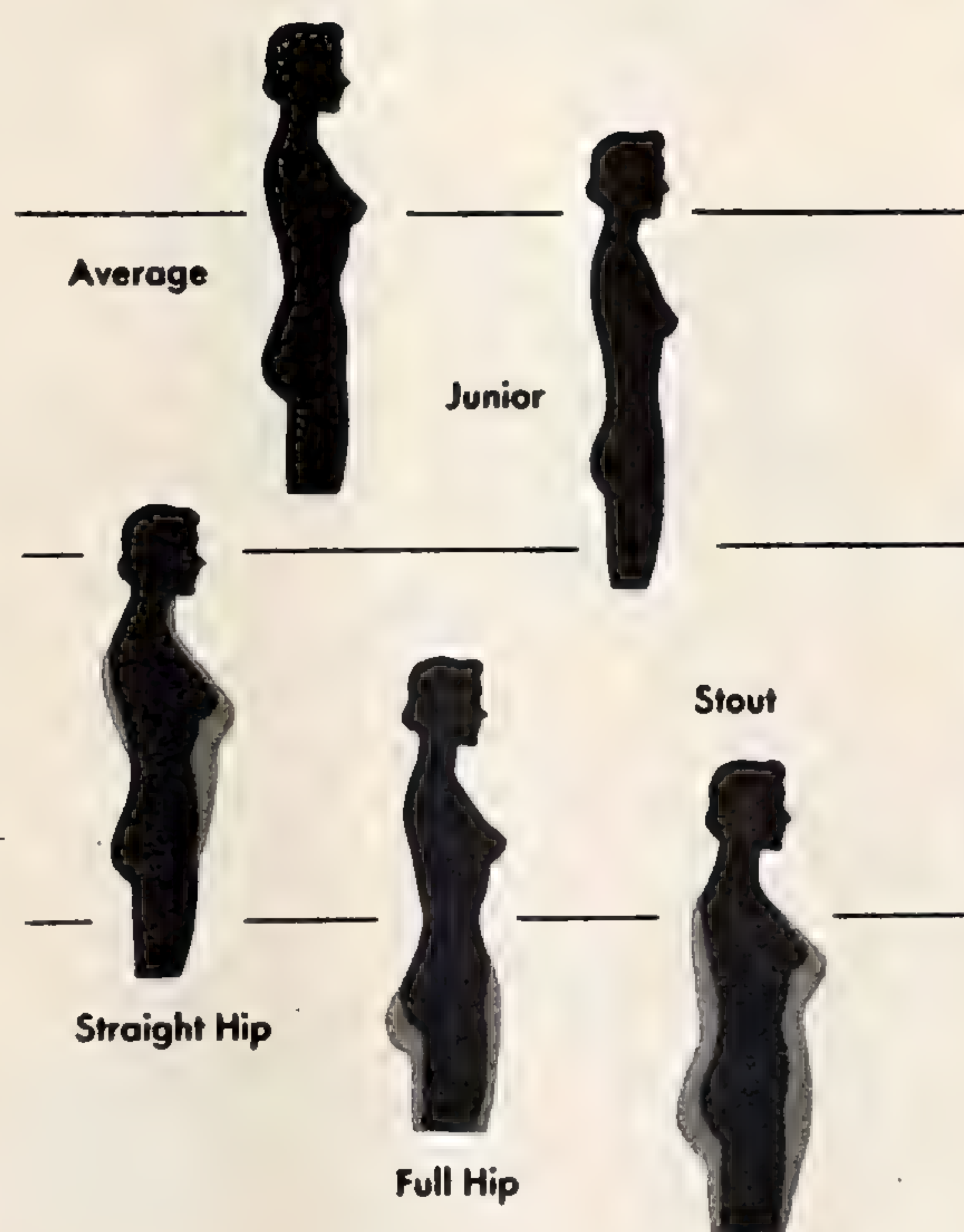


"The Black Shield of Falworth"



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47 out of every 100 women are dissatisfied with the way their girdles fit, according to a recent impartial study. To assure you perfect fit, Formfit makes a wide range of styles and designs for every figure type.

Because no two women have exactly the same figure, no one type of bra or girdle can fit all women perfectly. That's the reason 47 out of every 100 are not satisfied with the fit of these garments.

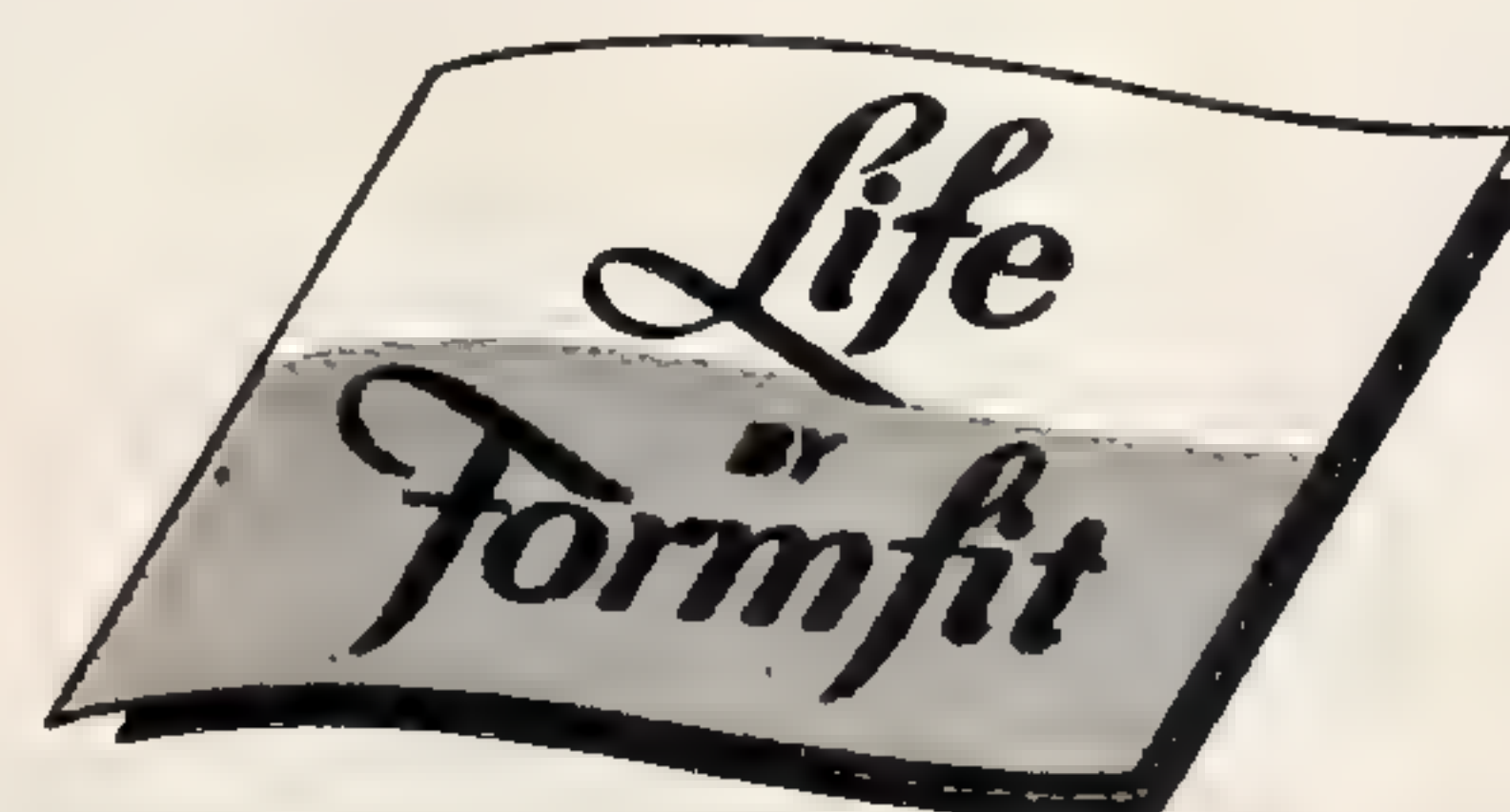
No matter what your figure type, there's a Life Girdle and Bra to fit you as if custom-made ... to slim, smooth and support you to your own individual needs. For Formfit brings you the widest selection of girdles and bras in the world!

So, if you are one of the 47 out of every 100 who are not satisfied, decide now to change to Life by Formfit. There's a Life Girdle and

Bra for you at any of the better stores. Try them—and see the difference!

. . .

#1590 Life Girdle shown . . . beautifully slimming design in nylon taffeta and French-type leno elastic. 26 to 34, \$16.50. Others from \$7.50. Life Hidden Strip Bra #515 . . . new-design stitched underbust with uplifting sewn-in strips. 32A to 42D, \$4.00. Others from \$1.25.



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Classic Moccasin
with kicker.
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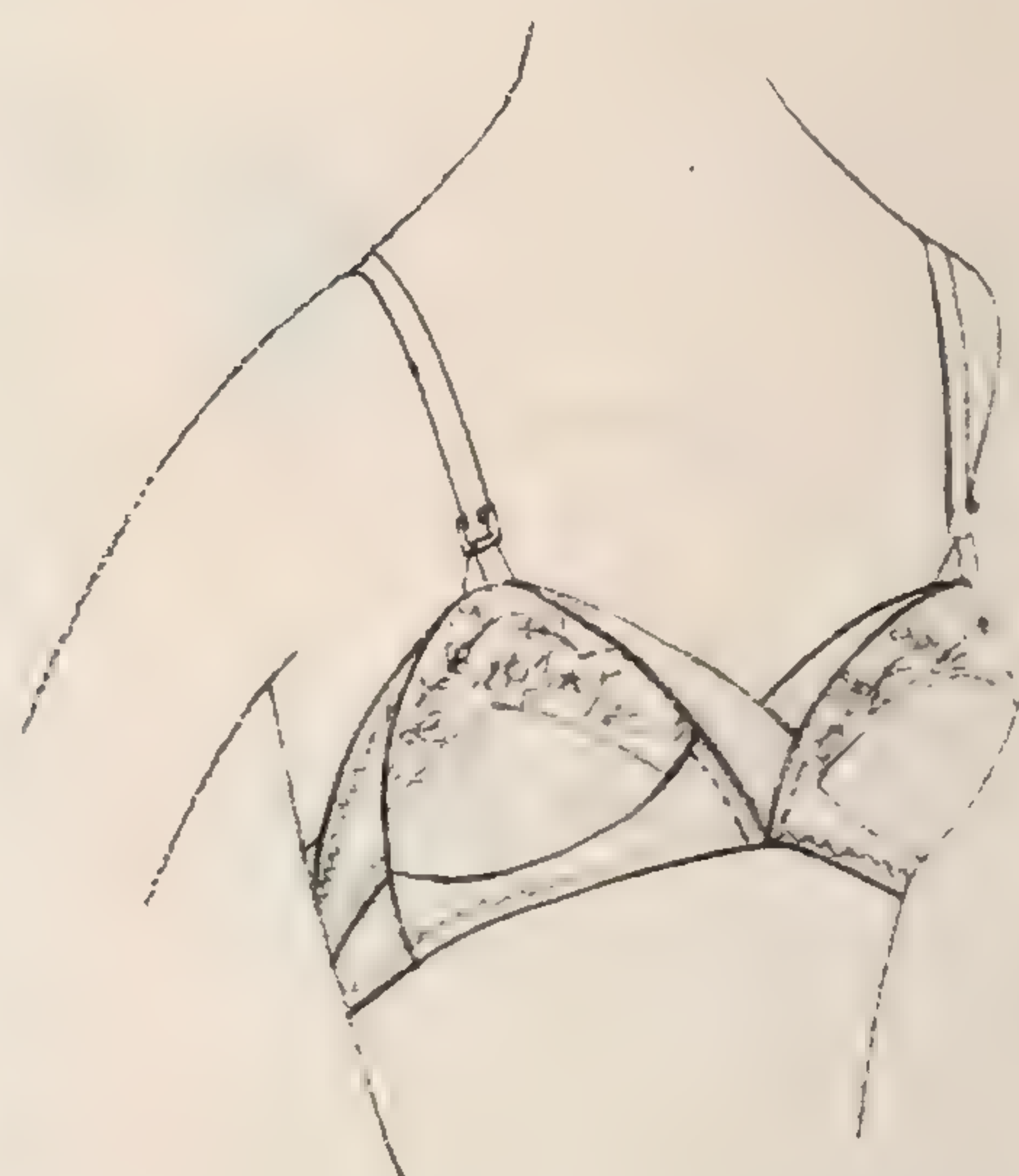


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Sizes 4 to 10, M and N.

For where to buy—write: HUSSCO SHOE COMPANY, Honesdale, Pa.
Canada: Canada West Shoe Company, Winnipeg

PHOTOPLAY STAR
FASHIONS *Continued*

INTRODUCING "THE LIVING BRA"
that gives the utmost in lift, comfort
without wiring, boning or stiffening!



For all young girls who've long enjoyed Playtex girdles, good news! You can now enjoy the new Playtex bra. White. 32A-40C. \$3.95

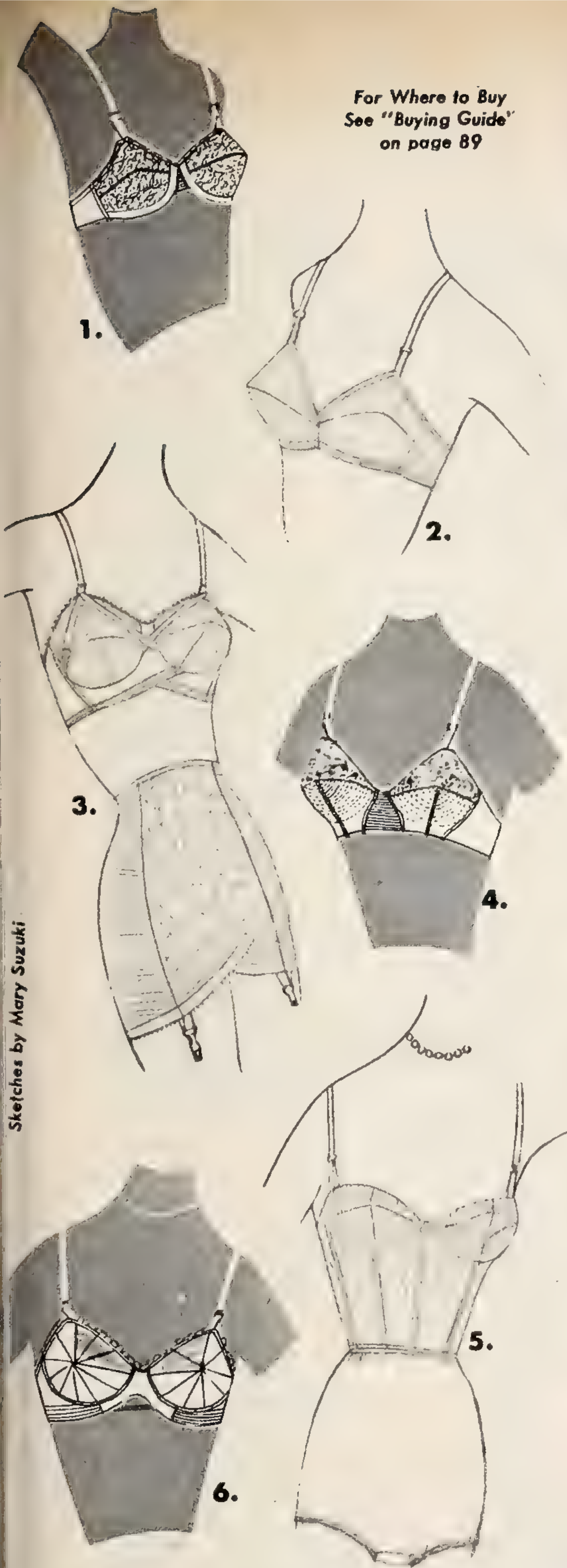
Black matte jersey—lined with **PELLON** ... under \$50.

At **Saks Fifth Avenue, New York**
I. Magnin & Co., California
... and other fine stores.

Nathan Strong

NEW YORK 18

For Where to Buy
See "Buying Guide"
on page 89



Sketches by Mary Suzuki

1. Maidenform's ingenious "Prelude" in White nylon embroidered taffeta, contour bands. 32-38A, 32-40B, 32-42C. Price: \$2.50
2. La Resisita's new "Tres Secrete" nylon lace bra with plastic inserts that can be inflated to size. In white. 32-36A, 32-36B. \$5
3. For good figure control: "The Freedom Bra." White broadcloth, nylon bands under bust for freedom. 32-36A, 32-38B, 34-42C. \$2. "Power Glide" girdle, cotton, eyelet, average length \$3. Long \$4. By Lewella
4. "Life Romance" by Formfit has stitched circles of Nylo-Braid for super-support, natural uplift. In white nylon. 32A-38C. \$3.50
5. Hollywood-Maxwell's sensational long-line "Debutante" bra in nylon and lace. 32-36A, 32-38B, 32-38C. White, Black. \$8.50
6. Lovable's new 16-gore "Sunburst" bra of dacron, Avalon lined for shape. White, 32-36A, 32-38B, \$2. "Spun-lo Rayon" briefs, \$.59

More fashions turn to page 86



Mala Powers now starring in Universal-International's
"THE YELLOW MOUNTAIN"... color by Technicolor.

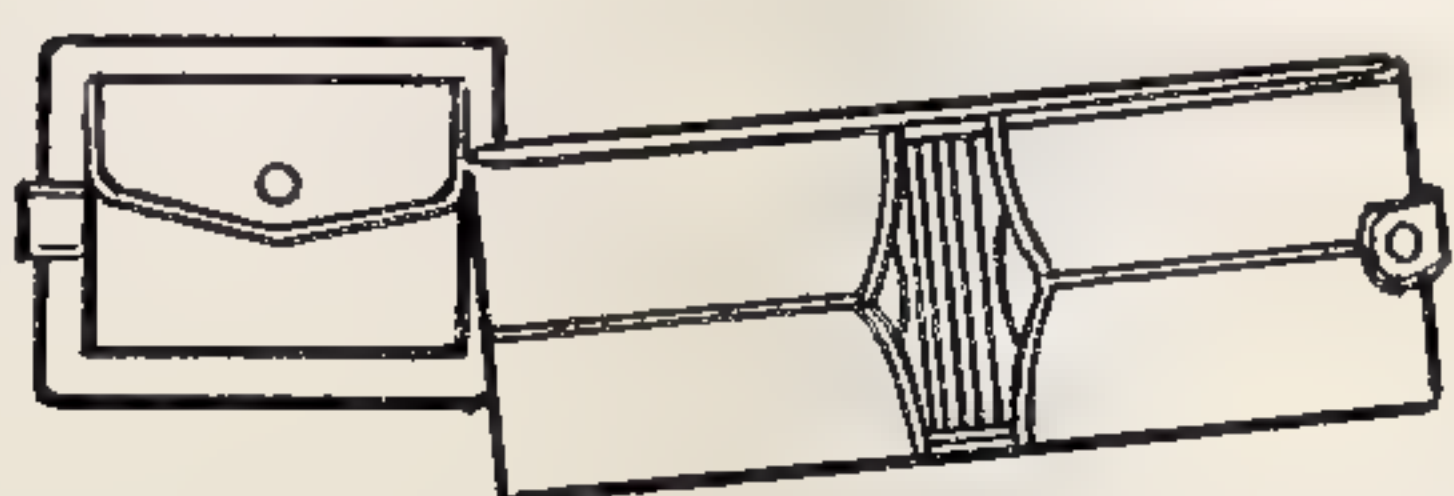


**Wanna see what's inside
Mala Powers'**

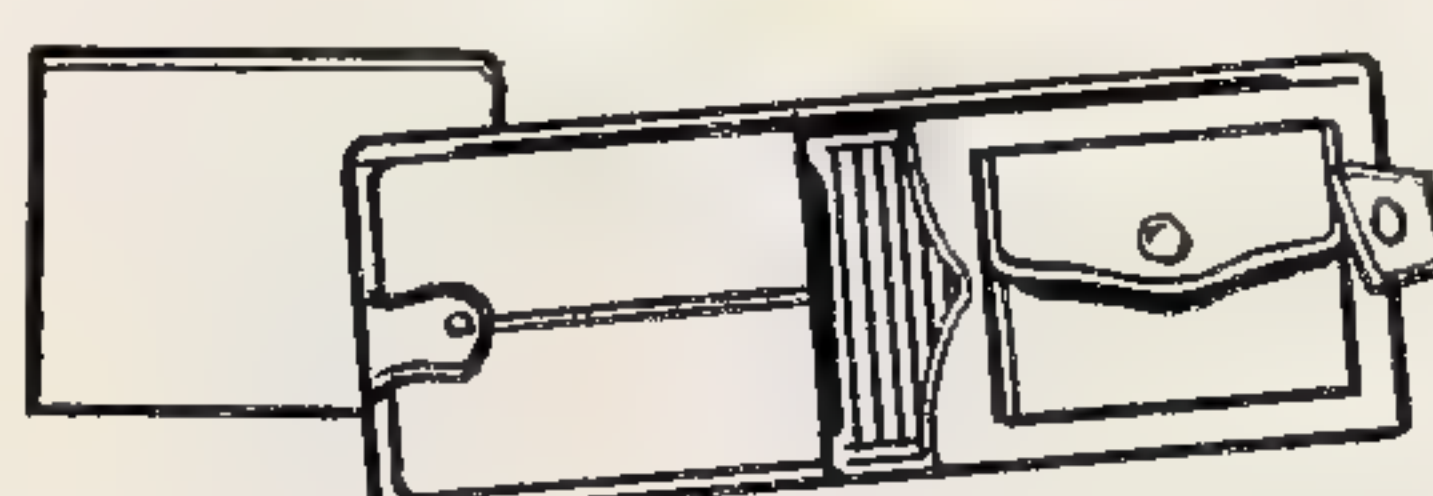
meeker
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PHOTOPLAY

★
STAR

FASHIONS

Continued

For where to buy
"The Black Shield
of Falworth" fashions,
turn to Buying Guide
on page 89



Left: A dress you'll enjoy wearing as much as Katherine Case does. For the relax ways of its fine buttoned shirt-type bodice, for the trimness of its narrow skirt. The fabric is Dyne-Mite (rayon and Dacron combined); the colors, oxford, violet, stag brown, red flare. Available in sizes 12-20 and 14½-22½. Price: \$9.95. By Rite-Fit

Above: The tailored shirt top merges with the feminine empire skirt and the result is a wearable acetate-chrom spun dress that's perfect for a busy girl with a busy schedule like Sara Shane's. Tiny tucks give the bodice its feminine line. Available in black, smoke blue, turquoise, mink, red. Comes in sizes 12-20, 12½-20½. By Rite-Fit

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elastic back in white cotton broadcloth 3.95;
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Fine white or black nylon lace,
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All creations on these two
pages, inspired by "The
Black Shield of Falworth"

Bold blanket stripes inspired by the
"Royal Guard" make a dramatic cas-
ual wool costume. Susan Cabot wears
tapered trousers in black with red
stripes, white with red/yellow/olive
stripes. \$11. Matching weskit is rayon-
taffeta lined, \$10. Wool jersey blouse
in blk, green, orange, white, \$8. Co-
ordinated skirt, \$15. 7-15. Ilene Rickey



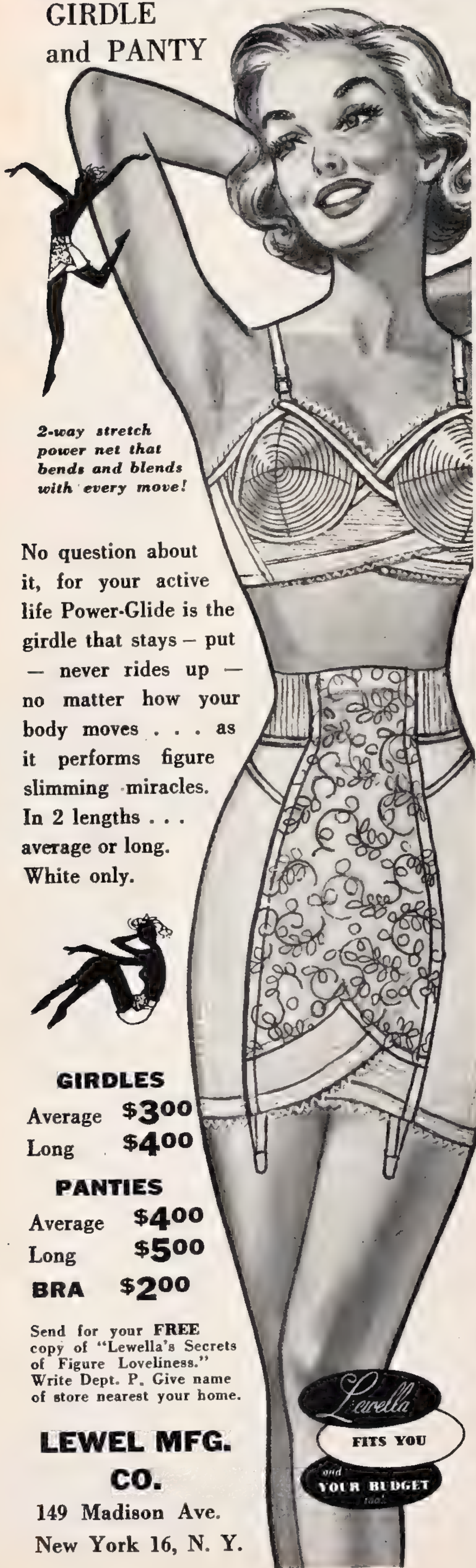
For more fashions see page 88

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MANUFACTURER CODE NUMBER

Nathan and Strong Dresses	1
Nobility Jrs. Suits	2
Ilene Ricky Sportswear	3
Rite-Fit Dresses	4
Honeybugs Slippers	5
Huskies Shoes	6
Cameo Hosiery	7
Meeker Bags	8
Lovable Bras	9
Spun-lo Panties	10
Hollywood-Maxwell Bras	11
Playtex Bras	12
Playtex Girdles	13
La Resista Bras	14
Lewella Bras & Girdles	15

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Airmaid Hosiery available at most drugstores.

Maidenform Bras, Formfit Bras and Girdles available at most dept. stores.

ALABAMA

Birmingham—Loveman, Joseph & Loeb 4-11
Pizitz D. G. 3-9-11-12-13
Kesslers 2-12-13
Decatur—The Emporium 2-12-13
Mobile—C. J. Gayfer 11-12-13
Raphael's 1-2-12-13
Montgomery—A. Nachman's 1-11-12-13
The Vogue 2-12-13

ARIZONA

Phoenix—Goldwater's 3-11-12-13
Korrick's 7-11-12-13
Cele Peterson 1-12-13
Given Bros. 2-12-13
Tucson—Broadway Dept. Store 11-12-13
Horn's 2-12-13

ARKANSAS

Hot Springs—Pfeiffer's 11-12-13
Saad's 4-12-13
Little Rock—Famous Co. 4-12-13
Gus Blass 4-10-11-12-13
Green's 3-12-13
Pfeiffer's 4-11-12-13
Standard Luggage Shop 8-12-13

CALIFORNIA

Long Beach—Buffum's 3-4-11-12-13
Walker's 7-11-12-13-15
Los Angeles—May Co. 4-10-11-12-13-15
Bullock's 3-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
Broadway D.S. 3-10-11-12-13-15
J. W. Robinson 3-7-11-12-13
First St. D.S. 4-12-13
Fisch D.S. 4-12-13
No. Hollywood—H. J. Marx 2-12-13
Oakland—H. C. Capwell 3-4-10-11-12-13-15
San Diego—Whitney's 4-10-12-13-15
San Francisco—The Emporium
2-3-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
The White House 3-6-11-12-13
I. Magnin 1-11-12-13
Macy's 4-7-10-12-13
Hale's 3-4-7-10-12-13

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—Boston Store 4-10-12-13
Hibbard's 4-12-13
Kaufman's 7-10-12-13
Denver—Denver D.G. 3-4-6-8-10-12-13
May Co. 4-6-7-10-11-12-13-15
Joslin D.G. 10-11-12-13
Neusteter's 11-12-13

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Libby's 4-12-13
Howland D.G. 8-10-12-13-15
Ferdman's 12-13-15
Hartford—G. Fox 3-4-6-10-11-12-13-15
Brown-Thomson—3-4-7-10-12-13

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Leibowitz's 4-10-12-13
Richard's 3-12-13
Scharin's 1
Braunstein's 2-11-12-13
Joshua Conner 8

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Hecht Co. 4-6-10-11-12-13-15
Woodward & Lothrop 3-4-9-10-12-13
Lansburgh's 4-9-12-13
Allen's 2-12-13
Erlebacher's 2
Julius Garfinkel 11-12-13
S. Kann's 4-10-12-13
Melart Jewelers 8
Loeb Co. 3-12-13
Brooks 2-12-13

FLORIDA

Jacksonville—Cohen Bros. 3-4-7-10-12-13
Purcell's 2-12-13
Furchgott's 4-12-13
Miami—Burdine's 5-10-11-12-13-15
Hartley's 4-11-12-13
Marflet Leather Goods 8
St. Petersburg—Maas Bros. 2-10-11-12-13
Tampa—Maas Bros. 2-10-11-12-13
O'Falk's 7-12-13

GEORGIA

Atlanta—Davison-Paxon 4-9-11-12-13-15
Rich's 3-4-9-10-11-12-13-15
Regenstein's 2-11-12-13
Lee's 2-12-13
Augusta—Cullum's 1-12-13
F. Goldberg's 2-12-13
Belk's 7-12-13
Columbus—J. A. Kirven 9-10-12-13
Davison-Paxon 11-12-13
Savannah—Levy's 2-10-11-12-13
Lang's 4-12-13
Silverman-Karpf 3

IDAHO

Boise—Anderson's 4-7-10-12-13

ILLINOIS

Chicago—Carson, Pirie Scott 1-3-4-7-10-11-15
Marshall Field 4-6-11-12-13
Saks 5th Ave. 1-12-13
Mandel Bros. 4-12-13
Wm. A. Lewis 2-12-13
Chas. A. Stevens 3-12-13
Palais Royal 11
Goldblatt's 9-10-12-13
Lieberman's Luggage 8
Evanston—Marshall Field 4-11-12-13

Oak Park—Bramson's 2-12-13
Peoria—Block & Kuhl 4-10-11-12-13-15
Springfield—Barker's 2-12-13
Meyer Bros. 10-12-13-15
W. H. Roland 7-9-12-13

INDIANA

Evansville—De Jongs 9-11-12-13
Ft. Wayne—Wolf-Dessauer 2-3-4-10-11-12-15
Boston Store 4-12-13
King's A. & I. Leather 8
Gary—Gordon's 2-12-13
Indianapolis—Wm. H. Block 3-4-10-11-12-13
L. S. Ayres 1-3-4-7-9-10-11-12-13-15
H. P. Wasson 3-4-10-12-13
Muncie—The Fashion 2-12-13
South Bend—Robertson Bros. 3-4-10-11-12-15
Geo. Wyman 3-12-13
Terre Haute—Meis Bros. 10-12-13-15
Jamie Wolf 1-12-13
Schultzson's 4

IOWA

Cedar Rapids—Killian Co. 3-4-6-10-11-12-13
Newman Merc. 7-8-10-12-13
Davenport—Scharff's 2-12-13
Petersen-Harned-VonMaur 3-4-9-10-12-15
Des Moines—Younker Bros. 4-10-11-12-13-15
Connie Furs 2
Norman Cassidy 1
Dubuque—Stamper's 4-12-13
Roshek Bros. 3-9-12-13
Sioux City—Fishgall's 2-12-13
T. S. Martin 4-10-11-12-13
Younker-Davidson 4-10-12-13-15

KANSAS

Kansas City—The Leader 11-12-13
Topeka—Pelletier's 4-9-11-12-13
Palace Clothing 2
Topeka Leather Shop 8
Wichita—The Model 2
Geo. Innes 3-4-10-11-12-13

KENTUCKY

Frankfort—Bing's 2-12-13
Harlan—Krcgar's 2-12-13
Lexington—Purcell's 11-12-13
Perkin's 2-12-13

Louisville—H. P. Selman 1-12-13

Renee, Inc. 1-12-13
Stewart D.G. 2-10-11-12-13
B. B. Wertz 2-12-13
Lerman Bros. 4-10-12-13
Shapiro's 4-12-13
Bon-Ton 9-12-13-15
Kahn's 3-12-13

Paducah—Jean's 2-12-13

Irving Bright 2-12-13

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Schwartzberg's 2-12-13
Baton Rouge—House of Fashion 2
Fellman's 4-12-13
Godchaux's 11-12-13
Lake Charles—The Fashion 11-12-13
Muller's 2-12-13

New Orleans—Maison Blanche 1-4-6-7-10-11-12
D. H. Holmes 2-3-4-9-10-11-12-13
Winsberg's 4-12-13
Keller Zander 1-12-13
Shreveport—Selber's 1-12-13
The Fashion 2-12-13

MAINE

Bangor—Burdell's 3-12-13
Lewiston—Ward's 2-12-13
Kline's 4-12-13
B. Peck's 3-4-7-12-13-15
Portland—Chapman's 4-12-13
Woman's Shop 4-12-13
Porteous, Mitchell & Braun 3-4-9-10-12-13
Rines Bros. 4-12-13

MARYLAND

Baltimore—Hutzler's 1-3-6-10-11-12-13
Gaxton's 2-10-12-13
Stewart's 2-3-4-10-12-13-15
May Co. 5-7-12-13
The Hub 4-12-13
Brager Eisenberg 9-10

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston—Jay's 1-12-13
Coleman's 2-12-13
Jordan Marsh 6-9-10-11-12-13-15
Filene's 3-4-6-7-9-10-11-12-13-15
Chandler's 3-4-10-12-13
Gilchrist's 4-10-12-13
R. H. White 4-10-12-13
Lowell—McCartney's 2-12-13
Lemkins 2-12-13
Bon Marche 10-12-13-15
A. G. Pollard Co. 9-10-12-13

Pittsfield—Textile Store 2

Quincy—Ann Starr 2-12-13

Salem—Empire Clothing 2

M. H. Baker 2-12-13

Worcester—Ulans 1-12-13

Clayton's 2-12-13

Filene's 7-10-12-13-14

Denholm & McKay 3-12-13

Waltingham—Grover-Cronin 7-12-13

MICHIGAN

Detroit—Russek's 1-12-13
Crowley, Milner 3-4-6-10-11-12-13
Kline's 4-12-13
Davidson Bros. 9-11-12-13

Rollins 1-12-13
Milgrim's 1-12-13
Winkelman's 2-11-12-13
J. L. Hudson 3-6-9-10-11-12-13
Ernst Kern 10-11-12-13
Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer's 2-8-9-11-12
Yagers 1-12-13
Paul Steketee 3-12-13
Kalamazoo—Sandler's 2-12-13
Gilmore Bros. 4-10-12-13-15
Mahoney's 4-12-13

MINNESOTA

Duluth—Ed. Wahl's 4-10-11-12-13
Oreck's 2-10-12-13
Bird's 2-12-13
Minneapolis—Dayton Co. 3-6-9-10-11-12-15
L. S. Donaldson 2-4-9-10-12-13-15
Powers D.G. 4-9-10-12-13
Edwin Rose 4-12-13
Cook's 2-12-13
Fallon's Style Shop 8
St. Paul—The Golden Rule 2-4-9-10-12-13-15
The Emporium 3-10-11-12-13-15
Schuneman's 7-10-11-12-13-15
Levine & Tanz 3-10

MISSISSIPPI

Jackson—R. E. Kennington 3-11-12-13
The Corral 8-12-13
Vogue 2-12-13
Meridian—Vogue 2-12-13
Ann Court 11

MISSOURI

Kansas City—Kline's 1-4-10-11-12-13
Macy's 4-7-9-12-13
Emery, Bird, Thayer D.G. 3-10-11-12-13
Chasoff's 2-12-13
Adler's 2-12-13
Jones Store 6-9-10-11-12-13
Bettinger Trunk Co. 8
St. Louis—Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
3-4-7-10-11-12-13
Stix, Baer & Fuller 3-6-10-11-12-13-15
Famous & Barr 4-5-6-9-10-11-12-13
Lockharts 1-12-13
Garland's 2-12-13
Springfield—Heer's 2-4-10-12-13

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin 7-12-13
Mildred Hazel 2-12-13
Butte—Weinberg's 2-12-13
Jos. Rose 4-12-13

NEBRASKA

Lincoln—Miller & Paine 4-7-10-12-13
Gold's 4-12-13
Hovland Swanson 2-12-13
Omaha—Goldstein-Chapman 2-11-12-13
J. L. Brandeis 4-7-10-11-12-13
Phillips Dept. Store 9-12-13
Midwest Fashion Stores 3-12-13

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City—Hamberger's 1-2-11-12-13
National D.S. 10-12-13-15
Newark—Bamberger's 1-2-5-7-10-12-13-15
Kresge's 3-4-10-12-13
Paterson—Quackenbush's 2-10-12-13
Packard Bamberger 6-12-13
Trenton—Swern's 4-10-12-13
Nan Glazer 1-12-13

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Kistler, Collister 2-12-13
Mandell Drefuss 4-12-13
Fedway 11-12-13

NEW YORK

Albany—Honigsbaum 1-2-12-13
Whitney's 3-4-10-12-13-15
John G. Meyers 3-12-13
Brooklyn—Abraham & Straus 3-5-6-11-12-15
Namm Loeser's 4-10-12-13
Martin's 7-12-13
Buffalo—Wm. Hengerer 2-3-9-10-11-12-13
Sattler's 4-10-12-13-15
Hens & Kelly 4-10-12-13-15
Mabel Danahy 1-12-13
Jamaica—Gertz 2-4-6-10-11-12-13
New York City—Arnold Constable 1-2-11-12-13
Blackton Shops 11-12-13-14
Bloomingdale's 3-7-10-12-13-15
Leed's Luggage Shop 8
Stern's 4-7-10-12-13
Wanamaker's 7-10-12-13-15
Niagara Falls—Mack Friedman 2-12-13
Wellsey Shop 2-12-13
Rochester—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr 3-4-7-9-15
E. W. Edwards 4-10-12-13
B. Forman 3-11-12-13
McCurdy's 3-4-6-10-12-13
Syracuse—McDonalds 1-12-13
Dey Bros. 2-4-7-10-12-13-14
E. W. Edwards 4-6-10-12-13-15
Chappell's 3-10-12-13

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville—Ivey's 2-3-11-12-13
Charlotte—J. V. Ivey 2-3-11-12-13
Durham—Baldwin's 7-9-12-13
Fayetteville—The Capitol 2-10-11-12-13
Raleigh—Ivey-Taylor 2-3-12-13
Hudson-Belk 7-10-12-13
Winston Salem—M. S. Cohen 2-12-13
Anchor Co. 11-12-13-15

OHIO

Akron—M. O'Neill 4-6-10-11-12-13-15
Rimer's 2-12-13
Polisky's 2-4-7-10-11-12-13-15
Canton—Hern's 3-12-13
Eringer's 4-10-12-13-15
Rappaport's 2-12-13
Cincinnati—H. & S. Vogue 3-4-7-9-10-11-12
Shillito's 4-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-15
Mabley & Carew 1-3-4-10-11-12-13
Henry Harris 2-12-13
E. Kruse 4-12-13
Cleveland—Halle Bros. 1-3-6-7-10-11-12-13-15
Higbee Co. 3-7-10-11-12-13-15
Sterling-Lindner-Davis 2-12-13
May Co. 4-10-11-12-13
Fries & Schuele 4-10
Wm. Taylor 3-4-10-12-13-15
Columbus—F. & R. Lazarus 2-3-5-6-7-8-9-11-15
Milgrim's 1-12-13
Dayton—Rike-Kumler 1-2-3-4-7-9-10-11-12-15
Springfield—Ed. Wren 2-7-10-11-12-13
Toledo—Sofia Lustig 1-12-13
Lamson's 3-4-10-11-12-13
Warren—Hirschberg's Griswold 6-10-12-13
Youngstown—Strouss-Hirschberg 7-10-11-12-15
Chas. Livingston 2-12-13
McKelvey's 3-4-10-12-13

OKLAHOMA

Oklahoma City—Halliburton's 3-9-12-13-15
Kerr's 6-11-12-13-15
Street's 2-12-13
Tulsa—Vanderveer's 1-11-12-13-15
Seidenbach's 1-7-12-13
Street's 1-2-12-13

OREGON

Portland—Meier & Frank 4-6-10-11-12-13
Lipman, Wolfe 4-10-11-12-13
Chas. Berg 2-11-12-13
Bergman's 2-12-13
Nordstrom's 6-12-13
N. Ungar 1-12-13
United Luggage 8
Fred Meyer 10-12-13-15

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown—H. Leh & Co. 1-2-10-12-13
Farr Bros. 6-12-13
Somach's 3-4-12-13

Hess Bros. 3-10-12-13-15
Erie—Jordan's 2-12-13
Benson's 2-12-13
Erie D.G. 4-10-12-13-15
Harrisburg—Pomeroy's 4-5-7-9-10-12-13-14
Bowman's 3-4-10-12-13
Worth's 2-12-13
Jr. Dress Shop 2
Lancaster—Hager Bros. 4-12-13
McKeesport—Katzman's 2-12-13
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
1-3-7-10-11-12-13-15
Lit's 6-7-10-12-13
Wanamaker's 4-6-10-11-12-13
Snellenberg's 3-6-10-12-13
Bonwit Teller 11-12-13
Sachs 3

Pittsburgh—Jos. Horne 2-3-4-10-12-13-15

Rosenbaum's 4-9-12-13
Kaufman's 7-9-10-11-12-13
Kaufman's Vendome 1-6-12-13
Pittsburgh Mercantile 3-4-10-12-13

Reading—Pomeroy's 2-4-9-10-11-12-13

Scranton—Salben's 2-12-13

Cleland-Simpson 3-4-7-10-12-13-15

Scranton Dry Goods 7-9-10-12-13

Sharon—Kay Driscoll 2-12-13

Sharon Store 7-10-12-13-15

Wilkes-Barre—Pomeroy's 9-10-12-13

Beverly Shop 2-12-13

Fowler, Dick & Walker 4-9-10-12-13

Leslie's 3-12-13

York—Sack's 2-12-13

RHODE ISLAND

Pawtucket—Durgin's 2-12-13
Peerless Co. 3-7-12-13

Providence—Carlson's 1-12-13

The Outlet 2-10-12-13

Shepard's 12-13-15

Gladding's 3-10-12-13

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston—Ann's 2-12-13
Condon's 4-7-12-13

Columbia—Lisbeth Wolf 1-12-13

Berry's 2-12-13

Belk's 7-10-12-13

Greenville—Ivey-Keith 2-11-12-13

Efford's 4-12-13

Sumter—Brody's 2-12-13

SOUTH DAKOTA

Sioux Falls—Aaronson's 2-12-13

The Leader 4-12-13

Fantle Bros. 7-12-13

Fushe's 3-12-13

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga—Kalmann's 2-12-13
Effron's 4-10-12-13

Loveman's 11-12-13

Knoxville—S. George 12-13-15

Miller's 10-11-12-13

Memphis—Goldsmith's 2-3-10-11-12-13-15

Lowenstein 4-7-10-11-12-13

Bry Block 4-10-11-12-13-15

Levy's Ladies Toggery 1-11

Harry Rosenblum 4

Nashville—Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
7-11-12-13

Cashner-Knott 10-11-12-13-15

Tinsley's 2-12-13

B. W. Graves 4-12-13

(Continued from page 73)

But many more girls than anyone knows fall into the other two larger groups—the girls who feel embarrassed because they can't wear a smart bathing suit or formal because their bosoms are too small, and the other group of girls who try to buy clothing that will minimize their development.

So wouldn't you like to know the whole truth on this subject, whether you are a young girl, a young matron or the young mother whose breasts are less beautiful than they were before childbearing? All the mental suffering you may have gone through is unnecessary, because when you face up to this problem the solution is really quite simple.

Let's get the untruths out of the way. 1. Exercise does not develop the breasts. Weight-lifting, which many a girl puts her faith in, will develop the muscles in your arms and your back. It won't raise the breasts. Swimming helps slightly in that it broadens the shoulders and back, but if you are relying on swimming, you should have started it when you were four—not fourteen—and if you are more than twenty, all it will do is firm up all your muscle tone.

2. Estrogen creams, rubbed on, won't do it—or any other cream or oil or lotion, for that matter, so save your money. The amount of estrogen in any cream you can buy freely on the market isn't enough to affect a fly. Besides, by the time it is manufactured and merchandised, its potency is too stale to be effective. Any oil or lotion said to have any value is mere quackery. It may help your skin but it won't do a thing for the glands that make your breasts the shape they are.

3. There is nothing you can take internally that will have any effect whatsoever.

Now for the things that can be done. For superficial correction, making a minus A-cup girl a plus B, let's say, the quickest and best way is via "falsies." But if you are smart, there is much more to this than meets the eye. To get just any old bra or falsie is as foolish as wasting your cash on a so-called miracle cream. Go to the best shop in your town and get exactly the right bra. Have it correctly fitted with exactly the right pads added (put in pockets, of course, so that you can always take them out for washing your bra).

Such entirely different personalities, with as entirely different figures as Terry Moore, June Allyson, Marlene Dietrich—and scores of others—know the value of the perfect bra.

These Hollywood beauties pay anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars apiece for their bras—custom-made, of course. While this may seem a preposterous sum to you, you must remember that figure beauty is a professional asset. There is one Hollywood beauty, for instance, now more prominent on tv, who is naturally so flat-chested she has to be built up straight from the waistline. Her stiffened bra goes down that far, gently boned, and thus her tiny breasts are given prominence. And there is another, who as a result of major surgery is now a little lower on one side than the other. She, too, wears one of these all-encompassing bras, from the waist up, but strapless.

These girls know, of course, what too many girls in private life ignore: It's not enough just to pad the breasts in front. Many times in fact, this is all wrong. You may lift from beneath and help your beauty twice as much, or pad the breast from the sides to make the line of cleavage more pronounced.

Another trick the Hollywood beauties do for this line of cleavage is to make the

low necklines of their formals or bathing suits a shade too tight in front. With the bosoms concealed within their most helpful bra, this further forces them into the best position. There's only one caution you need to observe if you do this: Check the back of your gown and keep this fairly loose. If you don't, you'll have a little roll of flesh over the dress in back, which is not only unattractive but a complete give-away to every other girl who knows this trick.

PHOTOPLAY, in order to give you the best Hollywood advice, consulted two quite different experts. One was the famous Juel Park, who makes what must be the most luxurious lingerie in the world. Nighties at \$125 each, petticoats at \$95, bras at \$50 to \$75 and panties at \$45. Miss Park wouldn't reveal the undergarment needs of her famous customers for any price on earth, but this you may be sure of. When a famous star wears a lavishly beautiful negligee in a picture, it is usually a Park creation. And these negligees or nighties have built-in bras, many of them with corrective pads. And many a star wears these garments not only on screen but in private life, too.

PHOTOPLAY's other expert is Dr. Robert Alan Franklyn, a highly respected man in the medical profession, who performs the breast surgery that has made many a starlet famous. Dr. Franklyn uses words like micromastia (which means immature breasts) and ptosis (which means the collapse of the breasts as the result of childbearing). The technique of his operation, which is called Breastplasty, is based on two new concepts. This fall, his book "The Breast Beautiful" will be published, and it is PHOTOPLAY's privilege to give you a few advance facts from it.

But before we go into that, let us point out that both Miss Park and Dr. Franklyn completely agree on one main point. That is, the necessity to wear a bra all the time. Even if you have perfect breasts, the old law of gravity works and tends to make the breast drop as time goes on. So if you are a teenster and light-breasted, get yourself the correct bandeau at once. If you are heavy breasted, get yourself a longline, with the half or full-cup whichever you need.

Miss Park really prefers the bandeau with straps, but her reasons are chiefly aesthetic. Dr. Franklyn prefers the strapless longline, but his reasons are medical. He thinks they give the ultimate in support. Both agree that a strap too loose or too tight, or an over-all bra with either of these faults can ruin the breasts for life, so they advocate an expert fitter. For your own comfort, there are many models of bras on the market. With a little experimentation, you will find the one best for you, so that you won't necessarily have to have every one fitted. That is, once having got the right design, you can make your own alternations as necessary. And if you need pads, you will know which are best for you after your initial purchase, and where they should be placed and whether or not they should be folded over. Maternity bras should be worn throughout the entire period of pregnancy, with careful adjustments as the months go by.

Another thing to realize is that the design of your dress has a great deal to do with how over- or under-developed your breast appears. Audrey Hepburn, for example, doesn't want any breast emphasis in the gowns she wears because she prefers your attention kept either on her mobile face or her body as a whole. On the other hand, Marlene Dietrich does want this emphasis, as do Anne Baxter, Jennifer Jones, Terry Moore, even the demure June

Allyson. So your bra needs to be suited not only to your figure but to your gown. Most of the Hollywood girls have bras with pads built right into their formals, but this is custom-made, of course—though there is nothing to keep any smart girl from making her own custom-mades. Also, most movie girls have rubber pads which they slip into their bathing suits.

A word of caution from Miss Park is never, never to use pads that give you a pointed look. It's like wanting to have a pointed head: plain stupid. Also, she likes her customers, a la the always glamorous Marlene, to unify their undergarments, bra, garter belt or girdle, panties and petticoat all in one design, color, trimming. Again, this is purely aesthetic, but any girl who is lucky and rich enough to try this knows that it gives such an assurance of beauty you reflect it outwardly.

However, for the small group of females who need drastic measures, because of under-development of their breasts or the breakdown of their breasts due to childbearing, Dr. Franklyn and other medical men like him can now hold out much more than hope: They can offer a permanent breast development through surgery.

In the early days, all plastic surgery, whether on the face or the body, was achieved through the injection and implantation of fat removed from other parts of the body. But because of the tendency of the body to absorb fat, the results were seldom satisfactory and rarely permanent.

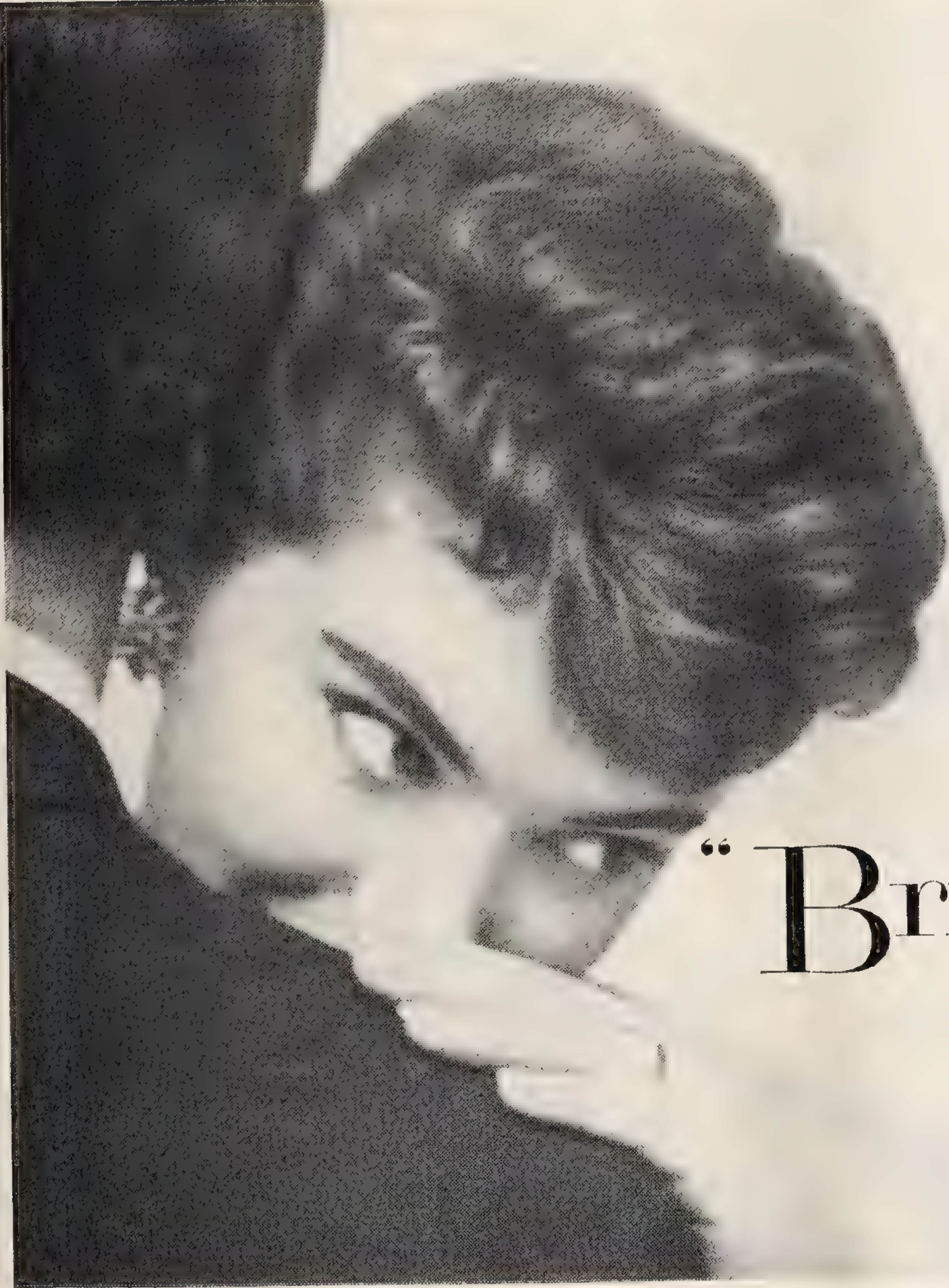
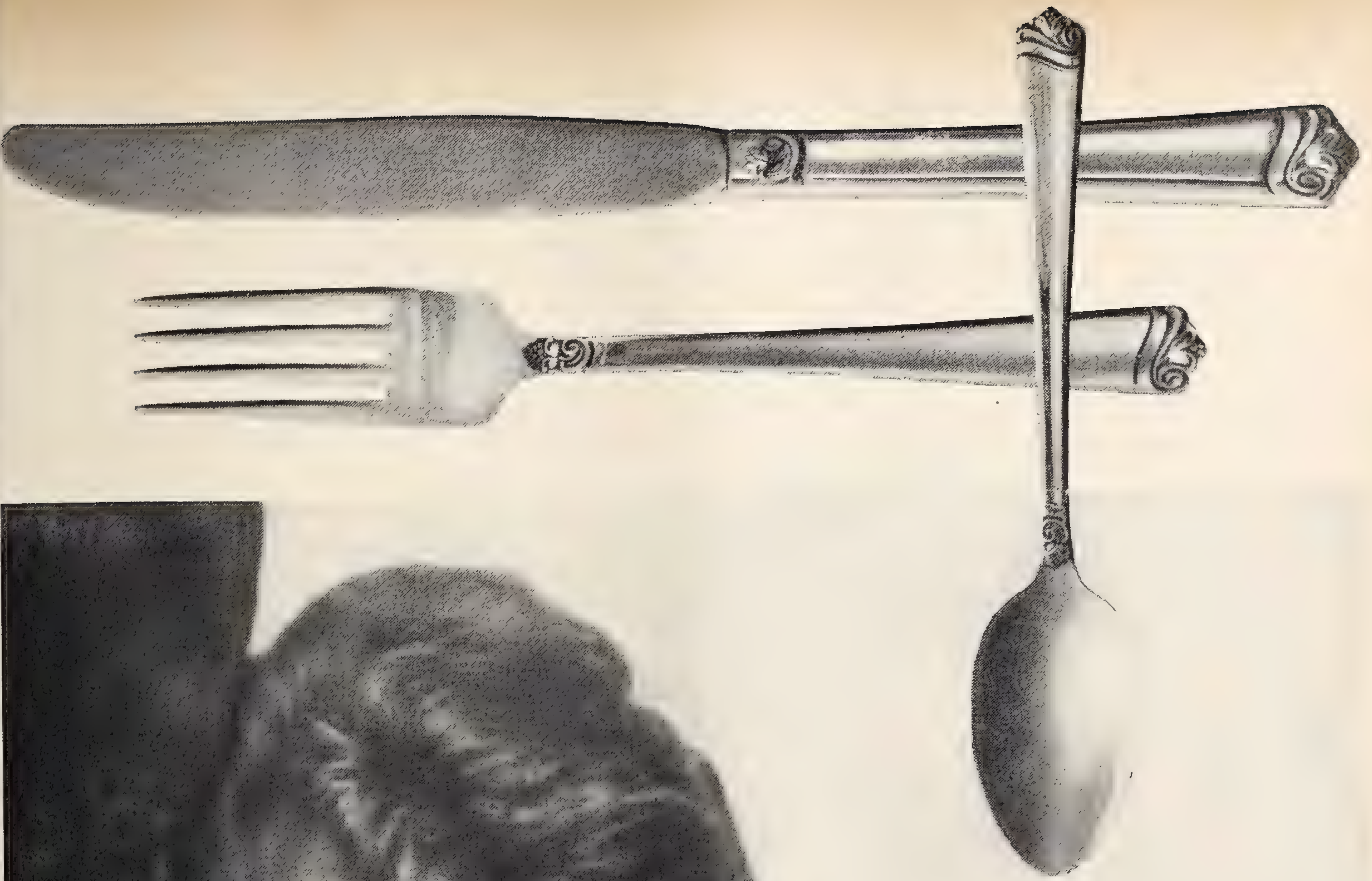
With World War II, soft plastic-foam made its appearance. This is a white spongy substance, which, Doctor Franklyn feels after his more than ten years of working with it, is completely tolerated by the body and not absorbed as was body fat. Also, he says, the glandular structure of the breasts is undisturbed in a surgical procedure that is the equivalent of adding mass to the pectoral muscle.

The operation is simplicity itself—that is, in the hands of an expert. An incision is made at the bottom of the breast. The plastic substance is inserted and placed over the pectoral muscle, where it eventually becomes a permanent part of the body as new tissues form around it. The breast line soon hides the tiny scar involved. Tallulah Bankhead is delighted to tell the world that she had this operation—with delightful results.

The cost of it? About the price of a good fur coat or a deluxe television set. How long does it take? About three days in all, from the time of your operation to full recovery. Can anyone have it done? No. The skin of the average woman past fifty lacks the necessary elasticity. How advisable is it? That depends upon you and the circumstances. No sensible adult woman would feel that breast-beauty could be solely responsible for a happy life. But to many, the lack of a well-developed figure may become exaggerated as a source of unhappiness. As evidence of this, Dr. Franklyn says he knows of cases where breast operation has saved marriages that otherwise were in danger of breaking up. In other cases the operation has been followed by marriage for girls whose self-consciousness was a hazard to engagement and eventual happy married life. He doesn't think it is the actual inch or two more of breast measurement that works these miracles, but the confidence that this extra measurement provides.

Which, of course, is true of all beauty aids: They do give assurance, assurance that we are looking even better than our best because we were lucky enough to be born in a time when we can all be as beautiful as we desire.

THE END



New!

“Bright Future”

...the first truly modern
pattern in silverplate

As a special introduction,
get 8 complete place
settings for the price of 6!
Two place settings are
absolutely free.

Bright Future gives you a rare and priceless simplicity . . . at a price that lets you own every precious piece this minute. And what's more, for a limited time (until October 15th), you get a complete 52-piece service for 8 for the price of a service for 6 . . . \$69.95! Meet your own Bright Future now; it's waiting for you at your favorite store.



Holmes and Edwards is the beautiful silverware with the extra helping of silver. Only Holmes and Edwards Silverplate gives you 2 blocks of sterling silver inlaid at the backs of bowls and handles of most-used pieces for longer lasting beauty.

HOLMES & EDWARDS

A DIVISION OF THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY

(Continued from page 43)

talked heart to heart. Then he took his two older boys on a camping trip before he took off again. About his marital status? Gregory and Greta have decided to separate and get a quiet divorce. . . . And while we're trouble shooting Betty Hutton's reconciliation with Charles O'Curran lasted just long enough to hit headlines to be followed by divorce. . . . Now their friends are saying Jeff Hunter seldom hears from Barbara Rush, who's in Ireland making "Captain Lightfoot" with Rock Hudson. Could be that she's swamped with work. . . . Harry James hates flying but home he flew from an engagement and Betty Grable was waiting at dawn at the airport. *That* kiss she gave him should kill those separation rumors—forever!

Fair Exchange: Charlton Heston finally "got even" with his wife, who's always buying him neckties. When he made "Secret of the Incas" in Peru, Chuck bought Lydia some Peruvian clothes of century-old pattern that can be adapted to today's high styles. They finally arrived in this country.

Tapestry Of Life: Here's an untold, touching story concerning the romance of June Haver and Fred MacMurray. For eighteen years Fred dedicated his life to his lovely ailing wife until her tragic death last year. Their two children never lacked love, but despite Fred's devotion, daughter Susan became shy and retiring. Then Fred met June. She took the little girl shopping, selected her clothes and won her confidence. Susan suddenly blossomed! In the eyes of her church June is still married to Jimmy Zito, so she and Fred had to have a civil ceremony. Hollywood is so thrilled that two such deserving people finally found happiness—together.

People, Places, Things: Warners is looking for a script to co-star Doris Day with Alan Ladd. . . . Ginny Mayo looks happier than ever since the birth of her baby. Her figure is stunning again and she's going back to work with a vengeance. After "King Richard and the Crusaders," in which she costars with Rex Harrison, she will do "The Silver Chalice," which should be perfect for her. . . . Only wish we could print Stewart Granger's answer to an offer to appear in a local stage production of "The Four Poster" with Jean Simmons. It's crazy man, crazy!

Baby Talk: Quiet-living Audie Murphy who likes to keep his private life private, also has a sense of humor about it. His studio has endless requests and therefore is always after him to pose for family art. So whenever he comes into the publicity department, Audie turns up his coat collar and wears dark glasses with a slouch hat! . . . The christening of Timothy Patrick McNulty was probably the most sentimental occasion in Ann Blyth's exemplary life. Her tiny son wore a tiny gold chain and locket around his neck, which her beloved mother had placed around Ann's neck when she was christened.

Behind the Camera: Two Monroes are working in "There's No Business Like Show Business." The first and foremost is a luscious blonde named Marilyn, who hopes to become as rich as she is famous. The second is a handsome blond, who hopes to become as famous as he is rich—or will be eventually! He calls himself Michael Monroe. His real name is Jonathan Brink and he's the heir to the fabulous Boston armored-car fortune. Jonathan

—or Michael, wanted to make good with his own acting talent and this he's doing. He has two scenes with Marilyn, whose name he didn't copy. "Friends picked Michael Monroe for me," he explains, "and it was before Miss Monroe became famous!" It could only happen in Hollywood!

Royal Razzberry: Anyone liking kids, and who doesn't, will get a kick out of this story. Rita Hayworth and Dick Haymes vacationed at Lake Tahoe this summer to escape (they hoped!) from their web of troubles. Rita's little girls went with them, so Dick sent for his oldest son Skipper, whose mother is Joanne Dru Ireland. Little Rebecca, whose father is Orson Welles, and Skipper hit it off immediately. Not so with Princess Yasmin, whose father is Aly Khan. Kicking off her shoe, she commanded Skipper to bring it back and put it on her foot. "Why should I?" he exclaimed with boyish bluntness. "Because I am a princess," answered her pint-sized royal highness. Skipper never batted an eye. "Oh, I didn't know!" he exclaimed pleasantly enough. Then he picked up the shoe—and tossed it in the lake!

Old Folks: So Debbie Reynolds threw a Gay 20's party recently, the guys wore bell-bottom trousers and the dolls came in knee-length skirts! When Missy Reynolds did her impersonation of Eddie Fisher doing his soft drink tv commercial, Eddie with love light in his eyes, laughed loudest! . . . And Tab Hunter celebrated his twenty-third birthday on the eleventh of July. His best present, a long-term contract with Warners. Present that pleased him most, a pair of miniature gold ice skates made into a tie clip, from a fan.

The Truth Is: Terry Moore is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, but RKO designer Michael Woolf made the transparent-above-the-waist—except for a few beads!—slash-skirted gown the bosomy star wore for her opening night at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas. . . . Contrary to reports, Jeff Chandler didn't buy a house in Apple Valley and he isn't about to elope with Gloria DeHaven. Jeff bought a lot and intends to build on it later. He won't be legally free to marry *anyone* until March of next year.

Production Palaver: You don't have to take Cal's word for it—just ask Piper Laurie's publicity man! He swears they found uranium dust in the lovely red-head's hair on the "Smoke Signal" location in sweltering Utah. . . . And while we're in this hot spot, lonesome June Allyson flew up there to be with Dick Powell, directing Susan Hayward and John Wayne in "The Conqueror." Everyone knows Junie's terrified of flying, but—"They may have to carry me off the plane, but I'll get there!" she boasted. And that's exactly the way it happened!

Overseas Duty: Here's one for the ha-ha department. That stranger lunching daily at M-G-M with Grace Kelly was her French teacher and *not* a "hot romance" as reported. Making "To Catch a Thief" in France, Grace delighted the Bill Holdens by looking up their daughter Virginia, there with a group of girls on a vacation tour. . . . And Richard Widmark, who crossed the Atlantic to make "Prize of Gold," couldn't stand being separated from his adored spouse, who remained behind to close up their house. So Dick cabled: "To heck with the house. I miss you. Start flying" . . . Believe it or not, they couldn't find thatched roofs and cobblestone streets in Ireland for Rock Hudson's "Captain Lightfoot." So the studio had to install 'em, which gave El Rocko time to rent a car and tour the surrounding country with girl friend Betty Abbott.

Newlyweds: Because pink is his bride's favorite color, Fernando Lamas ordered two dozen pink camellia bushes for Arlene Dahl's first anniversary. Their first month, that is! . . . Robert Taylor, who designed most of ex-wife Barbara Stanwyck's magnificent jewelry, is up to his old expensive tricks again. Bride Ursula Thiess just received her current hunk of dream stuff—a brooch studded with rubies, moonstones and fresh water pearls. . . . And not that there was doubt before, but now June Haver and Fred MacMurray are doubly sure they took a step in the right direction. After their marriage they had to hire a special secretary to answer the deluge of messages from all over the world. . . . Probably the proudest bride of all is Mrs. Joe DiMaggio, who recently affixed her signature to a sensational insurance policy. "It protects me from everything but bad scripts!" sighs maid Marilyn, as she winks!

Contrasts: Lana Turner's blond hair behind the wheel of her new imported canary yellow Fiat even dazzled blase extras when she drove on the M-G-M lot. . . . Mona Freeman's eyes looking like twin sapphires set in her Las Vegas sun tan, ringsiding with Frank Sinatra who joined her after his thrilling show. . . . Rory Calhoun wearing a white cashmere turtle-neck with black whipcord riding breeches, fascinating the fillys (two-legged types!) in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

For Your Information: When the Burt Lancasters became parents for the fifth time, they named their daughter Sighle, which is the Gaelic way of spelling Sheila and you pronounce it the same way. . . . Jane Russell's quartet did it again! They recorded "Give Me That Old-Time Religion" and it's even catchier than their now-famous "Do Lord." It's expected to make a mint. . . . Now that the Far East has finally seen "Roman Holiday," they're out of their Japanese minds over Audrey Hepburn—natch! Cal can't pronounce or spell their pet name for her, but translated it means—"little seashell!"

Down Romance Lane: His studio publicity department tried, but handsome George Nader won't go for those dreamed-up romances. Women like Joan Crawford and Barbara Stanwyck seem to give a guy like George more to think about! . . . It's her studio's instructions, so Marla English makes like she's heart-whole and fancy-free. The gal who can't miss zooming to stardom like a skyrocket, actually zooms over ex-baseball player-turned actor, Bud Pennell. And he feels full of pin wheels over Marla in return!

THE END



How you can quick-cleanse, lubricate, make up

... all with Tussy's golden All-Purpose Cream

Now, with one wonderful new cream ... you have a lubricating night cream, a deep-action cleansing cream, AND a rich foundation cream.

Follow the arrows for quick, deep cleansing. Stroke Tussy All-Purpose Cream from throat to forehead, always moving *up and out*.

Circle it gently around your eyes.

It cleanses better than *any* soap; better than many a cream! Why? Because it actually gets down *under* "Make-up Clog" and dirt, and clears them out!

As a foundation base for make-up, you just dab a mere *dot* of Tussy All-Purpose Cream on forehead, nose, cheeks, chin and neck. Blend it into your skin. A special Tussy moisturizing ingredient in the cream, helps give your skin a flower-like beauty all day long.

At bedtime, use it freely to soften skin through the night. It costs only \$1.



Use Tussy Dry Skin Freshener after cleansing, to remove every trace of cream and grime. Pat it on; it helps reduce the look of large pores. 8 oz. bottle, only \$1.

prices plus tax



If Marilyn Has a Little Girl

(Continued from page 74)

letters pouring into her studio every week, she was besieged by reporters and columnists who wanted to know what Marilyn thought about women, dresses, other actresses and men—anything, in fact, that would give them a new peg on which to hang another story about this young woman. And yet, with all the people she knew and all the millions who felt they knew her, when the hospital attendant asked that simple question, Marilyn Monroe had no name to give except the name of Dave March, who was about to become her business manager.

That's what she was thinking about on that late, quiet afternoon when I happened to mention something about my own children whom I was about to join in the East within a few days. That, I tried to explain, was why I had come along with Dave to see Marilyn. There wouldn't be time for the interview I'd hoped to have with her at the studio after all, so I just came, really, to visit.

"You must be so glad to be getting back to them," she said, those very beautiful blue eyes of hers dreaming out the window as she talked. "I know how I'd feel if I had children. I'd want to be with them every minute. I'd never want them to feel I didn't love them more than anything else in the world. If I ever have a little girl, I think I'll be a wonderful mother to her, because I'll remember all the things I used to wish would happen to me." . . .

And as she talked, quietly and unemotionally, and as I listened, not so unemotionally, I saw again how strong is the thread that connects our childhood with our adulthood. And there is a lesson for every parent in the realization of how deep are the wounds of childhood and how lasting the scars that very often remain for an entire lifetime.

The young woman lying in the high, narrow hospital bed was saying, "When I was a little girl, nobody ever bothered to tell me I was pretty. They used to tell me that I was smart or good or neat or clean, but they never told me I was pretty. All little girls want to be told they're pretty, and when I have a little girl, I'll comb and brush her hair until it shines, then I'll let her know I think she's the most beautiful little girl in the world."

Marilyn told me on that day how, living in one foster home after another, she'd wait for her turn to be combed or to have a dress buttoned up. She'd listen to another

little girl's mother lavishing praise on her, but when Marilyn's turn came, she was just a duty.

"I don't blame them," Marilyn added quickly. "I couldn't expect to be treated the way they treated their own children. They were good to me, but they just didn't have the time to give me a whole lot of affection."

And there wasn't money for pretty clothes, so Marilyn dropped out of high school because she was sick of having the other girls laugh at the awful things she had to wear. It doesn't take a psychologist to see why Marilyn went in for the most attention-getting clothes she could find, once she had the money with which to buy them. Marilyn said, "I dress for men. I'm sorry that some women don't like it."

But, of course, what Marilyn dressed for in those early days when success first began to shine on her was Marilyn. She dressed to get even with all those kids who had laughed at her dowdy, hand-me-down, made-over clothes. She dressed to be able to say to herself, "Now my clothes are as good as anybody's. Everybody notices me now."

"My little girl," said Marilyn wistfully, recalling and remembering that unhappy time, "will *always* have pretty clothes. Even if something happens and I don't have a lot of money, her clothes will always be as pretty as anyone's."

And she'll have a room of her own, this fortunate little girl whose mother can still remember so vividly those slights of her childhood. She'll have her own room and her own bookshelves, and she'll never know the moments Marilyn knew in those foster homes, when she'd sneak a book out of the other little girl's room only to have it snatched away with a sharp cry of, "You can't have that. That's *my* book! What are you doing in this house anyway? I don't want you here." . . .

"But I didn't really mind," said Marilyn. "I mean, I knew they couldn't help saying things like that. But I guess that's why I was such a daydreamer. I used to dream Clark Gable was my father, and he had four little girls all told, but I was the one he liked best, and I was the one he always picked up first and hugged when he came home at night. That's why I didn't mind going to bed early—I used to lie awake in the dark and dream . . ."

What did she dream about mostly, lying there in the dark? She dreamed about the

day when she would be grown up, at last. She dreamed of the day when she'd be an actress. She dreamed of the day when people wouldn't laugh at her any more. Her young husband laughed at her when she said she'd be an actress. "Don't be silly, you're not pretty enough to be an actress." And the kids in school and in all those strange foster homes laughed at her when she said, "Some day I'll have a big house with lots and lots of books, you'll see. And everyone will love me, and I'll have all the new clothes I want and I'll never again have to borrow anything."

Marilyn Monroe has all those things now, but perhaps it's well that those young hurts are still able to throb once in a while. It's just as well, perhaps, that Marilyn can say, "When I teach my little girl about religion, I'll teach her that God is love, and not somebody who's going to hurt her if she does something wrong."

The twelve-year-old Marilyn, who was Norma Jean Baker, cowered all one afternoon and night in a small attic bedroom because she'd slipped off and gone to the movies when she should have been in Sunday school. The minister and his wife with whom she was living at the time didn't know about it, but Marilyn was certain that God would tell them, and that lightning would strike her dead for having told a lie the minute she walked out of the house. She couldn't believe her luck when she found herself still alive and well two days later. "Religion," said Marilyn, "shouldn't be like that. People should love God, not be afraid of him. And that's the way I'll raise my little girl, to know that He really is her father, loving and kindly and understanding and wanting to help her not to hurt her."

And Marilyn knows now that when people are loved as children, when they grow up believing they're wanted and there's a place for them in the world, they're able to trust people. That's something Marilyn found it hard to do. When she first began to make a salary of \$750 a week, she'd cash her salary check and pay bills out of pocket rather than put it in the bank. The money, like the incredible fact of finding out she really *was* pretty, was just something she couldn't quite believe in. And, of course, this hunger for attention got Marilyn into endless trouble early in her career, made enemies for her and drove one columnist to say indignantly, "What's with this girl, anyway?"

The real Marilyn still has a childlike frankness—which is a great part of her charm—and a breathless kind of excitement about everything. When she went to Korea recently, for instance, she really meant it when she said, "For the first time in my life, I feel like a movie star."

This is the Marilyn Monroe that Joe DiMaggio married after a long courtship. This is the lonely, insecure little girl who grew up into a lonely, distrustful, insecure young woman, who is only now beginning to find an emotional security in her life. No longer does she have to prove, over and over again, that she is desirable. Now at last she can look ahead to rich happy years of wifehood and motherhood. And Joe DiMaggio, too, knew that his Marilyn would make a wonderful mother for his future children because she's grown up enough now to be able to give love instead of merely to take it, grown up enough to mean every word as she said to me, "When I have a little girl I'll let her know that I love her better than anything else in the world and if I can help it, I'll never be away from her for a minute."

THE END

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Advice to Teenagers**

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MODEL SHEDS 10 YEARS IN 10 SECONDS

Now Available For The First Time! — The **SECRET**
That Famous Screen, Stage, TV Stars Learned From Their Make-Up Artists

Why Do Famous Actresses Look So Young and Glamorous So Long?

Your own common sense will tell you a multi-million dollar movie can't be held up because the star comes on the set with dark circles under her eyes or because nature was mean enough to make a pimple pop out on her nose.

You always assumed that nature played favorites — or else that they did it with make-up. But the truth is make-up alone cannot do it because make-up must be translucent enough to let your skin show through. Otherwise, you'd look as if you were wearing a mask.

If the stars used make-up alone, their dark circles, blemishes, lines would show.

The Secret That the Stars Had to Learn

After all, they can't touch up motion picture film. So they must touch up the stars themselves. That's why the make-up artists in Hollywood had to develop a new cosmetic.

Before any make-up artist thinks of applying make-up, he first touches up all imperfections. Then and only then does he apply make-up. That is what keeps stage, screen and television stars looking so young.

Remember When Only "Hussies" Used Lipstick?

Remember — actresses used cake make-up, lipstick, eye make-up and mascara long before the general public did. And they never shouted from the housetops that they owed all their glamour to make-up secrets.

Charles Antell hates to give away their last and most carefully guarded secret. But business is business. So now, at last, Charles Antell is making this secret cosmetic available to everybody. We call it Touch-Up Stik.

The Cosmetic the Whole Family Will Use

In the morning, if you're in a hurry, a touch of Charles Antell's Touch-Up Stik, a touch of lipstick—and your husband will look at *you*, instead of the morning paper.

For the beach, Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik will conceal unsightly broken blood vessels on your legs.

Teen-agers use Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik to hide the blemishes and pimples that always seem to pop out just before a date.

ALWAYS TOUCH-UP BEFORE YOU MAKE-UP



WITHOUT TOUCH-UP STIK



WITH TOUCH-UP STIK

Make this miraculous difference as easily as applying lipstick.

Your Friends Will Think You Found "The Fountain of Youth"

To look your glamorous best, blend your make-up *over* the Touch-Up Stik. Instead of looking *more* made up, you will look *less* made up—because it takes far less make-up to give you the smooth, even, creamy-looking complexion that every woman wants and every man admires.

Remember—Touch-Up Stik is *invisible*. People see the *results*—not the Touch-Up Stik itself. And it's actually good for the skin. The ingredients have been blended together with *beautifying, softening lanolin*. It will not flake, peel, crack or rub off. It will stay on until you wash it off or cream it off.

STARS' SECRET NOW YOURS DURING FREE INTRODUCTORY BARGAIN OFFER

Is it expensive? No. A Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik that will last you up to a year is only \$2. But to induce you to try it now, to see for yourself how easy it is to shed ten, fifteen or even twenty years from your appearance, here is what we are going to do.

With each Touch-Up Stik, we are going to give you **FREE** a \$1.50 bottle of Charles Antell's Liquid Make-up with Lanolin that matches your Touch-Up Stik. This is a revolutionary new kind of liquid make-up that has a natural affinity for the skin. That's why it stays on longer, looks better and is actually good for your skin. It needs no foundation under it, it needs no powder over it. It is the first *complete* make-up.

Now besides that, we are going to give you **FREE** a series of beauty lessons to teach you all the simple little make-up tricks of the make-up artist.

In other words, you get the \$2 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik, the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin, *plus* the make-up lessons—for the cost of the Touch-Up Stik alone. Only \$2.

This is a limited offer and may be withdrawn without notice. So act now!

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You **must** look ten years younger in 10 seconds or you get **more** than your money back. Keep the \$1.50 matching Liquid Make-up with Lanolin. Keep the Make-Up Lessons. Send back only the Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik and your full purchase will be refunded immediately, no questions asked.

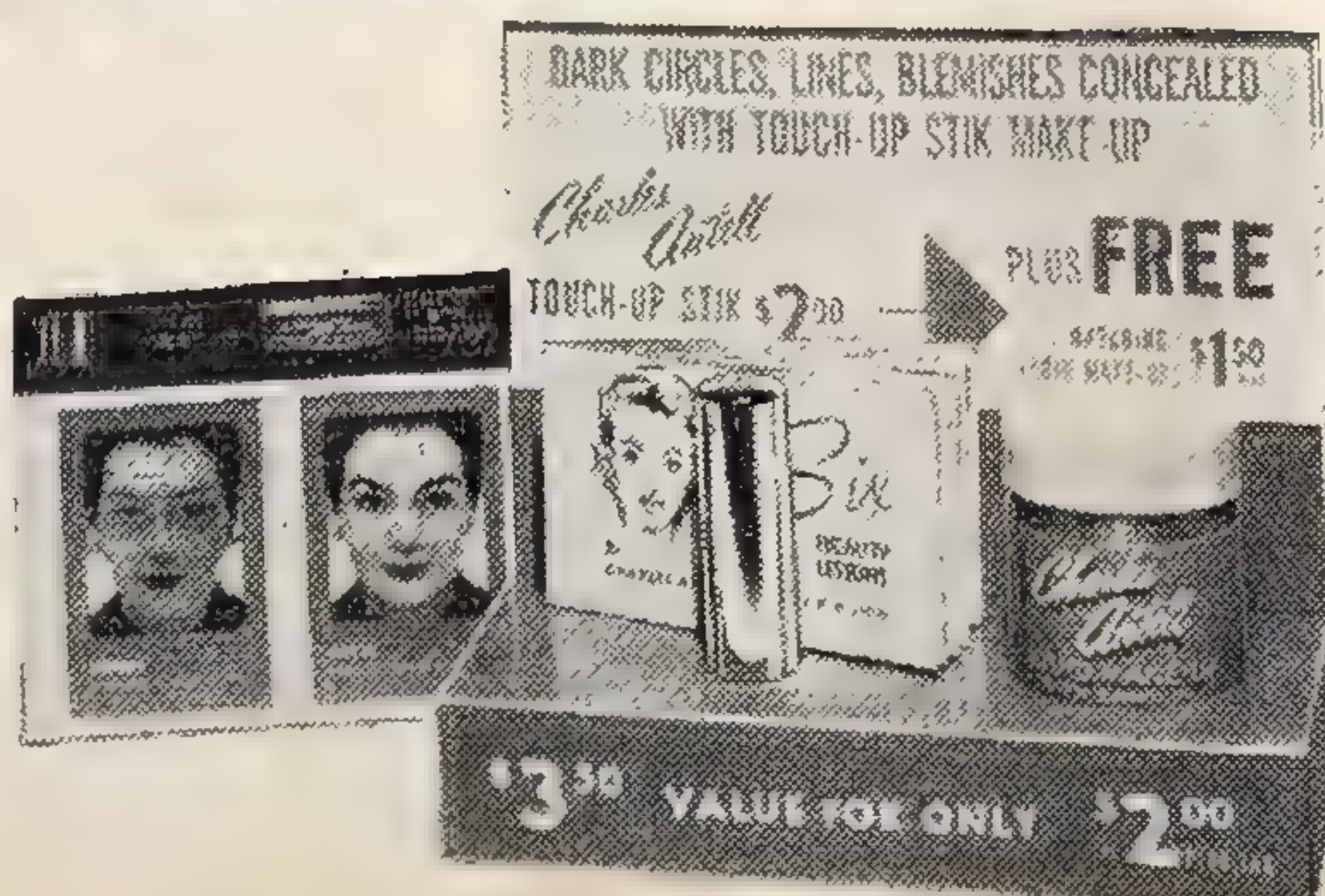
The Greatest Beauty Revelation Since Lipstick

Many of you have seen the miraculous demonstration on TV where a model *shed ten years in ten seconds right before your eyes*. You know that a touch-up stick has been working for years for stars of stage, screen and radio.

Now, at last, it is available to *you*. Think of how you will look *without* dark circles under your eyes, harsh lines softened, freckles, scars, birthmarks and blemishes all made invisible. *The kind of perfection you always felt was out of your reach is now as easy to achieve as putting on lipstick.*

TOUCH-UP STIK

Charles
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You don't keep a beauty secret like this... a secret for long. Not from the American woman. Even before we were ready, the news got out, so we *had* to start shipping ahead of schedule. Result—almost all stores have some. None of them, too many. Go today... for sure today... and get this double-value introductory package in your choice of the perfect complexion tone for *your* face.

\$2.00 Charles Antell Touch-Up Stik
(up to a year's supply)

\$1.50 Charles Antell Matching Liquid Make-Up

A \$3.50 Value for only \$2.00!

PLUS — a set of FREE Beauty Lessons!

If your dealer is sold out, write to Charles Antell, Dept. C, Baltimore 3, Md., enclosing \$2.00 plus 50c for handling and we'll mail your kit to you. Be sure to specify your complexion shade—Fair, Natural, Medium, Light Brunette, Brunette, Suntan (very dark).

(Continued from page 59)

the handsome boy and the beautiful girl who found each other through the medium of motion pictures.

Marriage, however, was distinctly their own idea. Not even the maestros who make a business of boy getting girl approved of it. From sweet-young-thing roles, Janet Leigh had blossomed into a sexy glamour girl and was being given a tremendous publicity build-up. Anthony Curtis was the rising romantic idol of bobby-soxers everywhere.

"There was some opposition from both sides," Janet recalls. "We were advised it might affect our popularity. But we didn't get married for anyone but ourselves, and we felt we had a right to—"

Tony's answer to such warnings was forthright and typical. "If my fans go to see my pictures just because I'm single, then I'm in the wrong business. I might as well find out whether they like to see me as an actor and watch my performance. If my whole career is based on being single—I'd better start painting right now."

So they married in the face of pre-mortems and potential problems which might well have defeated screen writers who specialize in creating conflicts and solving them. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh came from two different worlds and two different backgrounds. They were of different nationalities with inherently different traits and temperaments. And of different religions—Jewish and Christian Science. Although two years younger, Janet seemed far more mature. Tony was making \$400 a week in comparison to Janet's four-figure salary at M-G-M. Two years behind her in movie-town, he was just on his way up—while Janet Leigh was already an established star.

But neither would be discouraged. As Tony says now, "I fell in love with a girl. I didn't think of a career or schameer. I'd just found a girl I loved, and money didn't matter at all. I loved her and I wanted to be her husband—"

To those who volunteered that he couldn't afford to get married, this ex-Swabbie not too long from the tenements pointed out, "I'm making more money than most young men my age. I'm the luckiest guy in the world. I can afford anything. Besides—we won't be living it up. We don't have to impress anybody."

Together, today—three years later—they've impressed just about everybody—nationally and internationally. Janet's popularity soared. Among male stars, Tony zoomed to first place with the fans. Now his salary has just about evened with Janet's. They're the most popular, and most publicized, star-couple in current Hollywood history. And as husband and wife, they've captured the young-at-heart everywhere—the very young-at-heart who dream enough and believe enough and love enough. . . .

"I think I know why they've accepted us," Janet says soberly. "Many think of us as an ideal couple. To them we represent the blond girl and the black-haired boy who meet in every magazine story and live happily afterwards. But if anything should ever happen," she says, stopping to knock firmly on wood, "we wouldn't let this make any difference. Marriage, however and wherever, is no storybook affair."

Certainly to them there's no storybook flavor about their own marriage nor in how they've made it work happily and comfortably, three years afterwards. As Janet says sensibly, "People in love work things out—and people not in love find all

sorts of reasons for not working them out. It never—*just happens*. And I don't agree with those who speak of Hollywood marriages as though 'Hollywood' is some kind of crutch. This, I think, is just an excuse to duck responsibility for their own failures. Marriage is marriage, anywhere. If you love enough, you can work it out."

On this they were always agreed. For Jeanette Morrison and Bernie Schwartz learned their lessons early in life. You worked for whatever you got. You worked to get it, and you worked to keep it. Despite their differing backgrounds, this, at least, they had in common from the beginning. . . .

But although she was also a child of the depression, Jeanette grew up surrounded by the security of a small town, a popular and accepted member of its society. Bernie's world was that of four thousand human beings jammed into tenements whose junior-league activities involved snitching fruit from pushcarts, scoring bull's-eyes with ripe tomatoes and dodging officers on the street beat.

Jeanette was a brilliant student and ambitious for the future, a leader in college activities and a member of the foremost campus sorority. Bernie's "fraternity" was the toughest in the tenement. "The Black Hand," they called themselves. "That is, to others we seemed like a tough mob—but not to us. We went swimming in the East River, we beat up on kids who didn't belong to our mob and swiped stuff from the dime store." Two of his "frat brothers" wound up in Sing Sing. "A couple are unemployed, and one is a big hood in New York today." But as he says now, "I would never have made a criminal. Why? I don't honestly know why. For one thing, I had the love and understanding of my parents—and that's important to mold you. But it must have had something to do with the machinery inside me—something that just wouldn't let me do anything really wrong."

Inside Bernie Schwartz even then was an urge for self-expression. From his father, Mono Schwartz, a former well-known actor in Hungary, he inherited a flair for acting and a desire for bettering himself. From his mother, Helen Schwartz, both gentleness and strength—and a deep down sense of right and wrong. "I worried—but my Tony—he was a good boy," his mom says now. As best he could—he made his own music then. He ran a little class of acting down at the settlement house—"to keep the kids out of mischief an hour or two." He would suggest, "Let's play a game," conning them along. "Okay, Bernie—what kind of game?" The "acting game," he told them. "You, Joe, you're the cop. Tom, you're the robber. Bill, you be the detective. And you, Lippy, you will play Chickie for the cops. Now then—let's go—everybody *act*!" As a kid, too, Bernie would hang around the stage doors off Broadway, hoping one of the crew would come out, give him ten cents and say, "Here, kid—go buy us some doughnuts and coffee." Once he delivered coffee to Bert Lahr—"That was a ton of thrills."

But Hell's Kitchen has no corner on hunger or poverty. There were times when both Jeanette's father and mother were without work. More than once, her mother's watch went into the local pawn shop for \$15 to pay for music lessons or to buy Jeanette a dress for some special occasion. With the Morrisons it was always share and share alike. "The three of us have always been together. Jeanette knew what we had—or didn't have. We never fooled her," her mother says now. "And we had plenty of skimping to do."

Jeanette was flat broke in Hollywood when her mother's birthday check came—enabling her to buy a \$12.95 pink cotton dress trimmed with black rickrack, the "lucky dress" she wore in the interview at M-G-M that got her a contract.

Regardless of their different environments, Jeanette Morrison and Bernie Schwartz arrived in Hollywood with much the same basic foundation as human beings. The same basic honesty, sense of truth, willingness to work and simple faith which wouldn't be denied. When she was fourteen Jeanette worked at Kress's after school. Later she wrapped packages in a men's clothing store in Stockton. Her senior year in college she married a fellow-student, Stan Reames, and she cooked for some of the students who boarded with them to help defray expenses. Bernie Schwartz sold newspapers, shined shoes, worked in a broom factory—among other chores. But, however seemingly dark the future, in his heart now and then the music would come through. "I remember thinking even then, riding the subway in the freezing dawn to sell my papers, All this just can't go down the drain. Some day it will mean something. It's for some purpose. It won't all be wasted."

Just how much it would mean, however, he would never have been able to believe at that time. Nor that he would meet and marry a motion-picture star who, from her own experience, could well understand his fervent all-embracing thankfulness.

To Hollywood in general—with his uninhibited charm, his refreshing irreverence for protocol, his colorful vernacular and his touching gratefulness towards one and all connected with the new magic life before him—Anthony Curtis was a new and unpredictable kind of pigeon. California was the "Promised Land" in his enthusiastic eyes. "So much sunshine, such open air, so many flowers." He couldn't wait to move his mom and dad and brother Bobby out to share his new paradise. He had absolutely no plans, however, for sharing it with anyone else.

Janet Leigh had by then dissolved her college marriage to Stan Reames. She was in the process of reorganizing her life, and certainly had no intentions of disorganizing it all over again, when Anthony Curtis bebopped, heart-free, upon the Hollywood scene. To writers bent on keeping the clamoring fans who discovered him informed concerning his matrimonial future, he colorfully envisioned same as a delightfully informal arrangement. "The bride will bring her toothbrush and another footlocker and move in." But he was, he knew, just making up a story.

Then, across a crowded room, his gypsy-heart betrayed him. En route with a friend to an early movie, Tony dropped in on a party at Lucey's restaurant "to meet a few people—and for some of those wonderful little free sandwiches." And he was enchanted by a lovely vivid girl across the crowd. "When she smiled—the lights went on all over the room."

Although he had no way of knowing it then, Tony was also a source of brilliant illumination. As Janet says quietly now, "Tony gave me confidence when I needed it most. Belief in myself. Faith in doing what I felt I should do. I was going through a big change when I met Tony. I'd learned a great deal in too short a time. I wasn't secure as a person. I wasn't sure what I thought was right—or whether I even had the right to think."

Tony's courtship was thoughtful and typical—and highly effective. Having discovered they had a common interest in the theatre, he promised to let Janet know

"Too Expensive for Me... (I THOUGHT)"

until I saw it
in the jeweler's window"

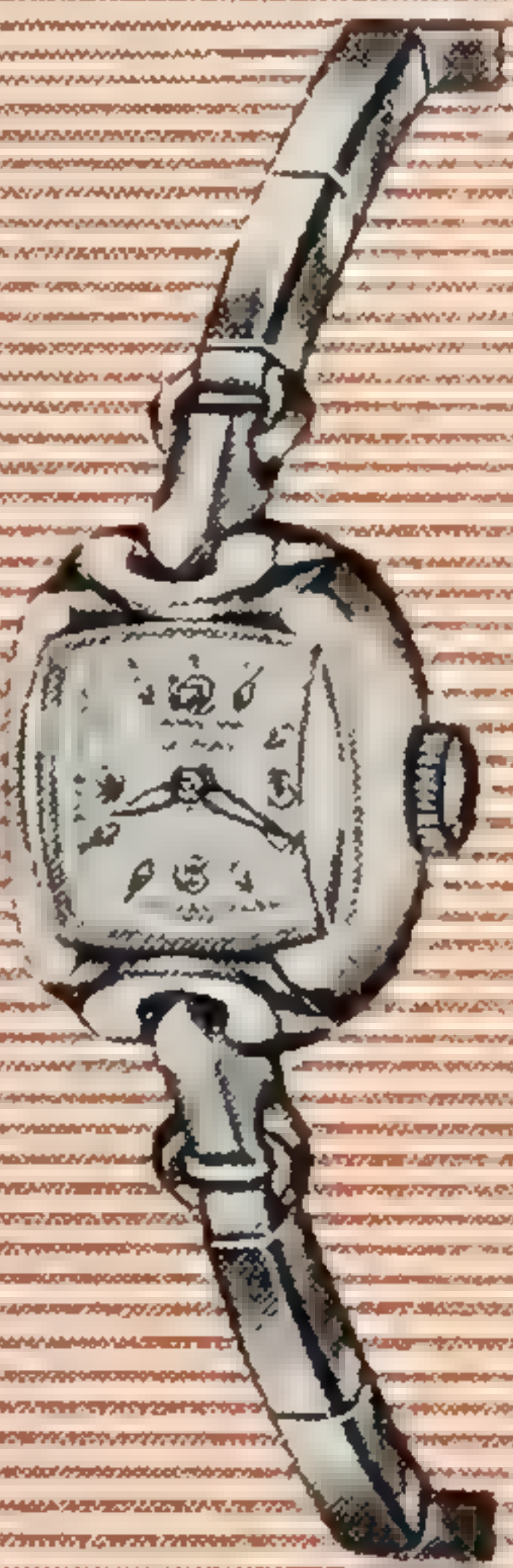


"I had always wanted a fine watch, and a Hamilton would be my dream come true. But not until I saw the new Hamilton Illinois did I realize that at last my dream could come true—that such a lovely, precision watch could actually be mine for as little as \$33.95."

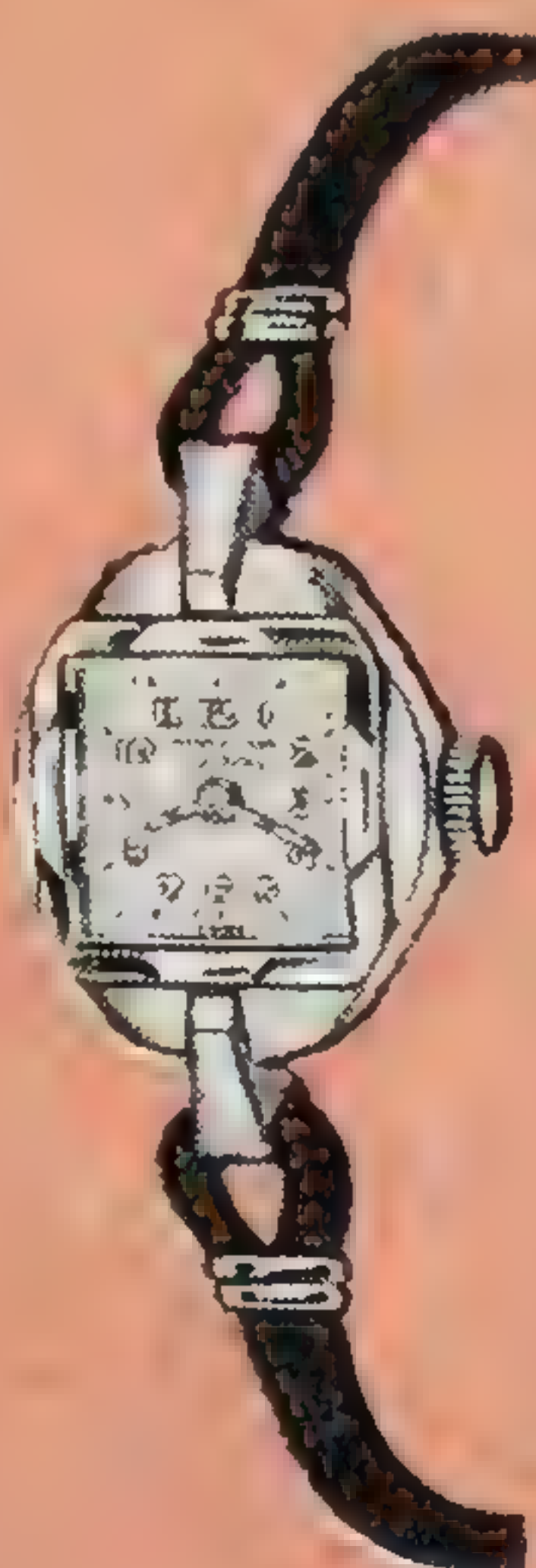
Whether you're giving or getting, there is no more welcome gift than a fine watch...and no greater watch value than the new Hamilton Illinois.

Each one has a fine 17-jewel anti-magnetic movement...an unbreakable mainspring. Choose from exciting new models in a wide range of styles.

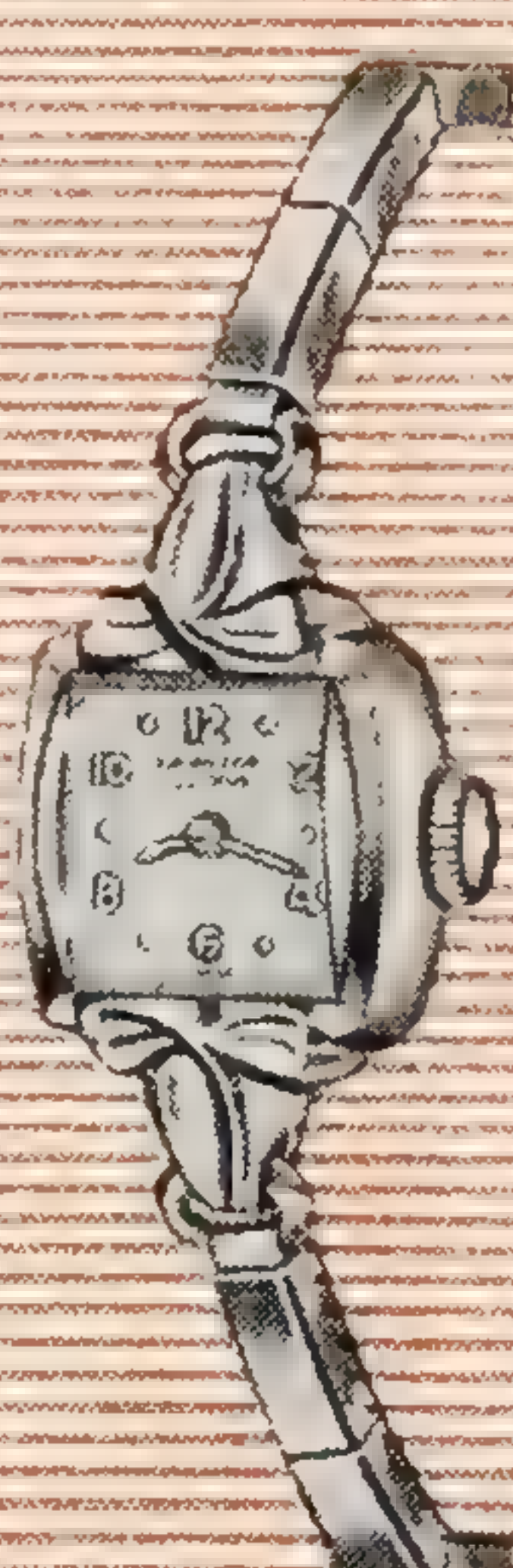
FREE: Color folder of 1954 watch styles. Send name and address to Dept. PH-10, Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Pa.



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HAMILTON — MOST TRUSTED NAME IN WATCHES

P

about a dramatic class being formed, thereby obtaining her phone number. The class never got into operation—but Anthony Curtis did. Their first date was a foursome with the Mel Tormes. They went to The Cock & Bull for dinner, which Tony describes as “the Brahms Overture—the most expensive date we ever had. From then on we had real wonderful small times—and didn’t spend much money.”

When Janet returned from a date with another boy, she would find a note in the front door reminding, “You see—I’m around all the time. Send him home—and I’ll call you in ten minutes.” Occasionally he would enclose a poem, an affectionate composition of his own—“or I would borrow a bit from Byron or somebody.” He’d leave crazy little gifts from the dime store. Once he enclosed a prop gold coin, and Janet turned it over to read, “Property of Universal-International.”

They decided to marry following a separation of three weeks, when Janet was in Pittsburgh with “Angels in the Outfield,” and Tony was on tour with “Prince Who Was a Thief.” One two A.M. when Tony called her from Chicago, Janet wasn’t in. He knew she was attending a party being given for the whole company, but she’d expected to be back at the hotel by two. When she returned, he’d been calling every ten minutes. “I can’t stand it,” he said. “I’ve been so worried I couldn’t sleep. I’ve got to know you belong to me. Will you marry me?” The answer was a quick and breathless, “Yes.”

They were married without fanfare at the Pickwick Arms Hotel in Greenwich, Connecticut, with Jerry and Patti Lewis standing up with them. The groom’s description later was typical. “Janet wore a nice blue-green linen dress. I had a suit on.” Of the ceremony, “We couldn’t afford an expensive wedding. We thought it would be best to make it nice and clean and quick.” Whereupon they began married life in a one-bedroom apartment on Wilshire Boulevard. Tony made it plain they wouldn’t be trying to impress anybody. “No putting on the dog we can’t afford.”

Throughout the past three years, however, theirs has been far from the simple life. As movieland’s most popular married couple, they’ve lived in the lens of every camera in Hollywood. They’ve been the double-star target for gossip columns, and they’ve weathered many items claiming they were either about to multiply or divide.

As Janet says now, “When they’ve itemed we quarrel, of course we quarrel—just as any other couple quarrel.”

Like the small tiff they had at the breakfast table the other morning which started, of course, as much ado about nothing. They’d been out late the night before. Tony had an early dubbing date at the studio. He was tired and a little grumpy. It took only one word to set him off—and Janet managed to find just the right one.

Later, reliving the whole miserable bit, she thought, “This is ridiculous. I can’t feel this way all day.” She telephoned the dubbing stage at Universal-International and spoke to Tony.

“You nasty man, you—” she said cheerfully.

“Oh, honey—I’m sorry. I was just going to call you. I didn’t want to feel this way all day.”

A familiar scene, this, to happily marrieds anywhere. But in print, it was the end for them—for the hundredth time. They’ve survived their normal share of such tiffs and many more spectacular—most of which have yet to occur. To Tony Curtis such gossip items have meant shadow-boxing an unfamiliar and frustrating foe, and his Hungarian blood has really boiled at times. “What can you say—when the columnists write, ‘No matter what they say—it’s a lie.’”

When, for instance, Janet visited a girl friend in Tucson, Arizona, for a couple of days for a special family occasion, a columnist itemed that with Janet out of town they couldn’t “deny the rumors” any longer. Tony almost lost his head—and his voice—trying to. But, as he told Janet, “They keep calling and I keep telling them you’re in Arizona christening a baby—and they think that really sounds phony.” When Tony tripped over a cable on a movie set and injured his leg, a gossip columnist noticed him limping at a party and venomed they’d had a fight. This time Janet came out swinging and threatened to sue. “She said I kicked him!”

It’s taken Tony these three years to get thicker-skinned to these ridiculous digs. “They don’t upset me any more,” he says resignedly. And Janet adds, “We try to ignore them now. We know most of them are just squibs to fill a column, anyway, and to deny—that just gives more importance to them.” At the moment, the big recurring rumor is that Janet’s pregnant. As she says philosophically, “They say this about every two months, hoping the item just might happen to be the truth some day—whenever that lucky day is—and then they’ll be able to say they were the first to let everyone know.”

This, Bernie Schwartz will never understand. Even back in the tenements, with people living in layers, motherhood

was always given due respect and privacy. Nor has he found maintaining a home as simple as the cozy “two footlockers” he jokingly envisioned.

Although they thought they’d “talked out” the major basic problems before they married, Janet and Tony have built their marriage in the face of situations and characteristic differences which might have discouraged two less in love. There have been many adjustments in living patterns, too, since there descended into Janet’s systematic and efficient world a handsome lovable holocaust—an admitted creature of comfort, who dropped socks as impartially in one room as in another. A stranger to formality in any form, who was automatically allergic to planning beyond the next few immediate minutes and prone to affix a shocked blue eye in the direction of an appointment pad with, “Honey—I love you, but that thing has got to go.”

For Tony Curtis the next difficult adjustment has been one common to most of his sex: “Learning to live with a woman.” Also, “Learning to accept responsibility. I’m a gypsy at heart. Janet plans ahead, but that’s very difficult for me.” Admittedly by nature, he isn’t “very punctual. I’m bad in this respect—in fact, I’m impossible.” Also by nature, and by years of it, he’s a confirmed muncher. “I never did like eating regularly. I just like to munch all day long.”

At first, the latter was a matter of grave concern to Janet, who’s a stickler for well-balanced diets and regular living. By nature, too, she’s neat, punctual and so consciously scheduled that she carries a looseleaf notebook wherever she goes with every appointment and memo for the day noted therein. They quarreled at first when she tried to regulate Tony’s eating habits. “He was working so hard at the studio, his father was ill and I was anxious for him to keep his strength up.” Tony was pretty vehement. “You’re trying to make me eat and I don’t feel like eating.” And Janet would insist wearily, “But you have to eat—you need your strength.”

Today they’ve compromised to a degree. Janet’s tried to learn “not to have everything on schedule—and not to let it bother me.”

About keeping her house in order, however, Janet does care. And exercising her natural desire for neatness, developed in childhood, as opposed to her husband’s informalities, has provided its tense moments. As a kid she kept house for her working parents in their small apartment in Stockton—and meticulously, her mother recalls. “We lived in one room with a wall bed. In the daytime it was a living room, but by four every afternoon, Jeanette always had her toys put away and the room straightened so there would be space for the wall bed to come down for the night. She enjoys her home and keeping it clean. This is her relaxation.”

This Tony didn’t understand for quite some time. And it made him uncomfortable. If she so much as made a move, say, to put his camera away—he’d rise quickly to the defensive.

“Just leave that right where it is.”

“But I was just going to put it away. I know where it goes.”

“I know where it goes too, and I’ll put it away.”

As Janet says, “This was something we’ve really had to straighten out, because Tony would get mad. He couldn’t understand why I was always tidying up. Don’t misunderstand me, we really live in our house, and that’s for me. When people come over we go from room to room living it up, leaving books and records everywhere. I don’t care how often I have to straighten the place up, but I had to make Tony understand I don’t expect him to do it, that I thoroughly enjoy doing it.”

\$5000 PRIZE-WINNING STORY “WOMAN IN HELL”

From the depths of a woman’s tormented heart comes a story of love, of loss, of despair and of hope redeemed

IN OCTOBER

True Story

MAGAZINE—AT NEWSSTANDS NOW



I Saw BLACKHEADS GO IN 10 MINUTES!

By CLAIRE HOFFMAN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A skin specialist today demonstrated a simple 10-minute way to rinse away blackheads. To the face of a woman who had suffered from blackheads, enlarged pores and a spotty complexion for nearly 12 years, I saw the doctor apply a peculiar, plastic-like cream. 10 minutes later . . . when he rinsed this cream from her skin with a moist facial tissue, I saw ugly blackheads rinsed away! They were clinging to the tissue that the doctor held out for all to see—actually rinsed away from the skin with a simple 10-minute home medical treatment anyone can use at home!

Actually Draws Pimple and Blackhead Material Out of Clogged Pore Openings — In Minutes!

"You will notice," continued the doctor's aide as he motioned us in closer, "that not all the blackheads are gone. That would be too much to expect from just one treatment. Especially since our subject, Miss ———, has suffered from these externally caused blemishes for a good many years. "But now, watch closely! Because you will notice that this first 10-minute treatment has not merely floated away a considerable number of blackheads, but it has also so loosened and softened the more stubborn pus formations, that I can now gently tissue even more of them away. Here is the tissue for your examination!"

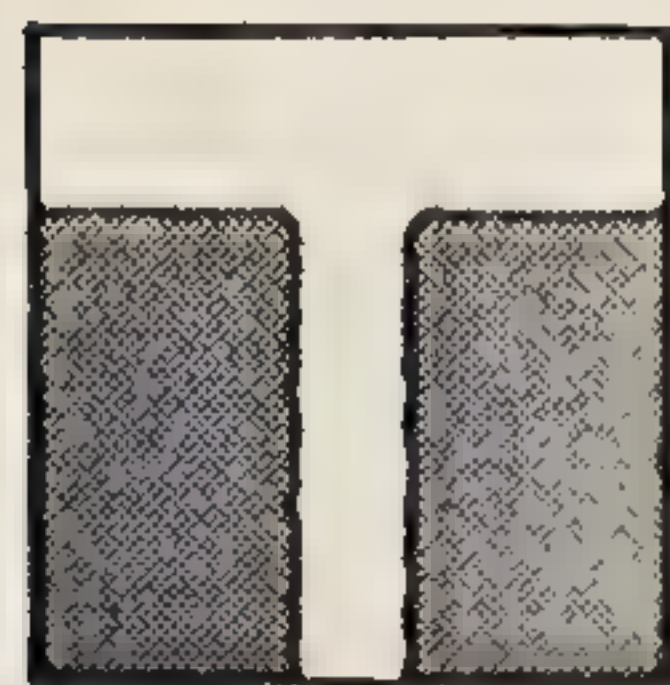
As we all strained forward to see the results of this amazing medical demonstration, a large magnifying mirror was now placed before the woman's face, revealing the pore openings with startling clarity!

Why Many Women Confuse Enlarged Pores With Clogged Pores

"The next part of our demonstration concerns the pores. I will now

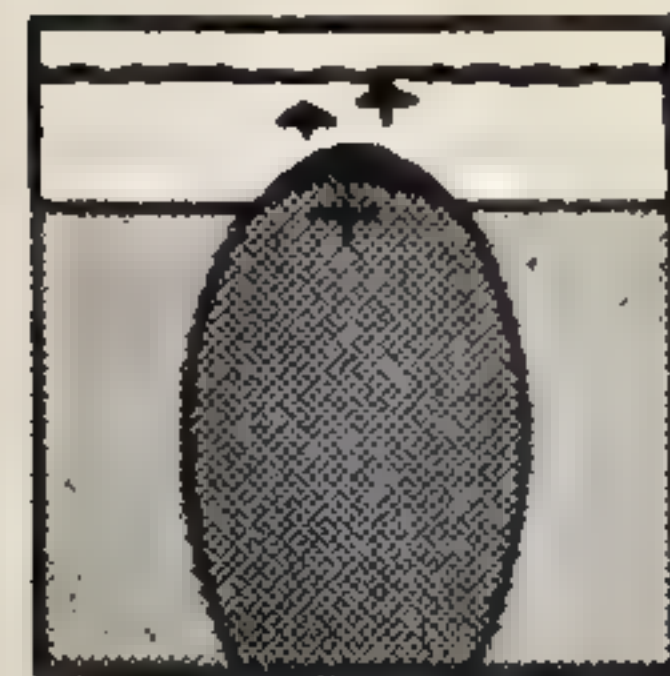
STEP-BY-STEP

Here Is How Doctor's Skin Treatment Acts To Draw Out Blackheads And Clear Enlarged Pore Openings



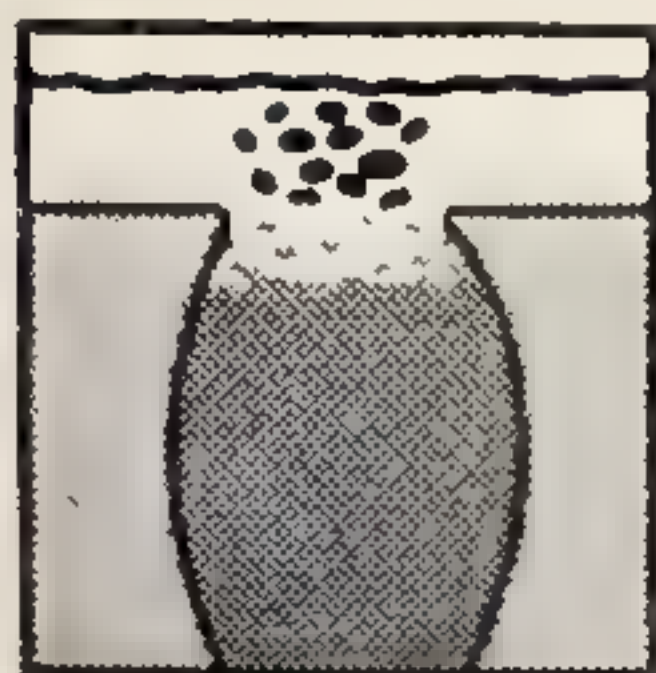
Here is what a normal pore opening looks like. Note narrow, healthy shape.

Enlarged pore opening due to clogging. Note blackhead cap which plugs pore.



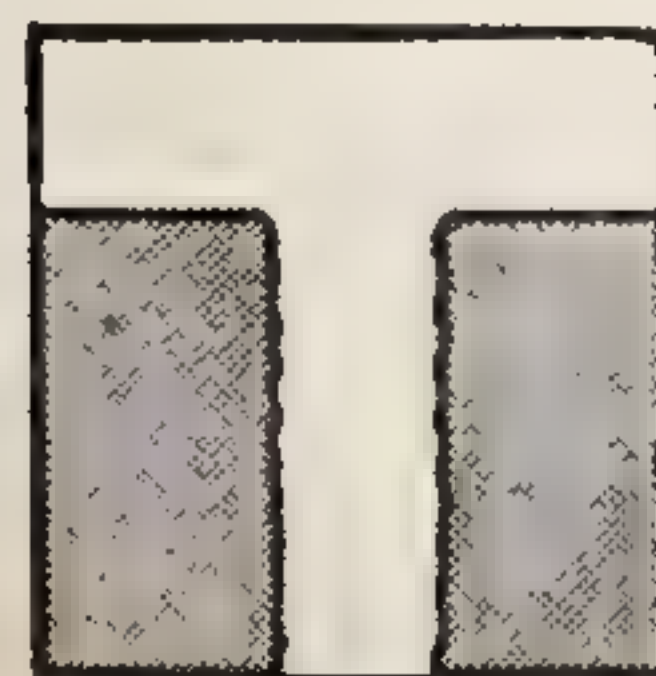
Argilla in Doctor's Cream-Mask now starts drawing, lifting action.

Blackhead Cap has already started to lift out and break up, unplugging pore opening.



Blackhead gone, hardened wastes in pore openings may now be drawn out by Argilla.

Wastes gone—enlarged pore opening due to clogging quickly tends to narrow back to normal again. Skin is clearer, smoother!



place this woman's hand next to her face. Now, as you look through this magnifying mirror, you will notice that, unbelievable as it seems, the stretched pore openings on this woman's face already appear even smaller in size than those on her hand! And you will also notice that where we have applied the cream more heavily—especially around the nose—that the pore openings actually appear to have collapsed and tightened!

"Why? Because much of the dirt which we have drawn out of the skin and then rinsed away into this facial tissue—had been cemented into this woman's pore openings not only for days, not only for weeks, but for months! But when we remove this dirt, when we draw it out with this skin treatment, the pores have a natural tendency to collapse back to normal. The simple chart shows why."

What Happens When You Apply This Doctor's 3-Way Formula!

First, to prepare your skin for treatment, we are going to soften and loosen the buried filth cemented into your pores. The laboratory-developed pore cleanser which is part one of this famous specialist's treatment, is unlike any other cleanser you have ever used in your life, regardless of how much you can afford to pay. And here is how you can prove it on your skin.

Apply the specially compounded pore cleanser. Tissue it off! Now look at the tissue!

When you see the dirt and filth pouring out on that tissue . . . when you see the infectious filth and indescribable wastes that may have been causing your skin eruptions since adolescence . . . then and only then will you begin to understand why you need a drastic change in complexion care.

2) The second part of your treatment is a medicated cream designed to get at those ugly blackheads, whiteheads and externally caused pimples which cause you so much misery.

Apply it to your face with your fingertips as you would any cream. A little thicker around the "danger areas" . . . mainly around the nose, lips, eyes and cheeks.

The first 3 or 4 minutes you will feel a strong stimulation. This is the massaging action of the medicated ingredients going to work on your skin. Your face will feel hot and cold. You will like it. Your face will feel refreshed. It is like a massage without irritation, bringing fresh, purifying blood to your face to draw off the poisonous wastes in your skin.

After 3 or 4 minutes this hot and cold action goes away, and a wonderful relaxation of all your tense, overworked facial muscles sets in. In another moment, you will feel your skin getting tighter and tighter. What is happening is this: A wonderful medicated absorbing agent called ARGILLA is drying on your skin. It is turning the cream on your face into a firm, plastic-like mask. You get a pleasant drawing feeling, a relaxing feeling. There is a corrective action, and an astringent action. You feel the ARGILLA drawing on the pus-heads. Everything it touches it draws into itself, including the hardened oils, the dirt, the waste matter, the fatty acids, whatever filth is buried in the pores, including some of the blackhead materials, perspiration and poisons given off by the skin.

After 10 minutes rinse the mask away. Hot or cold water makes no difference. It dissolves in a second. Your skin feels clean, refreshed, sparkling, smoother! Like velvet! But wait . . . you haven't finished your first treatment yet!

Now Apply Step 3 of Your Treatment . . . The Astringent

This is not merely a perfumed alcohol that tickles your skin for a few seconds. It penetrates into your pore openings, performs a final necessary sponging, dissolving action. But even more important, tightens the pore openings and leaves an invisible film on your skin that lasts for hours. You cannot feel it, you cannot see it, but it is there to help protect your pore openings!

Now Look Into Your Mirror

Some of your blackheads should be gone with very first treatment! Look for softened pimples and whiteheads that may break or be drawn out in your next treatment or two. Look at the corners of the nose, around your mouth, your cheekbones! See how your enlarged pores have tightened. Your skin will feel alive! You should actually see minor wrinkles gone . . . and this fresh, buoyant, youthful effect will last for hours.

Is This for "Normal" Skin, Too?

Certainly. Simply because this is a medicated formula doesn't mean that you have to have a "sick skin" to use it. You may be a woman past 30 who has never had a really serious skin problem, but who finds herself annoyed by occasional blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores or periodic skin eruptions. You may be a woman who suspects that your skin is not as beautiful and as fresh-looking as it could be . . . but your cosmetic creams can't give it to you. In that case . . . we think you'll be thrilled by the sheer, smooth, silken beauty that one or two treatments can give you.

On the other hand . . . if you have an adolescent, broken-out skin, if you are a man who is troubled by blemishes or a "sandpaper skin" and you are sensible enough not to be ashamed to use a so-called "woman's treatment" in the privacy of your own home . . . or if you are a woman who has chosen to abuse her complexion with improper and inadequate care . . . then this is vital.

You will see positive improvement with your first 10-minute home treatment. Your mirror will show it to you. And we say you will see further rapid improvement for the next 14 days. After 14 days, you will discover whether you have to keep using all or part of the treatment every day, once a week, or once a month depending on how fast your complexion begins to clear.

How You May Try This Skin Treatment In Your Own Home Without Risking A Penny!

The name of this 3-way formula is the Queen Helene skin treatment. Your Queen Helene 3-way formula, enough



Miss V. L. . . . Age 27, a victim of externally caused blackheads, whiteheads, pimply skin eruptions since adolescence. Above photo reveals one of many women who have achieved a remarkably clearer skin, thanks to a skin specialist's amazing 10-minute demonstration described on this page.

for 42 home treatments, includes your laboratory developed cleansing cream, your medicated mask cream and your pore astringent. The cost is \$3.98 . . . less than 10c a treatment. Yes, less than 10c for a skin specialist's 3-way skin and beauty treatment.

Follow your daily progress in your mirror and after each treatment. If your Queen Helene treatment does not do for your skin everything we have led you to believe it will do, if you don't see definite improvement after just one 10-minute treatment, if you don't see a faster improvement each day for the next 14 days, return the unused portion. We'll thank you for trying it, and refund your full purchase price.

But act today! The longer you wait . . . the worse your skin is bound to get. And like any other condition . . . the worse it gets . . . the longer it takes to get well. So right now, while you're determined to help yourself . . . send the coupon today!

Para Laboratories Sales Corp.

Dept. H-485

400 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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Please rush me by return mail my complete Queen Helene 3-Way Skin Treatment, including: 1. LABORATORY DEVELOPED CLEANSING CREAM
2. MEDICATED MASK CREAM
3. ASTRINGENT

I will pay postman low introductory price, plus postage and handling. If I don't see definite improvement in my skin after just one 10-minute treatment — if Queen Helene doesn't do for my skin everything you have led me to believe it will do, I will return unused portion for my money back.

QUEEN HELENE PRICE LIST (Check Size Desired)

- ☐ \$3.98 size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 42 home treatments at less than 10c a treatment.
- ☐ \$5.95 economical professional size (plus Federal Tax). Enough for 90 home treatments for one person — enough for 45 home treatments for 2 persons, at less than 7c a treatment. (You save \$2.01.)

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CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

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Tony and Janet put a different value on money, and that's taken a little understanding, too. Until he came to Hollywood, Tony never had enough pennies even to bother thinking about them. Janet is far more conservative, which stems not only from stretching pennies but back to the proud teenager who was official custodian of the family exchequer. "When Jeanette was thirteen years old, we let her keep the budget," her mother says now. "And she took her responsibility very seriously. When we would go shopping for something, Jeanette would trot me all over town, comparing prices to make sure we didn't go over the budget," Mrs. Morrison recalls laughingly. Today—Janet still won't buy a dress without checking to see whether she can afford it.

On the other hand, Tony's greatest pleasure in earning a dollar is in spending it. Whatever's left when the bills have been paid seems like so much velvet to him—like a wonderful present from life that he can't afford not to spend. "I blow money whenever I get a chance," Tony admits. "Many times for things I don't even need. Like more shoes and shirts and records. And I buy pipe cleaners by the gross. I can't resist pipe cleaners. I wish I knew why. I don't even smoke."

Tony's delight in spending goes back to darker days. To days when an occasional coin was a shot of sunshine that made the darkness livable. A shiny piece of happiness to make his mom's eyes light up. "He would bring something home to me. A string of beads or a pair of stockings or some little thing," she remembers feelingly now. Tony's father, on the other hand, would come home with some kind of kitchen-saver. "You know, carrot-curlers. That type of thing," Tony grins. "He would say, 'Here—let me show you how it works.' And it never worked! But this was fun, and we would all laugh." And laughter, however inspired, was like gold.

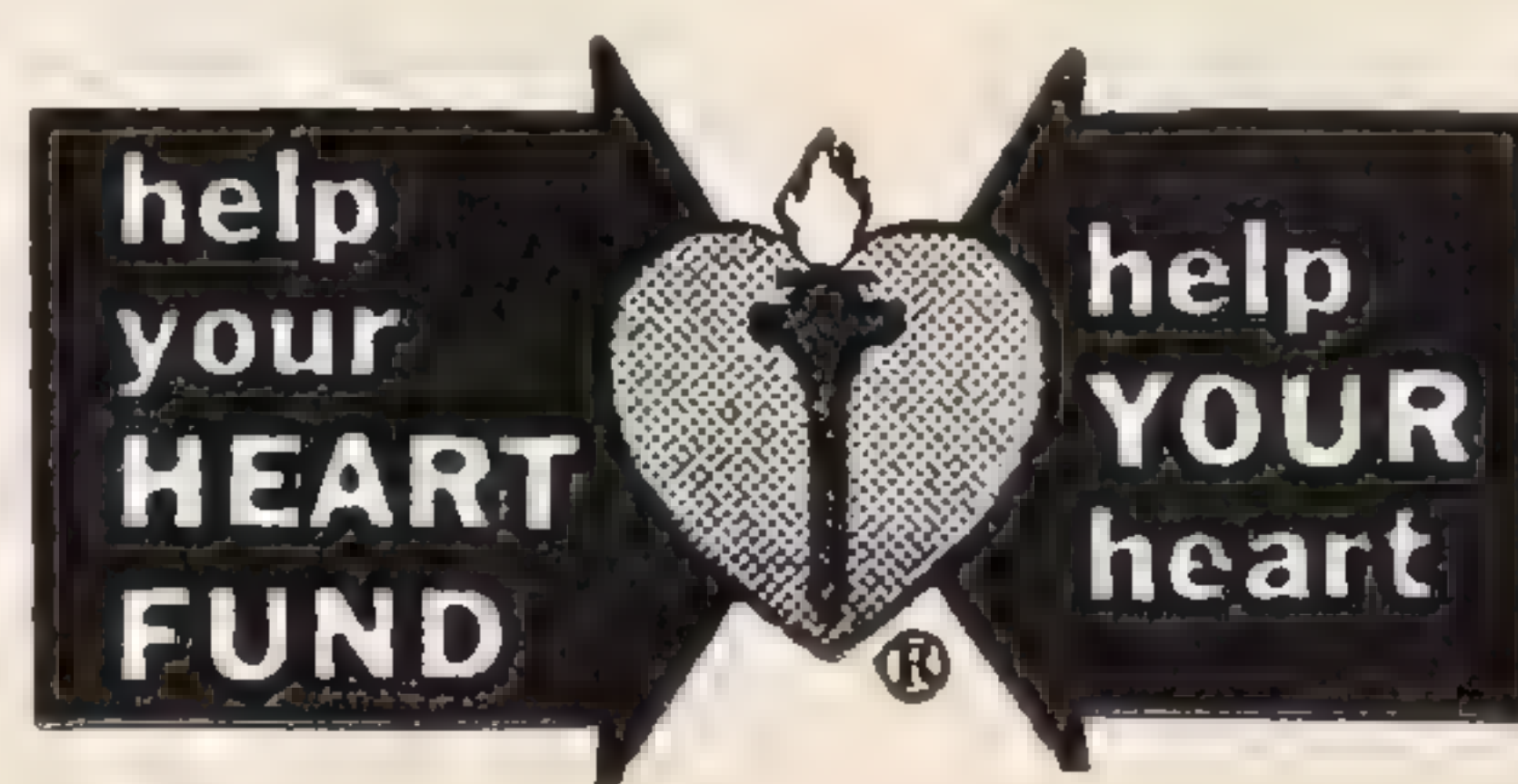
Wisely enough, Tony and Janet have different business managers, agreeing, "It's better this way." Tony's is Myrt Blum. And inasmuch as Janet's father's business is accounting, "Dad keeps watch on mine for me." It would not, they decided, be fitting family diplomacy for her dad to dictate finance to his son-in-law. The Morrisons, Schwartzes and Curtises have too warm an association to risk endangering it. Janet's and Tony's parents each have noted all adjustments and watched with a silent and fondly approving eye. Janet's mother, Mrs. Morrison, knows her son-in-law is lovingly concerned for her daughter, when he worries aloud, "Why can't Janie relax? I know she must be tired. I wish she wouldn't go so fast." And Mrs. Schwartz bespeaks her affection for Tony's choice with, "Janie is so wonderful. She watches what he eats and looks after him. She takes care of my Tony so well."

Tony and Janet have worked out any financial differences with the same healthy approach they've used on everything else in their marriage. Although the margin between their salaries has narrowed to almost nothing today, Tony's \$400 a week compared to Janet's star-salary when they married constituted no real problem. "And we went into all this before we married. If we'd been in a business where Tony's salary would never have equalled mine, then it might have been different." With Janet's new motion-picture deal for one movie annually for both Columbia and Universal-International, her salary still exceeds Tony's a little. "But it's so close now there's really no difference. And with Tony's option increases, he will soon be making more."

"Money is a joint thing, anyway," Janet goes on. They maintain a "house account," and each pays half of the house bills of the

unpretentious but comfortable Spanish stucco house, complete with rose trellis and orange tree, which they rent furnished in Beverly Hills. "In addition, I pay for things that are strictly mine, and Tony pays for those that are his. That's fair. What other wife in what other business has to have a wardrobe like my job demands? I spend around five thousand dollars a year for clothes." Both of them insist, "We can't afford to buy a home yet," but since the owners are returning from Europe and want their home back, Janet and Tony are house-hunting again. They've moved from apartments to houses because, as they put it, "We wanted to spend Christmas in a home—instead of an apartment. We wanted a tree on the lawn, as well as one indoors."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Curtis are frankly schmaltzy about holidays and other nostalgic occasions, and neither is reluctant to let sentiment show. The bit of steel in Janet's make-up and the fire in Tony's can always be tempered by three little words: "I love you." As Janet observes, "Many people think it—but they won't say it. Tony's never afraid to say, 'I love you,' and I think that's pretty great."



Jealousy? Well, like almost any husband he may resent those Janet went with before she met him, "but this I don't mind. It's flattering to have your husband a little jealous." On the other hand, like any other wife, Janet finds it plenty heart-warming that since their marriage her husband has turned a blind eye to the femmes who think they're fatale. "There are some women in any town who don't care whether a man is married or not," Janet observes slowly. And when they make with the big balcony scene, somebody in the audience seeks out Janet to say, "I wish you could see how Tony handles himself when a girl makes a play for him. It's a joy to watch. He's so uncomfortable, so absolutely apart from it—" which is the sweetest music this side of heaven to a glamorous motion-picture star, as it is to any wife. "I'm not suspicious by nature. But this is just an added niceness. And hearing things like this makes you feel just great."

Maintaining the heady feeling of champagne and roses in their marriage means no long separations—ever—for Tony and Janet. "We've both refused to do pictures abroad," Janet says now, adding, "three months is just too long to be separated." Tony is equally adamant. "Separations can destroy any marriage. Whatever differences come up between you can be worked out, if you're together. But if you're a continent apart, you haven't a prayer."

Insofar as their two careers will allow, they avoid short separations too. Janet accompanies Tony on location, unless she's also before the cameras. As for Tony—Well, once when he had to go to San Diego for three days' filming, he wouldn't even pack a suitcase! "No, if I take a suitcase, I'll feel like I'll be gone a long time. I'll just take this," he said and put a few essentials in a large paper bag. Their toughest separation—and their longest—was the five weeks Tony had to be in Honolulu on location and Janet was working in "Prince Valiant" stateside. "That was the worst," she says slowly now, "because of the . . . situation . . ." Janet lost their expected baby while Tony was gone

and every hour thereafter seemed an eternity to both of them. To Tony because he couldn't get home to her, to Janet because she needed him so.

Together—they've weathered two of the most exhausting careers in Hollywood, with all the corresponding demands and the emotional drain. They've had to cancel practically every personal plan they've ever made and to forego again and again their dream vacation. Recently when Janet finished "Rogue Cop" at M-G-M and Tony finished at U-I, they made elaborate plans—for an idyllic three weeks on a farm in Connecticut and for sunning and swimming and cruising on Long Island Sound. This time they were almost out the door when there was a change in casting in "Five Bridges to Cross," and Tony had to take the train instead to Boston. Making no noises like a disappointed wife or gnashing travel folders, Janet went along.

As if this isn't enough—even for those who love enough—they further flout any fear of career disharmony by co-starring on the screen. And with no resultant clash of temperaments or egos. Janet took the feminine lead in "The Black Shield of Falworth," at Universal-International, knowing hers was the lesser role and that essentially this would be her husband's picture. Tony's name will always precede Janet's in their billing. Which fact, as an actress, she dismisses with, "A man's usually does—" and as a wife, "it's better."

Sensibly, Tony reasons, "It's easy to work with Janet. I like it—but I wouldn't want to overdo it. I don't think it would be good for either of us."

As young married stars, Tony and Janet are well aware of their good fortune in remaining equally popular on the screen, and they're not insensitive to what could happen to them if one's star would diminish and upset Fame's status quo. "That's something we can't answer unless it happens," Janet says soberly.

On the set together, they're strictly actor and actress, and they agree "It has to be this way." They are, in fact, such professional artists that when they came out of the big clinch in their first love scene for "The Black Shield of Falworth," director Rudy Maté complimented them jokingly, saying, "Nobody would ever believe you're man and wife!"

Sometimes Bernie Schwartz finds this pretty hard to believe himself. "My Janet—she's a whole way of life to me. I just can't tell you what she means to me."

It's a staggering thought for the small town coed and the boy from Hell's Kitchen that but for the flip of a page in a photo album and a door opening in a musty old theatre in Greenwich Village, they would never have met in this life.

And there are times when Bernie Schwartz has asked himself whether any of it's really for real. Not long ago he went back to the tenement and made sure.

Many of them around the old neighborhood didn't know Bernie Schwartz was a movie star. But they were glad to "meet the new missus," and beamed at Bernie.

"It's been a long time, Bernie. What happened to you? Where you been?"

"California," Tony grinned.

"You don't say? How is it out there?"

Mr. Curtis looked at Mrs. Curtis. The climate, he said, couldn't be better.

For some strange reason, the neighborhood seemed different. Felt different. Not as restless, nor as discolored—nor as full of despair. Some of its shrillness and harshness and discord were gone.

The reason, Bernie Schwartz knew, was the girl by his side. All the violins led to her. Wherever they were, as long as they were together, it would be the sunny side of life's street.

THE END

Things Mom Never Said

(Continued from page 67)

an important decision had been made—by Piper.

By not high-pressuring her into the decision, Mrs. Jacobs had not only kept her daughter from becoming rebellious—and possibly going ahead with the marriage because of that reason alone—but had also stuck to the line of reasoning she had followed since Piper was a little girl: Mrs. Jacobs never imposed her will on her daughter, never interfered in her problems, never pushed her into a decision. Instead, she always tried to guide her in such a way as to help Piper to help herself.

Telling Piper what to do would have been easier—for her mother. Quite probably, Mrs. Jacobs could have kept Piper from making a number of mistakes, some serious. But she would have also made Piper dependent on her and unprepared against the time when she would no longer be around to tell her what to do.

Piper was guided into making her own decision at an early age through small, seemingly insignificant matters like eating Brussels-sprouts.

Piper had just turned six when she faced them for the first time. Never having tasted them she made up her mind in advance that they weren't for her. There was a challenge in her voice when she announced, "I won't eat them, Mom!"

Mrs. Jacobs reasoned that if Piper succeeded in talking herself out of Brussels-sprouts, she might object to any other unknown dish in the future as well. Yet, if she insisted on having her eat them, Piper would resent it even more. And so she tried a more diplomatic approach.

"You don't have to eat them, honey. Just help yourself to meat and potatoes."

But when Mrs. Jacobs had finished her portion of Brussels-sprouts, although she could hardly swallow another bite she took a second helping, and—seemingly cheerfully—even a third. Each time Mrs. Jacobs loaded up her plate, Piper became a little less convinced of her preconceived notion, until at last she decided to taste the Brussels-sprouts herself. She took one careful bite, smacked her lips and took another. Today they are one of her favorite vegetables.

More serious was Piper's dislike for anything that spelled domesticity. She was fairly good at keeping her room in order, but as for cooking, washing dishes and the like—no, an emphatic "No!"

Not wanting to insist upon it, Mrs. Jacobs tried to inject in her daughter a desire for cooking by letting her see how much fun it could be. But sometimes, of course, even the best-laid plans don't work out exactly as expected.

One evening Mrs. Jacobs brought home all the ingredients for hot fudge. She knew Piper had a weakness for it. When she asked her if she wanted to try her hand at it, Piper went at it so enthusiastically, Mrs. Jacobs thought her plan had succeeded instantly. Her optimism wasn't justified.

By the time Piper finished her fudge, the kitchen was in such a mess that it took her mother three hours to clean it up. Piper's not overly enthusiastic offer to help came to an abrupt end when she managed to drop a couple of dishes in quick succession. Her mother has never been quite certain whether or not it was accidental. Freud, the old boy who thought everything had a hidden meaning, might have described it as a mental block which wouldn't let Piper accomplish the dreaded kitchen work! But even this problem worked itself out eventually—although Piper hopes she will never again have to learn her lesson as dramatically as this.

By mutual consent, Piper stayed out of

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the kitchen another year—till the day her mother suffered a stroke. It came without prior warning and for several months paralyzed Mrs. Jacobs from the waist down.

Although it would have meant additional financial hardship at a time he could least afford it, Mr. Jacobs suggested getting a housekeeper till his wife was again in good health. But neither Piper nor her older sister Sherrye would hear of it. While Piper, particularly, had no liking for domestic work, she appreciated the financial difficulties the extra expense would involve—and insisted on doing her share of the housework. It probably came as much of a surprise to her as to the rest of the family that—doing it on her own accord and combined with a new sense of responsibility—she actually enjoyed it! Never again did she shun the kitchen.

Although her success on that one was just accidentally successful, Mrs. Jacobs' batting average on really important problems has been excellent. As Piper grew up, she faced all the problems and temptations of the average teenager. Smoking, for instance, which has become such a fad among high-school students.

From experience Mrs. Jacobs knew the usual result of flatly prohibiting a girl to light a cigarette. If they don't smoke at home, they have ample opportunity at parties, dances, movies, in dozens of places where the parents are not there to observe their children's actions. The only way to control it successfully was to let Piper decide for herself whether or not she'd be better off without smoking.

Long before Piper was tempted to do so, her mother had planted within her the idea that smoking was neither ladylike for a young girl nor healthy, and—what proved most convincing in the long run—that to smoke just because all the other girls in her class did it would simply make her one of the crowd, instead of standing out as an individual.

As her mother had anticipated, it was the "challenge" to be "an individual" that kept Piper from smoking, and although she was ridiculed at first, soon she was highly respected for her action. Not till Piper *had* to smoke for a part in a picture did she light her first cigarette.

One of Mrs. Jacob's prime concerns was to help Piper overcome her shyness.

As a somewhat strong-minded youngster, Piper could be helped only by a slow, indirect process of encouraging her to mingle with other children her age, of gaining self-confidence by winning friends. Mrs. Jacobs still didn't interfere, even to the extent of lecturing Piper on the value of friends—but she did cheat a little.

At the time, Piper didn't realize why the youngsters from whom she had shied away so long suddenly showed such an interest in her. Had she been older she might have known that the vast amount of ice cream and cookies provided by her mother had something to do with it. Soon Piper learned to be a hostess for the group. The youngsters had a good time being with Piper, and Piper found she had a wonderful time being with them.

At first Piper was content just to be near her new friends, but Mrs. Jacobs realized that Piper would have to develop more curiosity about people before they could really be her friends—or in fact anything more than mere acquaintances. As Piper grew older, Mrs. Jacobs found a variety of subtle ways—including the example of her own boundless curiosity—to increase Piper's interest in the people she met. And gradually Piper began to forget her shyness until now she has reached the point where one reporter complained that after he had interviewed Piper—she knew more about *him* than he about *her*!

With the beginning of Piper's career,

a whole new set of problems arose, the most recent of which nearly broke into headlines.

When Piper had been a minor, an agent talked her mother into signing, as Piper's guardian, a contract with him which would assure him ten per cent of Piper's earnings. Because both Piper and Mrs. Jacobs were dissatisfied with his work, however, Mrs. Jacobs engaged another agent for her daughter.

Recently, the original agent threatened to sue Mrs. Jacobs for "breach of contract"—unless the matter could be settled out of court. A law suit, no matter what the outcome, would have been lengthy, costly, bad publicity and indecisive as long as appeals were being filed by either party at higher courts.

Having been a minor when the contract was signed, Piper could have denied any personal responsibility for the contract. Instead, she insisted "this whole case concerns and affects me," took it out of her mother's hands and assumed responsibility for the contract. By doing this, Piper left herself open to serious legal action, but before she was finished, the matter was settled out of court to her satisfaction....

Always of major concern to Mrs. Jacobs has been Piper's extravagance in spending money—on others.

When still in grammar school, Piper went into the "newspaper business" with her sister Sherrye. Their efforts were restricted to buying the early edition of the Sunday paper on Saturday afternoon, selecting what they thought were the most interesting items, cutting them down to about half the size, mimeographing and selling them up and down the neighborhood for a penny a piece.

Piper's share of the net earnings seldom exceeded a dollar a week. Yet after the first month, she bought her mother a brooch which cost four dollars. At first Mrs. Jacobs didn't want to accept it, urging her daughter to put aside the money for her future. But Piper was so insistent that her mother—not wanting to hurt her feelings—had no choice but keep it.

This was only one of many such incidents, with Piper's expenditures for presents climbing right along with her income. Mrs. Jacobs feared that if this trend continued, no matter how big her earnings, Piper would never be able to save anything. Luckily, help came from an unexpected source, but again Piper had to learn her lesson the hard way.

Last Christmas Piper gave a small pearl pin to a friend from high-school days. The girl was delighted with it, but the next morning she brought it back to Piper with tears of disappointment in her eyes. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept it," she said seriously.

"But why?"

"The pearls . . . they're real!"

"Yes, I know."

"Mother said I couldn't keep them because I can't give you anything in return that's worth nearly this much."

So Piper learned the hard way that there is such a thing as "going overboard," even on presents.

There's no better way for young people to learn than by their own mistakes, Mrs. Jacobs believes. That's why she didn't interfere in Piper's first stockmarket venture, even though it had the makings of a complete fiasco.

One evening Piper came home from work, all excited. "I'm going to buy some shares of stock," she announced. "I met a man today who knows all about it. I can't miss. Isn't it wonderful?"

Mrs. Jacobs looked at her husband and back at Piper. She remembered only too well what can happen to stocks—particularly carelessly bought stocks—from 1929.

"Are you going to invest much, dear?"

"Not at first. But the moment I see them climb I'll really go to town. . . ."

Famous last words, thought Mrs. Jacobs but forced herself to say nothing.

Every morning at breakfast, instead of looking at her favorite sections of the paper—the drama page and the news—Piper grabbed the stockmarket report and moved her finger down the column till she found the latest quotations on her new investment. And every morning she looked a little more disappointed until finally, a month later, she admitted, "Maybe I wasn't so smart about it after all. I guess I should have talked to a broker."

When she sold her shares, she took a thirty per cent loss of her money and a much greater loss to her pride. But eventually she realized she had been amply compensated by the lesson she had learned.

Although she doesn't believe in interfering with Piper's life, Mrs. Jacobs draws the line in one respect—when her daughter's health is concerned. Here she speaks up, no matter what the consequences—to the point of denying not only her daughter but some of the most important men in the film industry as well.

Not long ago, Piper returned exhausted from a personal appearance tour. She was run-down and had a temperature above the hundred mark. Mrs. Jacobs insisted she go to bed immediately.

"But I'm supposed to test for a loan-out picture in the morning, Mom," Piper protested. "I don't mind staying in bed this afternoon, but tomorrow . . ."

"But tomorrow you are going to stay right here too!"

Piper didn't argue with her mother, but the studio officials who wanted her for the loan-out did. They sent their own physician to check her health.

"She has a temperature," the doctor agreed, "but she ought to be able to go to work the day after tomorrow."

"Over my dead body," said Mrs. Jacobs.

It was not up to the physician to argue with her, but a couple of hours later Piper was notified that if she didn't report for the test within forty-eight hours, the part wouldn't be held for her.

Although Piper's temperature was down to normal the second morning, Mrs. Jacobs wouldn't let Piper get up. She recalled what had happened two years before, when Piper had talked her mother into letting her fly to Korea in spite of her run-down condition, and how she collapsed upon her return. Mrs. Jacobs was determined not to let this happen again. Piper was going to get a good rest no matter how many opportunities she missed.

The part went to another actress, but Piper—unhappy about it at first—was soon reconciled. She knew her mother would have never stepped into the picture unless it was serious. Besides, by missing the loan-out, she was able to play the lead opposite Rory Calhoun in "Dawn at Socorro"—a really challenging role.

It is still too early to tell, of course, whether or not Mrs. Jacobs' way of raising Piper has been completely successful. But there is little doubt she has succeeded in helping Piper become a popular, happy, healthy girl who is friends with herself and glad to be alive. In addition she has helped Piper become as sure of herself and her own decisions as any girl in Hollywood. Certainly these are some of the most valuable gifts any mother can bestow.

Piper could pay her mother no greater compliment than by her decision—without any pressure on the part of her parents—to live at home. A number of Piper's friends have rosily painted the advantages of "being on her own." None of them could ever completely understand Piper's answer. "But I am on my own already."

THE END

(Continued from page 63)

give the kid the confidence that he needed. Jeff obliged and they got started. Things happen fast in a movie brawl—far faster than in real life sometimes—and after a few seconds it was time for Rock to let go the crushing right to the jaw that would settle things. He took careful aim at a point a fraction of an inch away from Jeff's jaw and swung a tremendous roundhouse all geared to miss.

Only something happened.

Rock missed the miss, and the haymaker scored right on Jeff's chin. Unprepared, Jeff couldn't roll with the punch. He had to take its full force. It threw him back on his heels and he stood stunned for a moment. Then he opened his eyes and stared at Rock.

Rock turned white and a dead hush silenced the sound stage as everyone waited to see what Jeff would do.

After all, Jeff was the star of the picture, and stars aren't supposed to have to take rights to the jaw. Certainly not from kids. Jeff had a right to be furious and everyone thought he would probably have Rock put off the lot, or at the very least thrown out of the picture.

Instead, Jeff burst out laughing and gave Rock a hearty clout on the shoulder. "Not so hard, you big lug, not so hard," he laughed and everyone relaxed. The tension was broken. Everyone joined in laughter and Rock and Jeff went on to create some of the film's best fight scenes.

But Jeff Chandler's laughter wasn't really so amazing, not if you know the man. Rock was a newcomer who had tried too hard and become so nervous he had fluffed, and to Jeff that was that. So he laughed and gave Rock another chance and forgot it.

Which points up a basic characteristic about Jeff Chandler: He likes people and likes to help them. In many ways Jeff should be paid two salaries by Universal-International. In addition to being one of its top stars, he's brother, father, disciplinarian and advisor to most of the youngsters on the lot.

Take for example when the bottom fell out of Lori Nelson's world. She remembers vividly the day she had tested for the small part of the princess in "Against All Flags." She desperately wanted to play the role and was so hopeful of getting it that she was heartbroken to discover it was being given to another actress.

In the commissary she picked at her food and sat there feeling sorry for herself. Then Jeff walked in, saw the hurt in her manner, and made a beeline for her table. He'd been told what had happened and he wasted no time skirting the problem.

"Little one, you have to remember that things always happen for the best somehow. It's not that you weren't good enough for the part. It's just that your personal guardian angel decided you shouldn't do it. When I first started in this business . . ."

And he went on to tell of his own early struggles. By the time he finished, his warmth and genuine interest had made the sun shine through Lori's clouds.

"Wait, little one," he said. "One of these days there'll be a role for a beautiful, vivacious and talented young actress. Then your guardian angel will say yes and you'll get it."

And evidently Jeff knew what he was talking about for eventually Lori got the lead opposite Tony Curtis in "All-American" and the lead opposite Audie Murphy in "Tumbleweed."

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At the time, Piper didn't realize why the youngsters from whom she had shied away so long suddenly showed such an interest in her. Had she been older she might have known that the vast amount of ice cream and cookies provided by her mother had something to do with it. Soon Piper learned to be a hostess for the group. The youngsters had a good time being with Piper, and Piper found she had a wonderful time being with them.

At first Piper was content just to be near her new friends, but Mrs. Jacobs realized that Piper would have to develop more curiosity about people before they could really be her friends—or in fact anything more than mere acquaintances. As Piper grew older, Mrs. Jacobs found a variety of subtle ways—including the example of her own boundless curiosity—to increase Piper's interest in the people she met. And gradually Piper began to forget her shyness until now she has reached the point where one reporter complained that after he had interviewed Piper—she knew more about *him* than he about *her*!

With the beginning of Piper's career,

a whole new set of problems arose, the most recent of which nearly broke into headlines.

When Piper had been a minor, an agent talked her mother into signing, as Piper's guardian, a contract with him which would assure him ten per cent of Piper's earnings. Because both Piper and Mrs. Jacobs were dissatisfied with his work, however, Mrs. Jacobs engaged another agent for her daughter.

Recently, the original agent threatened to sue Mrs. Jacobs for "breach of contract"—unless the matter could be settled out of court. A law suit, no matter what the outcome, would have been lengthy, costly, bad publicity and indecisive as long as appeals were being filed by either party at higher courts.

Having been a minor when the contract was signed, Piper could have denied any personal responsibility for the contract. Instead, she insisted "this whole case concerns and affects me," took it out of her mother's hands and assumed responsibility for the contract. By doing this, Piper left herself open to serious legal action, but before she was finished, the matter was settled out of court to her satisfaction...

Always of major concern to Mrs. Jacobs has been Piper's extravagance in spending money—on others.

When still in grammar school, Piper went into the "newspaper business" with her sister Sherrye. Their efforts were restricted to buying the early edition of the Sunday paper on Saturday afternoon, selecting what they thought were the most interesting items, cutting them down to about half the size, mimeographing and selling them up and down the neighborhood for a penny a piece.

Piper's share of the net earnings seldom exceeded a dollar a week. Yet after the first month, she bought her mother a brooch which cost four dollars. At first Mrs. Jacobs didn't want to accept it, urging her daughter to put aside the money for her future. But Piper was so insistent that her mother—not wanting to hurt her feelings—had no choice but keep it.

This was only one of many such incidents, with Piper's expenditures for presents climbing right along with her income. Mrs. Jacobs feared that if this trend continued, no matter how big her earnings, Piper would never be able to save anything. Luckily, help came from an unexpected source, but again Piper had to learn her lesson the hard way.

Last Christmas Piper gave a small pearl pin to a friend from high-school days. The girl was delighted with it, but the next morning she brought it back to Piper with tears of disappointment in her eyes. "I'm sorry, but I can't accept it," she said seriously.

"But why?"

"The pearls . . . they're real!"

"Yes, I know."

"Mother said I couldn't keep them because I can't give you anything in return that's worth nearly this much."

So Piper learned the hard way that there is such a thing as "going overboard," even on presents.

There's no better way for young people to learn than by their own mistakes, Mrs. Jacobs believes. That's why she didn't interfere in Piper's first stockmarket venture, even though it had the makings of a complete fiasco.

One evening Piper came home from work, all excited. "I'm going to buy some shares of stock," she announced. "I met a man today who knows all about it. I can't miss. Isn't it wonderful?"

Mrs. Jacobs looked at her husband and back at Piper. She remembered only too well what can happen to stocks—particularly carelessly bought stocks—from 1929.

"Are you going to invest much, dear?"

"Not at first. But the moment I see them climb I'll really go to town. . . ."

Famous last words, thought Mrs. Jacobs but forced herself to say nothing.

Every morning at breakfast, instead of looking at her favorite sections of the paper—the drama page and the news—Piper grabbed the stockmarket report and moved her finger down the column till she found the latest quotations on her new investment. And every morning she looked a little more disappointed until finally, a month later, she admitted, "Maybe I wasn't so smart about it after all. I guess I should have talked to a broker."

When she sold her shares, she took a thirty per cent loss of her money and a much greater loss to her pride. But eventually she realized she had been amply compensated by the lesson she had learned.

Although she doesn't believe in interfering with Piper's life, Mrs. Jacobs draws the line in one respect—when her daughter's health is concerned. Here she speaks up, no matter what the consequences—to the point of denying not only her daughter but some of the most important men in the film industry as well.

Not long ago, Piper returned exhausted from a personal appearance tour. She was run down and had a temperature above the hundred mark. Mrs. Jacobs insisted she go to bed immediately.

"But I'm supposed to test for a loan-out picture in the morning, Mom," Piper protested. "I don't mind staying in bed this afternoon, but tomorrow . . ."

"But tomorrow you are going to stay right here too!"

Piper didn't argue with her mother, but the studio officials who wanted her for the loan-out did. They sent their own physician to check her health.

"She has a temperature," the doctor agreed, "but she ought to be able to go to work the day after tomorrow."

"Over my dead body," said Mrs. Jacobs.

It was not up to the physician to argue with her, but a couple of hours later Piper was notified that if she didn't report for the test within forty-eight hours, the part wouldn't be held for her.

Although Piper's temperature was down to normal the second morning, Mrs. Jacobs wouldn't let Piper get up. She recalled what had happened two years before, when Piper had talked her mother into letting her fly to Korea in spite of her run-down condition, and how she collapsed upon her return. Mrs. Jacobs was determined not to let this happen again. Piper was going to get a good rest no matter how many opportunities she missed.

The part went to another actress, but Piper—unhappy about it at first—was soon reconciled. She knew her mother would have never stepped into the picture unless it was serious. Besides, by missing the loan-out, she was able to play the lead opposite Rory Calhoun in "Dawn at Socorro"—a really challenging role.

It is still too early to tell, of course, whether or not Mrs. Jacobs' way of raising Piper has been completely successful. But there is little doubt she has succeeded in helping Piper become a popular, happy, healthy girl who is friends with herself and glad to be alive. In addition she has helped Piper become as sure of herself and her own decisions as any girl in Hollywood. Certainly these are some of the most valuable gifts any mother can bestow.

Piper could pay her mother no greater compliment than by her decision—without any pressure on the part of her parents—to live at home. A number of Piper's friends have rosily painted the advantages of "being on her own." None of them could ever completely understand Piper's answer. "But I am on my own already."

THE END

Giant Heart

(Continued from page 63)

give the kid the confidence that he needed. Jeff obliged and they got started. Things happen fast in a movie brawl—far faster than in real life sometimes—and after a few seconds it was time for Rock to let go the crushing right to the jaw that would settle things. He took careful aim at a point a fraction of an inch away from Jeff's jaw and swung a tremendous roundhouse all geared to miss.

Only something happened.

Rock missed the miss, and the haymaker scored right on Jeff's chin. Unprepared, Jeff couldn't roll with the punch. He had to take its full force. It threw him back on his heels and he stood stunned for a moment. Then he opened his eyes and stared at Rock.

Rock turned white and a dead hush silenced the sound stage as everyone waited to see what Jeff would do.

After all, Jeff was the star of the picture, and stars aren't supposed to have to take rights to the jaw. Certainly not from kids. Jeff had a right to be furious and everyone thought he would probably have Rock put off the lot, or at the very least thrown out of the picture.

Instead, Jeff burst out laughing and gave Rock a hearty clout on the shoulder. "Not so hard, you big lug, not so hard," he laughed and everyone relaxed. The tension was broken. Everyone joined in laughter and Rock and Jeff went on to create some of the film's best fight scenes.

But Jeff Chandler's laughter wasn't really so amazing, not if you know the man. Rock was a newcomer who had tried too hard and become so nervous he had fluffed, and to Jeff that was that. So he laughed and gave Rock another chance and forgot it.

Which points up a basic characteristic about Jeff Chandler: He likes people and likes to help them. In many ways Jeff should be paid two salaries by Universal-International. In addition to being one of its top stars, he's brother, father, disciplinarian and advisor to most of the youngsters on the lot.

Take for example when the bottom fell out of Lori Nelson's world. She remembers vividly the day she had tested for the small part of the princess in "Against All Flags." She desperately wanted to play the role and was so hopeful of getting it that she was heartbroken to discover it was being given to another actress.

In the commissary she picked at her food and sat there feeling sorry for herself. Then Jeff walked in, saw the hurt in her manner, and made a beeline for her table. He'd been told what had happened and he wasted no time skirting the problem.

"Little one, you have to remember that things always happen for the best somehow. It's not that you weren't good enough for the part. It's just that your personal guardian angel decided you shouldn't do it. When I first started in this business . . ."

And he went on to tell of his own early struggles. By the time he finished, his warmth and genuine interest had made the sun shine through Lori's clouds.

"Wait, little one," he said. "One of these days there'll be a role for a beautiful, vivacious and talented young actress. Then your guardian angel will say yes and you'll get it."

And evidently Jeff knew what he was talking about for eventually Lori got the lead opposite Tony Curtis in "All-American" and the lead opposite Audie Murphy in "Tumbleweed."

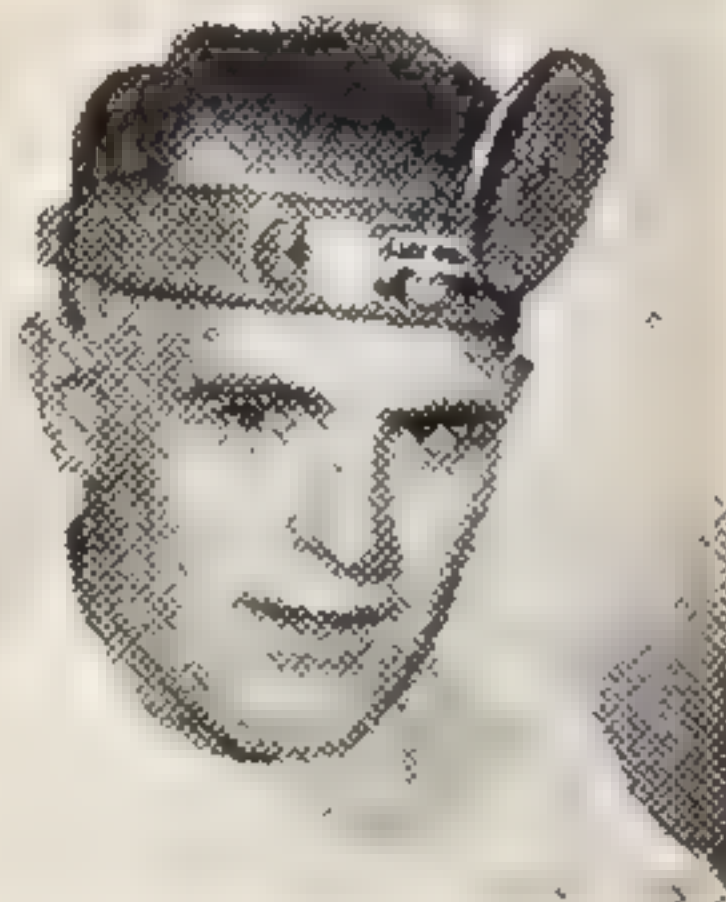
It doesn't take much, usually, just an unexpected little shove in the right direction to help a newcomer over the hump. Unexpected, because Hollywood has a



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caste system like any other town or pro-
fession. Around here, it's easier for a cat
to look at a movie queen than for a new-
comer to do the same.

For example, when Christiane Martel
came to Hollywood from France and won
the Miss Universe contest, Jeff took her
under his wing and introduced her around
the studio commissary to friends of his,
who made her feel more at home in this
strange, bewildering town.

Most big stars claim they are just too
busy to be bothered with the struggling
young newcomers, much less give them
any advice. The stars have scripts to read,
personal-appearance tours to make, mail
to read and answer, their own lives to
lead—not to mention their primary busi-
ness of making movies—and it's all too
easy to fend off the questions of the eager
young players with the excuse they just
haven't the time to spare. And of course,
there is always the thought in the back of
the star's mind: "Will this kid some day
start getting the roles I want?"

Jeff reacts just the opposite to the fear
of competition.

A few days after the almost-disastrous
fight scene, Rock Hudson was doing an-
other scene in "The Iron Man," this time
with Jim Backus. Jeff wasn't in this scene,
but he stayed on the set to watch, and,
unknowingly, to give Rock the biggest
morale boost he's ever had. When the
scene was over, Jeff, a big hunk of a man
and not generally prone to show his emo-
tions, was almost in tears.

"That was one of the most moving scenes
I've ever watched," he told Rock. And if
you don't think *that* was an extraordinary
compliment, stop to think about it.

This business of making magic out of
film and lights and words and personali-
ties is in some ways just like any other
business. A man does what he can to get
ahead, and does what he has to do to pro-
tect himself from competition. And this
scene of Rock's was certainly competition.

From a purely business point of view,
Jeff felt it was smart to have another actor
do a good job. The scene was excellent and
it would help the picture, and since this
was Jeff's picture, anything that helped it
was bound to help Jeff. And from a per-
sonal point of view, it never occurred to
Jeff to act otherwise. He's been the big
brother of just about every youngster on
the U-I lot, and it makes him feel good
when one of them gets a chance to hit the
top and shows he can live up to Jeff's ex-
pectations.

Jeff has done the same thing dozens of
times before. Even as a newcomer at U-I,
when he shared a dressing room with Tony
Curtis, he accomplished something that's
made Janet say a special little prayer for
him ever since.

Whenever Jeff entered their dressing
room, he had to wade through a welter of
Tony's shoes, slacks, tennis racquets and
just about everything Tony owned. A pair
of swim trunks would be draped over the
doorknob. A shirt was often covering half
of the mirror. A pair of shoes had been
thrown into the chair where people were
supposed to sit. The rest of Tony's things
would be on the floor.

Now Jeff likes things clean and knows
that to be clean they have to be neat. So
he started in on Tony—gently. The first
time he entered the dressing room, he
chuckled at the confusion.

"Are you having a rummage sale?"

"What do you mean?" asked Tony.

"Looks like a big auction going on.
Everything out for display. Give you a
dime for the shirt hanging over there."

That had some effect, but not enough. So
the next day Jeff continued needling Tony.

"Now I know where they got the phrase
about a regiment passing through."

Tony looked up innocently. "Where?"

"Somebody saw a dressing room after
you'd hit it. One man couldn't possibly
make this much confusion."

And eventually, little by little, Tony got
into the habit of putting things away. The
first time he just took the shirt from the
table. The second time the shoes went into
the closet where they belonged, and after
a while he began keeping the place as
neat as a pin.

The easy friendship of Tony and Jeff
may have its roots in the fact that "we
guys from New York got to stick together."
Tony's from the Bronx, Jeff from Brook-
lyn. Both have had their fling at Broad-
way, but they didn't meet until after they
got to California. Tony was already re-
ceiving the star build-up at U-I when Jeff
arrived, but so far he hadn't had the parts
he needed to become a real star, and he
looked up to Jeff considerably.

Jeff had been brought in to play *Kurta*
in "Sword in the Desert."

Tony admired Jeff as an actor and liked
him as a person. Jeff, on his side, liked this
kid with the big ambition and encouraged
him in his desire to become a better actor.
A strong feeling of camaraderie developed
and between shooting they spent a lot of
time in their dressing room talking.

The kind of talk that unravels problems,
pounds out snags, creates new ideas and
gives words to hopes. And out of it came
mutual interests. Jeff has written a couple
of screen plays that are tailor-made for
Tony, and he hopes the studio will produce
them some day.

In the meantime, Jeff never forgets the
days when he, too, needed a helping hand,
when he was just getting started and
needed advice and understanding. Those
were the days when he was struggling
along in radio in New York City, and out
of those often lean days came an appre-
ciation for people that has aided him ever
since. When he needed help, it was given,
and he is following the same example now
he's in a position to pass that help along.

And Jeff can well remember when the
going was rough. But somehow there al-
ways seemed to be someone to give the
little push he needed. There was the direc-
tor of "Lux Radio Theatre" who came
through with a part whenever he could
and lifted Jeff out of the financial and
spiritual dumps, for example. And the
people who helped him get the lead in "Dr.
Dana," followed by the role of biology
teacher *Philip Boynton* in "Our Miss
Brooks," starring Eve Arden. In fact, it was
through Jeff's radio work for Dick Powell
on "Rogue's Gallery" that a try at the
movies was first brought up.

Dick asked Jeff if he wanted to go to
Hollywood.

"Who, *me*?" asked Jeff, slightly bewil-
dered, since the idea had never occurred
to him.

Dick suggested Jeff go down to Columbia
and look around, and the result was a part
in "Johnny O'Clock."

Later, when Jeff was to test for the part
of Cochise in "Broken Arrow" on loanout
to Twentieth, Jimmy Stewart insisted on
making the test with him so that every
possible factor would be aiding Jeff.

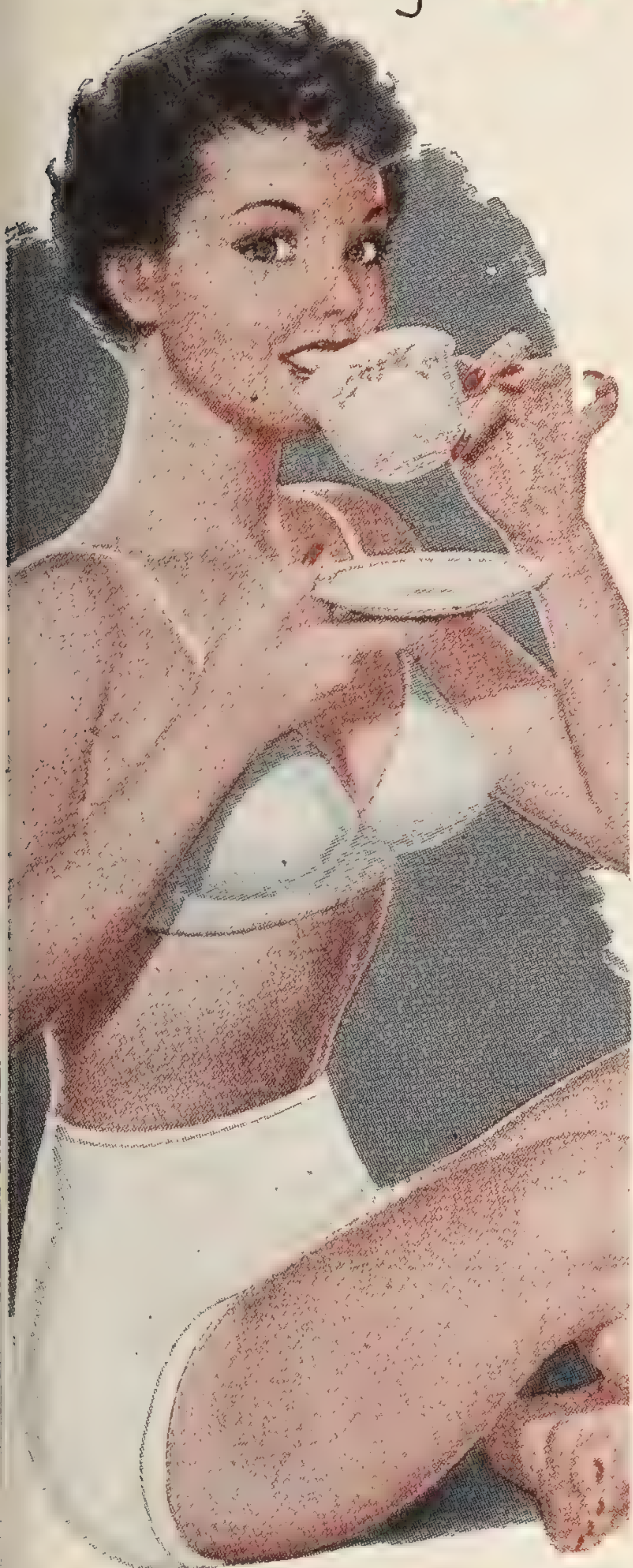
Jeff cannot forget these boosts.

And not forgetting is so much a part of
him that he always remembers what a
word or a pat on the back can do for some-
one else.

Say these things to Jeff himself and he'll
only laugh that big laugh of his and an-
swer, "If I lent any of these kids a helping
hand, maybe I did it for ulterior motives.
I may need a job some day and one of
them will ask for me."

THE END

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Mysterious Miss Peters

(Continued from page 51)

An apt and descriptive title it would have been, too, for ever since Jean first came to Hollywood, some eight years ago, she has been a surprising girl, something of a mystery to her colleagues. She didn't date the Bachelor List or, for that matter, anyone at all as far as anyone knew. She wasn't seen at night clubs, premieres, or Hollywood parties. She didn't pal around with other young actresses. She didn't, in short, run with the pack. She lived, as if immured, in her house in the Hollywood Hills, first with her aunt, then shared on weekends by her young sister, Jody, who attends Scripps College.

There were rumors: She was carrying a great big torch for someone in the background of her life. She was a recluse by nature, one of these deep 'uns, a latter-day Garbo. She is of Welsh descent and aren't the Welsh inclined to be withdrawn, a bit on the dour side? She'd become a movie actress quite by accident, having been working hard for a teacher's degree at Ohio State University just before she won a contest that entitled her to a screen test at 20th Century-Fox—perhaps the schoolteacher in her still superseded the star? She *read*, they said, and there were books all over her house. Even on the floor. She painted china. She *sewed*. Has a sewing machine, by gum, and makes her own clothes!

Last year the Surprise Girl surprised everyone by going to the premiere of "Prince Valiant" with the picture's star, Bob Wagner, and to a party at Romanoff's afterwards. "And I even danced," Jean laughs. "I danced with Bob and found he is the only boy of my acquaintance I *can* dance with because I lead. But Bobby, a very relaxed dancer—is a 'handkerchief dancer,' meaning he dances on one square of the floor—managed to relax me sufficiently so he could take the lead! Suddenly, after that evening, everyone thought I was going to blossom forth into a nightclub queen! 'Jean Peters,' they said, 'is going into reverse!'"

When she didn't—and she definitely didn't—the rumors began again.

Then, suddenly came a genuine bolt from the blue May sky with the news of the Surprise Girl's surprise marriage, whereupon Hollywood's winged eyebrows arched, making like a question mark.

But who is he? Hollywood wanted to know. When, where, how did she meet him? And how is it we didn't know? Or even suspect? How is it that Jean's own studio, 20th Century-Fox, was as surprised as anyone. Was everyone napping?

Yes, as Jean with a flash of mischief in her green eyes makes clear, they were. And not because she tried to pull the wool over any eyes, either. As a matter of fact, she didn't even try, which is both amusing and instructive.

Freshly returned from her honeymoon and at home with her husband in Washington, Jean, not without relish, told me the story:

"We met in Rome a year ago August when I was there making 'Three Coins in the Fountain.' We met just as we were both leaving Rome, over the customs counter at the airport. There had been a mix-up in our luggage. Stuart was going to Paris and I was heading back to Hollywood—my things had been routed to his address in Paris and his things to me in Hollywood. That has a strange significance, don't you think? As a result of this confusion, we had to wait for fifteen or twenty minutes during which we made conversation, the conventional chit chat between strangers thrown together in a public

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place. You know how those things are.”
“‘How long,’ he asked, ‘have you been in Rome?’”
“‘Oh,’ I said, ‘a month or more.’”
“‘What were you doing here?’”
“‘Working.’”
“‘With some company, or, er—?’”
“‘Yes, with a motion-picture company.’”
“‘What do you do with your company?’”
“‘I am an actress.’”
“‘Should I know you?’”
“‘I don’t know,’ I laughed, ‘whether you should or not!’”

“Then something clicked. ‘Jean Peters,’ he said, ‘Captain from Castile,’” and added, ‘I didn’t think of you as being an actress because you don’t act like one.’”

“From Paris he was going to Texas, he said, and Texas and Hollywood were not too far apart. And finally the tangled luggage was untangled and we said Goodbye and Happy Landing and went our ways. I didn’t give a second thought to whether or not we’d ever meet again. Meaning that just as he did not recognize me, as Jean Peters, actress, neither did I recognize him as my future husband. It was definitely not, in other words, ‘Love at first sight.’ He is tall and blond, with blue eyes and I assume there must have been an attraction of personalities. But I didn’t realize it at the time, not at all.”

“Then, some weeks later, he called me from Texas and came on up to Hollywood. I took him to the studio and we made the Grand Tour. After that, he came up several times, many times (ours was quite a long courtship) and we’d almost always go out, to Ciro’s, to the Mocambo. Once Stuart visited me on the set of ‘Apache,’ which I was making with Burt Lancaster. We didn’t try to keep it quiet. We dated often, and openly, never thinking about being seen together or what anyone would think. This is why, I suspect, no one even noticed us!”

“I never introduced Stuart to the publicity department or to any member of the press, it’s true. But I would have done so had the occasion arisen. And because I never talk about very personal and private matters, I didn’t talk about Stuart and me. To anyone. Not even to my most personal friends. They met him, of course, and often, at my house. They may have suspected our plans. But they didn’t hear about them from me because I didn’t want to burden any of my friends with keeping a secret.”

“And the wedding? It *had* to be a secret,” Jean said. “We had to be married quietly because Stuart has so many friends in his home town of Charlotte, North Carolina—I’m the same on the West Coast—that a big hoop-de-la either place would have resulted in an invitation-to-the-wedding wedding. Which was something neither of us wanted.”

“Stuart, who is a business man (in the oil-drilling business, although not, as reported, an ‘oil millionaire’) would have hated the publicity of a ‘movie marriage.’ And I would have found it equally distasteful.”

“Not,” Jean laughed, “that I am withdrawn, a recluse as I’ve been tagged. I’ve always dated. Once, in college, I was almost engaged to a pre-med student. Used to go to autopsies with him. I was a little squeamish at first but after a whole semester, I got used to it. That attachment didn’t work out, however. I was a bit of a hypochondriac and he wouldn’t pay any attention to my ‘symptoms.’”

“In Hollywood I always dated, too, but not very often with the people who make the columns. Had a close little group of friends, none of them—with the exception of Casey Adams—in the movie business and I stayed within my own little group. This had nothing to do with Hollywood

or the people there because, at school and in college, I always managed to get in a close little group and stay there. Like it that way.”

“Also, I have Interests! Pride myself on my ability to work with my hands. Can lay stone, plaster walls, repair broken furniture. When I first came to Hollywood, I had a lot of free time and the landlady of the house I then rented in Beverly Hills used to let me lay flagstone paths. That’s how Joe Cotten and I became friends. He loves to build walls. Whenever he’s tense, Joe buys tons of picture stone and builds himself a wall! Very relaxing.”

“I don’t play tennis and I don’t play golf. Or rather, I *didn’t* play golf, although I will because Stuart is a fine golfer. But I swim and I like to walk. Miles. But if you walk in California they think you’re crazy. Seriously. One day Richard Burton was walking along a bridle path in Beverly Hills when the police stopped him. ‘Got your walking pass?’ they wanted to know!”

“I also have Hobbies! It’s quite true,” Jean laughed, “that I read, sew, paint china and so on. My garage in Hollywood is filled with all my hobby equipment—my china-painting apparatus, which is quite involved. Ceramics, too, which require a kiln. In the house are all my books, hundreds and hundreds of them (I am something of a bookworm), my records, two sewing machines and over a hundred yards of material for dresses. Every time I go into a store and see something I like I say, ‘Oh, I want to make that up!’ So I buy a ‘remnant’ of anywhere from two to twenty yards. Far from giving up my hobbies, I am having one of my sewing machines shipped to me now, here in Washington. I hope it is on its way this very minute! The rest of my equipment will follow as soon as we know, for sure, where we are going to make our permanent home. This can’t be decided, however, until my husband, who may quit the oil business, decides what he is going to do and where he is going to do it. Meantime, I’ve given up my rented house and shipped virtually all of my belongings to my mother’s home in East Canton, Ohio.”

“Not that breaking up the Hollywood house was much of an ordeal. If Stuart judged me by that house he must have taken a pretty dim view of me as a housewife!” Jean laughed. “I’ve been sort of a workhorse these last two years, so many pictures that when I rented this house, unfurnished, last October, I didn’t have time to furnish or to fix! In the living room were two couches and a rug. The draperies, white silk shantung, were up, but the hems were not! Books were piled on the floor, records were piled under lamps. And later on Stuart started taking up the slack of what little time I had so that nothing beyond the items mentioned ever did get done!”

“Interests and hobbies, however engrossing they may be, do not stand in the way of a girl dating or romancing if she is so disposed. I was inclined,” Jean grinned, “to be indisposed! To me, an interesting date is an interesting person and I wasn’t particularly interested in any particular person. I never did believe in going out just for the sake of going out. Loathe that business of having dates that melt into the kind of sitting-at-cocktail bars-having-dinner routine instead of going to the theatre, concert, driving some place new, adventuring—a date with a purpose is the only kind of date that appealed to me.”

“Perhaps I would have been more susceptible had I been a sentimentalist. I am not a sentimentalist. Give me that ‘Let’s go to the place we went the first time we met’ and I think, *Oh, no!* It’s all right to think, but don’t say it!”

"I am completely cold-blooded. Some years ago I started to keep a diary so that in my old age I might look at it, recall what I'd done, when and with whom. I took a quick look at Dear Diary one day some months ago—and burned it.

"Actually, I was wary of marriage. Doubtful that you can mix marriage and a movie career. I've been on dates and, because I was a movie actress, ruined the whole party because everyone kept asking, 'Does Lana Turner really . . .?' 'Is Marilyn Monroe going to . . .?' and so on. As the result I turned out to be Miss Question and Answer and no one else was able to get a word in edgewise. I like to talk and rave on and on, which is all very well in a movie group. But for a husband who is not in the business to be part of that—uh-uh!

"Or when I'm asked, as I often am, about the men I work with in pictures—for instance, 'When you were making "Viva Zapata!" with Marlon Brando, how did it feel,' a date once asked me, 'when he kissed you?'

"*'Delightful,'* said I.

"Very funny, but pretty rugged, I remember thinking at the time, if you had to come home every night and tell your husband about being kissed by Marlon Brando and other romantic young actors!

"Not that I am so wedded to motion pictures as a career that I wouldn't give them up for marriage. I'm not an ambitious person—not for any one thing, other than to spend each day as happily as I can, and without frustration. I could be happy doing anything worthwhile. I think you are always happy doing anything which you are doing well, and in pictures I am, know, improving. Because of this, I feel more at ease in pictures than I ever did and within the past couple of years have

developed a more lively interest in them than I ever had before.

"Even so, I'm not screaming 'I want to be another Duse!' Very few of those! I think if I had been a *great* actress, I would have known it long ago. Maybe you can become one by devoting every day and every thought to your career but this I am not prepared to do.

"I always wanted to marry happily. I never wanted to just marry, period," Jean shrugged. "And I haven't.

"I married a pretty wonderful man who has all the qualities I've always wanted my husband to have. He's kind and gentle and thoughtful and—if need be—forceful and most important, I feel we have a solid foundation for marriage.

"I still think that mixing marriage and a movie career is a tough thing to do, but not as tough as I'd imagined it would be. Because whereas I'd always supposed that what you have to do is decide which is the more important—you *don't* have to. The decision, in a happy marriage, is made for you. In short, there *isn't* any. I've found this out," the bride said, eyes alight, "in just a few short weeks.

"You don't have to decide where you want to live. You can't say, for instance, that you want to live in Hollywood (we do not intend to set up a home there) if your husband's work is elsewhere. You simply go where he goes, live where he works. It's as simple as that.

"I intend to continue work (not right at the moment, happily, since the studio hasn't a picture for me) because it is an important part of my life *and* because my husband has no objection to my doing so; is interested, in fact, in my career. The career will depend, however, on his wishes and reactions. If, for instance, a picture should come up for me that my husband,

for some very good reason, objected to my doing, I would not do it. What a man's wife does is very important to a man, and should be.

"As for a husband's reaction to his wife playing love scenes with attractive actors, this is something every married actress has to face, I suspect, and, if she is clever, can handle simply by making sure her husband understands the whole thing is within the framework of her work and that she is not swayed by the scene, or by the actor after the scene is done. I have never been.

"And I'm certainly glad of that," Jean added softly. "I wouldn't want anything to happen that might eventually come between us. And I'm quietly determined nothing will. Right as we were being married I made that promise to myself.

"It was such a beautiful ceremony. We went to Bermuda on the first lap of our honeymoon and basked in the sun for a few days. Then, part two, we toured by car through the Smoky Mountains and stopped off for two days at 'Cloudcroft,' which is the Cramers' summer home in Linville, North Carolina.

"Then we continued our tour of the Smokies until we got to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Stuart's family has large textile interests, as well as part ownership of a newspaper. There, in their beautiful town house, Stuart's mother gave a tea dance for us before we came home. Home for the present, at any rate, here in Washington!

"A formal house, as you can see," Jean said, gesturing. "Red brick with white trim, two porches hanging over the lovely little garden. And Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Cramer III very much and very, very happily 'At Home.'"

THE END

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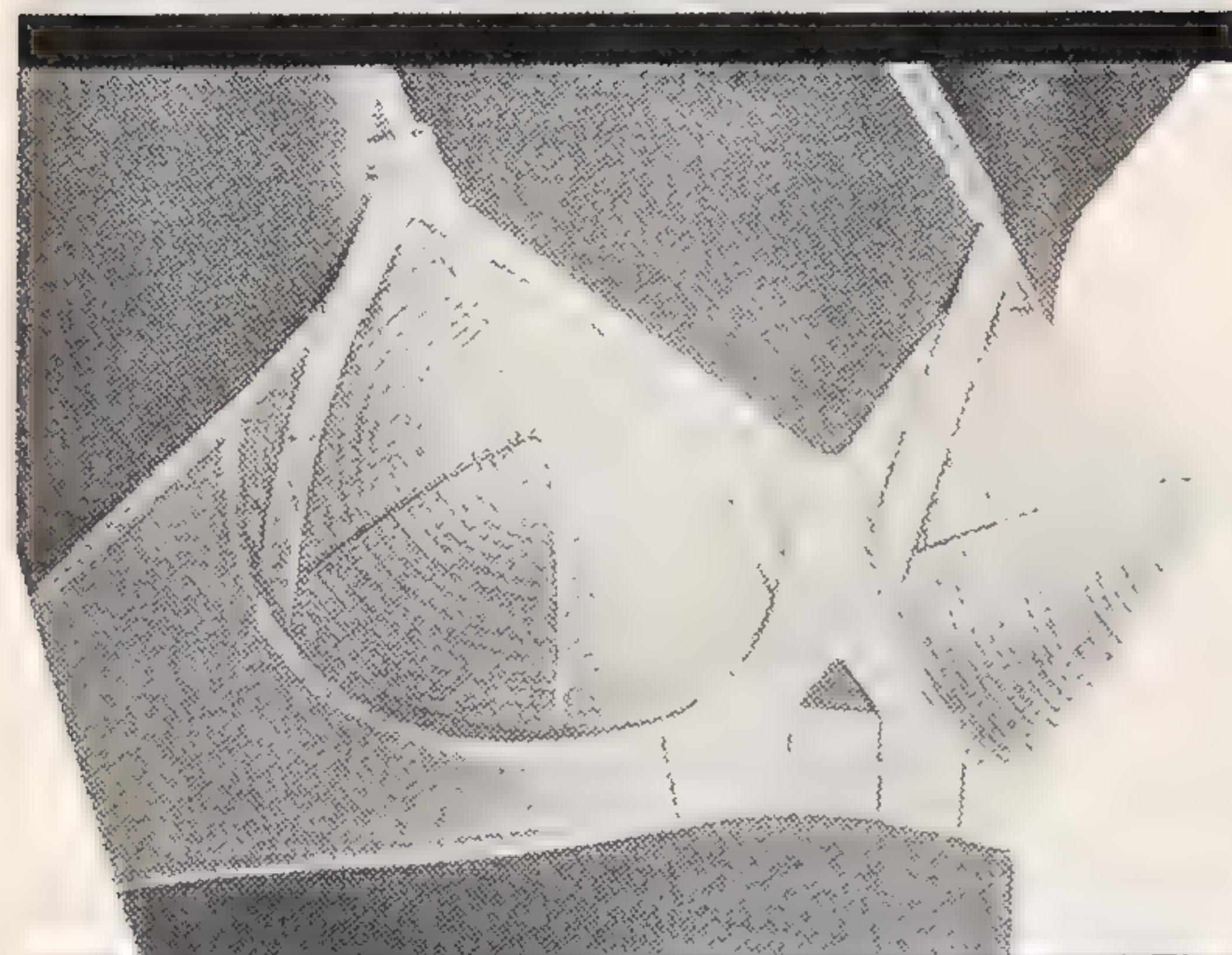
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(Continued from page 65)

laugh again. I put the tadpoles on Pete's dresser and welcomed them to the Ford family.

I may be prejudiced, but I'd rather belong to this family than to any other in the world. However, that is obviously *not* because Glenn sweeps me into his arms each night, battering in the front of the house before he does it.

He's more likely to sneak in the kitchen door because he's hiding a garter snake for Pete inside a cracker box. He's more likely to limp through the hall, grin sheepishly, and say that a horse stepped on his foot. Since he won't let a stunt man do his movie stunts, he's more likely to crawl into bed with an ice pack and an aspirin because somebody made a mistake and banged him across the skull in a fight scene.

The funny thing is that I can remember when he did batter down a wall for me—a wall of rocks. He worked two hours in the moonlight so that we could walk the beach on the other side.

But the Glenn Ford who tore apart a barricade of rocks was not the same man that I love and am married to today. And the Ellie Ford who sat on the sand and watched was not the same wife and mother he shares his life with now. We had been married two weeks that moonlit night, but we were not yet a marriage. And I wouldn't be honest if I didn't admit that if right then we could have foreseen all the agonies of growing up and learning what we would have to go through before we actually did become a marriage and a family, we would probably have kissed each other politely and said goodbye forever right then.

Luckily we couldn't see anything but the moon and the stars that night. Luckily, because today we actually are the grown-up married people we thought we were then, a thousand problems behind us and our marriage stronger for each one we solved—stronger, but still not yet perfect.

Some day, someone's going to give birth to a perfect husband. And if, at the same time, someone else gives birth to a perfect wife and the two grow up, meet and get married, there will be a perfect marriage. Until that time, even the best marriages won't be perfect. Until that day, young couples will have to love along from problem to problem—like Glenn and I did—and hammer together a stronger marriage with every problem they solve—like Glenn and I did.

I think that building a marriage is something like building a house. Like a house, it can be built in any of a hundred different styles, each style right for different people. And like a house, the foundations must be firm and steady or all the walls will tumble down around your ears in the first thunderstorm. Once the foundation is secure, the rest may be changed—to add new rooms for each child, to enclose a patio or dig a swimming pool—until you have built just what you have always wanted.

In every marriage the first year is the time for laying foundations. It is a difficult time for every young husband who must discover that his wife demands his help with the dishes and for every young wife who has to learn that her husband demands a three-course meal for breakfast while she can't stand to look at food before noon.

If you are a movie star, that first year can be even more difficult because you are not allowed to fumble through your problems privately by yourself. Every slight quarrel seems to become public

property. Our problems came early, carried up to us on the tips of other people's tongues.

"Are you really going to marry Glenn Ford?" my friends asked. "You're one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, and he's still an up-and-coming actor. He may never be a star. If he isn't—what will happen to your marriage?"

I smiled at them and listened to my own heart, which told me more about Glenn's sincerity and honesty and determination than they would ever guess. I was quite sure that Glenn would become a star. I was sure of this because of a story that Glenn told about himself.

There was a riding stable near his house, and when he was twelve years old he wanted desperately to learn how to ride. So he pestered the stable owner into a bargain. Young Mr. Ford would clean the stables every day if the owner would promise him free lessons and free rides.

"Fine," the man said. "Just be here at five tomorrow morning." The owner had taken care of many a horse-smitten boy the same way. He expected Glenn to last—like the others had—three or four days.

At the end of three months, Glenn was still cleaning out the stables before breakfast. At the end of four months, he had learned to ride well enough that he was promoted to guide. I was sure that nobody with Glenn's determination could fail in anything.

"You're crazy to marry Eleanor Powell," his friends said. "She's got a portable dance floor and a fat M-G-M contract. She probably won't even take time off from her dancing to have kids. Your marriage won't last six months."

So—ten years ago—we got married. I was still dancing my way through picture after picture, and Glenn was still on the edge of success. Unfortunately, the edge of success like the edge of a cliff is a slippery place, and Glenn met his share of avalanches and rock slides. He bore them as well as possible, cheerfully letting the rocks bounce off his head. But we were two human beings with two sets of fraying emotions. I doubt if anyone would believe me if I said that we had never had a quarrel. Even the best of builders, planning a house, are likely to argue about the shape of the garage or be pointedly polite to each other after they have disagreed about the sub-flooring.

But mostly Glenn and I laughed and ceremoniously drowned our difficulties in a bucket of understanding. Pride and other bugaboos are pretty hard things to drown, but we succeeded more often than we failed and our marriage was the stronger for each success.

At the end of a year Glenn was firmly on his way, and I was able to do what I had always wanted—retire and have a baby. Now, if this had happened in the movies, that would have been the end of our story and we would have lived happily ever after.

Instead, that was only the beginning. Almost immediately I found I had lost my husband—lost him, that is, to South America, Australia, Montana and Scotland. Being a new star seemed to mean making pictures in jungles, canyons, deserts and abandoned caves.

Peter and I waved Glenn off at the airport and picked him up at the airport. It was hard on me, but it was worse for Pete. Glenn had no time to learn how to change diapers. He wasn't home long enough to take Pete swimming or to give him the roughhousing and piggyback rides every boy needs from his father.

Finally, one summer afternoon when

Peter was three, Glenn came home, bearded and dusty, from Montana. When he reached down to pick Peter up, Peter pulled away and buried his face against my dress.

Glenn and I looked at each other, stunned.

That night, we became a family. After Peter fell asleep, Glenn and I sat in the darkened living room and talked. We talked about our dreams and the way those dreams centered around Peter. We talked about the qualities we wanted Peter to have and the man we hoped he would become.

Glenn's hard work had been for a house that we hoped to build ourselves and for an acre of land around it. But Peter needed Glenn more than he needed a white colonial house. We realized that this one dream would have to be postponed. We would have to roll up our sleeves together and fight for our family.

The rest of that year belonged to no one but Peter. Glenn took him to the zoo for the first time. Sitting happily in front of Glenn, he rode his first horse. Summer days we spent at the beach. Autumn nights Glenn tucked Peter into bed, told him stories about his magic gumdrop tree and the little man who lives in the radio and coughs every time you turn the radio on and wakes him up and helped Peter say his prayers.

Late in the fall we took our dream out of its pigeonhole, dusted it and decided we would have to do something drastic. We did—something that opened our marriage to rumors and sly whispers and items in the gossip columns. I unpacked my dance floor and brushed the lint off my dancing shoes. Night clubs in the east had been asking me to dance. I would dance my shoes off for them, and in three months,

I could contribute my share of our dream.

This time, my career was easier for Glenn and me. We laughed at the rumors and at the friends who murmured, "I understand, dear. I'm so sorry." Peter and his dad made great plans for those three months, and his dad understood that I wanted to contribute to our dream, to have some share in it. We were a family now, not just two people in love.

So we got our house and our acre—in fact, three acres—of land in the canyons north of Beverly Hills, and we live there still. The younger movie-goers don't know that there ever was a star named Eleanor Powell and don't know there ever was a time when there *wasn't* a movie star named Glenn Ford.

But the two-story white farmhouse doesn't belong to a movie star. It belongs to a family—a family that gets starved at 6:30 in the evening and spends its Sunday mornings in church and its Sunday afternoons hammering and sawing at things around the yard.

Like every family, our biggest problem now is what to teach and how to raise our child. That summer afternoon when Peter was three, Glenn and I realized what an enormous responsibility we, like every parent, have. And, frankly, we were scared. We both had seen how easy it is for the son of a movie star to be spoiled. Teachers spoil him, playmates envy him, grownups pet him, until finally he learns to use his father as a weapon to get whatever he wants.

So we have tried to unimpress Peter. He goes to public school and boys' club, and he's only been taken to two of Glenn's movies, both Westerns. When he was younger, he was sure that Glenn was just a cowboy. Glenn would come down for breakfast dressed in old khaki pants

and cowboy boots. Before he left for the studio, he'd pretend to call the stables to see if "White Star" was fit for roping cattle. If Glenn had a love scene with Rita Hayworth that morning, he'd change clothes in the car. Later, when Peter's friends had informed him who Glenn Ford was, Glenn started taking Peter to the sets to show him acting is hard work.

I'm pretty sure that Peter is unimpressed. A few months ago, he and I were fishing at the Santa Monica pier. Another little boy was fishing beside us, and in a few minutes Peter and the boy were solemnly discussing worms and flies.

They had split a bottle of pop and were sharing hot dogs when the other boy saw Roy Rogers.

"Gee," the boy said. "Wouldn't you like to have him for your dad?"

I waited to see what Pete would say.

Pete took another bite of his hot dog. "It'd be all right," he said. "But I've got a mother who's a Sunday-school teacher."

Glenn and I both believe you must plant qualities in a child, water them and make them grow. We try to show Peter what we want, rather than tell him.

For example, I'm one of those people who wakes up each morning ready to greet the world. And Glenn has learned, to his sorrow, that one of the penalties of being married to me is that I won't live with a grouch. That's doubly true when the grouch is only nine years old.

So, the first time I went into Peter's room to wake him up and was met with a snarling, surly, "What's nice about today?" and a hand reaching for a comic book, I pulled down the covers and gave Peter a couple of solid whacks where they would do the most good.

So, Glenn sets a good example and allows himself the luxury of feeling grumpy

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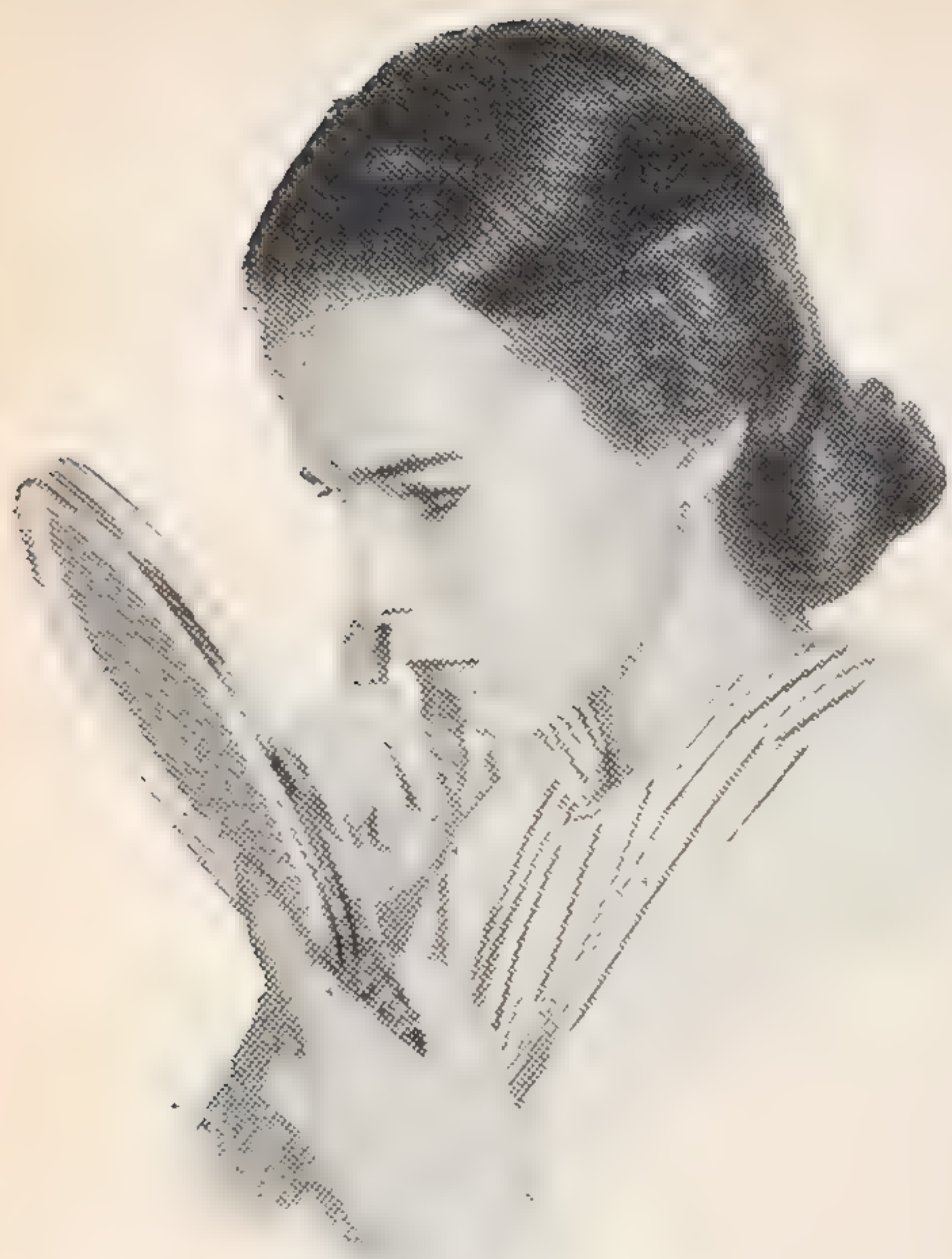
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just to the dining-room door. Then he greets Peter and me with a smile and a couple of cheery "Good mornings."

The more serious qualities we've tried to plant in our son are generosity, kindness and a love of learning. We have been deluging Pete with books since he was able to read, and we're probably as strict about his schoolwork as any other parents we know. His teacher grades him each day and, if the grade is unsatisfactory, he doesn't watch television or listen to the radio that night.

Two years ago, when Pete had the measles, Glenn and I taught him his work by playing school. We were the pupils and we sat in Peter's small chairs and said, "Yes, teacher," and were disciplined when we missed the questions Peter asked.

Like his dad, Pete is basically kind. A few years ago he somehow got the idea that our gardener liked root-beer floats and practically forced the man to drink himself to death by making two or three every afternoon and waiting happily for the gardener to down them.

We hope that Pete is becoming the type of person we would like to meet and know. Something that happened last spring makes us think that he is. He had a crowd of boys up in the pool, and Glenn and I sat in the patio and listened to the splashing and shouts. Suddenly Peter ran across the lawn.

"I just found out," he said, "it's Jack's birthday today, and nobody's given him anything. I've got plenty of toys. May I give him some?" His words all rushed together.

"Of course," Glenn said.

The screen door banged behind him, and we could hear the sound of drawers being opened and shut in his room. In a few moments he was downstairs again, his right hand dragging a bag of old toys. Cradled under his left arm was a new sailboat. It had been given to Pete a few days before, and he had never sailed it.

"He'd love a boat," Peter said. "He's never had a boat. Can I give it to him?"

"Of course," Glenn said. "That would be very nice." He didn't say that Pete shouldn't expect another boat or another present to make up for this one. He didn't need to say it. That Pete already knew.

But Pete didn't hesitate; he didn't even look at the blue enameled keel or the tall white sails. He just started running toward the pool again, shouting, "Hey, Jack, come here. Jack."

The boy's mother called me up the next day, and she said Jack had slept with his sailboat.

Glenn and Peter are basically very much alike—although Glenn would never admit it. He has the same generosity, the same impish, teasing sense of humor, the same solid quietness. Because they are so alike—so reserved and sensitive—they were never quite friends, never quite at ease with each other until last summer and a place called Guaraja, where Glenn had to go on location. He would be gone the entire summer.

The problem of Glenn and Peter's relationship was a serious one, the type that comes up once or twice in every family and must be solved. If it is not, it leaves a deep crack in the foundations of family life. We solved this problem, drawing on all the things we had learned in ten years together and all the growing-up we had done. We solved this problem as we have solved so many less important problems, by talking it over with understanding and common sense.

Our common-sense solution was for Peter and me to spend the summer on location with Glenn in Brazil. We had never gone on location before. Glenn and I had felt that Peter was too young to

change homes at the drop of a movie camera. On the other hand, our family was being endangered by the long separation, partly because Peter and I had been alone together too much while Glenn was away and partly because Peter and Glenn were a little unsure of each other. We realized this and we solved it.

In Guaraja, Peter and Glenn really discovered each other. There was nothing but the hot work of making a movie during the day. At night the three of us were alone with the spiders and ants that occupied our tropical house. During the day, I never saw Pete. I sent him off to the set, being just motherly enough to slip a sandwich into his blue jeans pocket in case he got too hungry before lunch.

He and Glenn had breakfast on the set with the crew. Peter got himself gloriously dirty helping the men put up lights and bury wild-looking cords. He was water boy for the crew and messenger boy for the director. He ate what he wanted and worked alongside his dad. His hands got calloused, and his language got professionally technical.

Glenn and Pete got to know each other, spending day after day together—working together for almost the first time in their lives. And they became pals.

It was a little thing that made us realize this. There was a joke about Guaraja water being poisonous to everyone except Guarajans. And maybe the Guarajans weren't quite sure of the water, either, because the common drink for the picture crew and for Guarajans of all ages was beer. Pete, of course, wanted beer too. He didn't get it and, since milk was unavailable most of the time, he managed to survive on soft drinks.

This particular afternoon the two of them came home dirty and exhausted, Glenn's arms loosely tossed around Pete's shoulders. Glenn, as usual, opened a bottle of beer. Pete, as usual, begged for some. I, as usual, said, "No."

But this time Glenn got an extra glass and poured about an inch of beer into the bottom for Pete.

"I guess my podner can have anything I can," Glenn said.

"Thanks, pard," Pete answered back. And they both started laughing.

For the rest of the summer they followed the same ceremony every night. The bottle was opened, shared, laughed at.

And the laughter signified that as a family we had solved another problem. Since we are still human, there will undoubtedly be more problems lurking in the future. But we had taken another step towards strengthening the foundations and smoothing the rough edges of the family life that we've built. We had brought ourselves a bit closer to the day when perhaps our marriage—our life—can be perfect.

THE END

(Glenn Ford can currently be seen in Columbia's "Human Desire.")



Superstitions of Stars

(Continued from page 61)

Every time she starts anything important, she keeps her date with destiny in those same old tired slippers:

Betty Hutton screamed when the maid at the Mayflower Hotel in Washington unpacked her hats and put them on the bed. "I knew something terrible was going to happen that day," Betty told me shudderingly when she returned to Hollywood. And that turned out to be the day she decided to divorce Charlie O'Curran. Some people are jinxed with boots on the bed or scissors. But for Betty, it's hats. And it's just as dangerous, the Huttons believe, when people say, "Good luck, Betty," before she goes on stage. "I want to punch them in the nose. The first time I appeared on stage in a good part, everyone wished me good luck—and brother was I a flop."

D'ye want to live like a Gabor—with minks, yachts and a Rubirosa thrown in for nothing? Then knock on wood. Eva, Zsa Zsa and Magda are so busy knocking on wood they scarcely have much time to knock each other.

More Hollywood stars see red for good luck than any other color. And please Mr. McCarthy, nothing political intended. The Monroe has her dress. Jane Wyman has had her red Santa Claus stocking for sixteen years. The start of every picture sees the stocking in her dressing room. Van Johnson swears by red socks. Wild horses and even royalty can't get him to change to more conservative hose. Glenn Ford has a red necktie, given him by an Irish friend when he made his first film. If he can't wear it in a picture, he has it sewn into the lining of his suit! And, of course, Red Skelton always sports a red tie. It's his trademark.

Fred Astaire wore an old terry-cloth bathrobe on the opening night of "The Gay Divorce," his first stage appearance without sister Adele. The shabby garment has an honored place in his wardrobe. And Debbie Reynolds believes it's lucky to wear an old flannel wrap for one scene in each picture. Look the next time and see for yourself.

When Joan Crawford was making a picture with Tim McCoy, long, long ago, she saw a child crying in the gutter on the way to location. It troubled Joan and, on the way back, she looked for the little girl. But all she found was a beat-up shoe. It has served as Joan's good-luck charm for many years.

Steve Forrest has a different kind of good-luck piece. When Steve was in the Army, stationed in the little town of Heeren in Holland, he used to spend a lot of time with a Dutch miner's family and brought them little gifts. As a farewell from them (just before the Battle of the Bulge), he received a little grandfather's pipe, called "oopapijp." He's kept it close to him ever since and claims it is the best guarantee of luck he's seen.

While we're reciting "Boots, Boots,

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PHOTOPLAY—on sale October 7



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Boots," Rock Hudson's are very popular with his fans. It seems that when Rock started to roll with his Hollywood career, an admirer in Arkansas asked him to send a pair of his size eleven shoes for good luck. The footloose fan had them waterproofed, planted flowers in them and relayed the news to Rock, who now sends his old boots and shoes to superstitious souvenir seekers.

Jean Simmons says she's too busy to have any "musts" for Lady Luck, but her husband Stewart Granger owns a pair of riding boots he vows he'll keep forever. He was wearing them when a poisonous snake took a toe hold during the shooting of "King Solomon's Mines" in Africa. The strong leather saved Stewart's life and left the cobra with a lifelong allergy against English riding boots.

Like husband like wife, so Laraine Day says her prayers when a Giant pitcher on the way to the pitcher's box steps on the white line marking the first-base path. But Greer Garson believes white brings luck. And all the cattle, chickens, horses, ducks and even the buildings on the ranch she owns with millionaire husband Buddy Fogelson are pure white. John Wayne on the other hand makes himself smile all day long if he happens to see a white horse. Virginia Mayo, on the other hand, has no superstitions. A lover of all animals, Ginny is as devoted to black cats as she is to the horses she and Mike O'Shea keep on their San Fernando Valley ranch.

How many of you can remember which shoe you put on first? Alan Ladd never forgets. He always starts at the right. This Ladd never takes a chance. Rex Harrison refuses to travel on a Friday. If necessary, he'll take a plane at 12:01 A.M. Saturday morning.

Judy Holliday inherited her superstition from an old stage trouser who told her, "Never appear at the first rehearsal knowing all your lines." Ty Power prepares for trouble when someone whistles in a dressing room. This is an old theatrical bugaboo and believed in fervently by such stout fellows as Phil Harris and Jack Benny. Also Jan Sterling, who if ever she forgets and does whistle, leaves the room, turns around three times, and waits to be invited back into the dressing room. When Jan was asked, "What is your husband Paul Douglas' pet superstition?" she quipped, "He likes to be married. I'm his fourth wife. Paul feels that terrible things happen to him if he's single."

Anne Baxter prays for rain on the first day of her pictures because it rained when she started "The Razor's Edge," and that one won her an Oscar. She was delighted when it poured in Munich at the start of her latest picture, "Carnival Story," and that one is also in the hit class.

Ann Blyth believes it's unlucky to take off her wedding ring. And in scenes where she isn't married, the ring is hidden with nude-colored tape. But Marge Champion thinks it's just as unlucky to wear her own wedding ring in a picture where she plays a married woman. Marge believes that if she did, her own happy marriage to Gower would fade with the last reel.

Grace Kelly is the coolest number we've ever had in Hollywood. She's a lady from the right side of the tracks in Philly, with the best schools and the most enlightened upbringing a wealthy family could give. But Grace believes in fortune tellers. I would too if they told me what they told Gracie. Three years ago, when Grace visited a gypsy soothsayer at a circus, she was told she would be very successful on the screen. And for an extra piece of silver, that she would appear opposite big stars like Clark Gable and Bing Crosby. I wonder if the crystal gazer also saw Miss Kelly at the swank night clubs in Hollywood, dancing with Mr. Crosby or escorted by Mr. Gable

to the Academy Awards, which was the biggest social coup of the year.

To every new job, Mitzi Gaynor carries the same basket handbag. Inside are the pictures of all the saints. "My own idea to bring me good luck," she explains. Spencer Tracy carries a St. Theresa medallion which he received almost twenty-five years ago on Broadway in "Baby Cyclone." Anthony Quinn used to carry eight or nine charms of all religions. But one night during a dramatic scene on stage in "Streetcar Named Desire," four or five fell out of his pocket and ruined the scene. Now Tony carries one good-luck charm only, the gift of his little daughter.

Van Heflin says, "Whistling is okay," but he never changes his route to the studio. Tony Curtis used to do everything in the spooks book—never walked under a ladder, never put a hat on the bed, knocked over wood and avoided black cats. Until Jane Leigh screamed, "Enough. You can choose between me and your silly old superstitions." Well, they're still living together. Janet, incidentally, is one of the biggest knockers-on-wood in these parts. She won't even say "good morning" unless there's a solid piece of wood within knocking distance.

It's hard to remember now, but when Jimmy Stewart starred in "Harvey," he was a bad risk at the boxoffice. Jimmy's previous pictures were nothing to write home about. And no one did. But *Harvey*, the invisible rabbit, turned the trick. From that moment on, Jimmy's pictures made money for his producers—and more for himself. So in every picture nowadays Jimmy wears part, or all, of the wardrobe he wore in "Harvey." You saw the twee outfit suit, the checkered vest and the tire shoes in "The Glenn Miller Story," when Glenn was down on his luck. Even in "The Far Country," a period picture and a far cry from Rabbits Anonymous, Jimmy wore the crazy checkered vest.

Kirk Douglas has a superstitious feeling about food that stems from his hungry childhood. In those days Mama Danielo vitch didn't have enough in the icebox to feed her brood of six girls and a boy. She didn't even have an icebox. So Kirk demands a full refrigerator at all times. Say it's better for an empty stomach than an old superstition about carrying around a four-leaf clover.

Ardent fisherman Ward Bond still spins on the bait. If Claire Trevor is late for an appointment, she'll go home rather than tempt the Fates who send you bad luck if you keep them waiting. Jeanne Crain is superstitious about making plans. "I always have the feeling that if I plan something and especially if I talk about it, it'll fall through." Dana Andrews would rather walk a mile than be the third person to light a cigarette from one match. Al Walter Brennan has a live human being for his lucky charm—Dickerson, his constant companion who works for good luck in every Brennan movie.

Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have many bugaboo-boos to avoid I'm surprised they have time for anything else. Jerry does everything from crossing his eyes to crossing his fingers. He turns white if an one whistles in his dressing room. On stage he always carries a small plastic case with the photos of his wife and children. The two times he forgot, he fell—injure his knee one time, almost broke his back the second. Dean, and there's no one who looks more dapper on the outside, has an old pair of lucky underpants for inside. He's worn them nine million times.

Donald O'Connor has one simple rule: stay lucky—"I never re-enter a burning theatre."

Can you top that one?

THE END

Build That Date Line

(Continued from page 57)

know. In this particular instance, I was the guy. A reasonably shy one. And how did I become acquainted with the lady's thoughts? Many dates later, when we knew each other better, she told me. Then, at long last, we could laugh about it.

It's a crazy situation. You go out on a date to have fun. That doesn't seem so difficult. You'd think it would come naturally. And yet you have to live and learn and listen before you begin to get the hang of it.

I fondly remember my first date. My date, did I say? Well, actually she was my brother Walt's girl. I tagged along. Walt extended the invitation for an Easter Sunday afternoon. "Want to go to the movies?" he inquired.

The fact that she hadn't received the invitation until that very afternoon didn't throw Julie. "Uh huh," she replied.

"Awright then, come on," he said graciously.

"Wait a minute," said Julie. "I want to put on my new Easter bonnet."

Walt was an elderly eight. I was seven. I never asked the lady's age. However, young as she was, I now realize that she was smart enough to know that she should dress to please us men. Still, why should I remember Julie after all these years? I think it's because she was living proof of the theory Walt had been trying to drum into my head—that girls weren't such a bother, after all.

Julie could look like a doll in her bonnet. But I discovered she was smart in other ways. She could play handball, climb trees, be a cowboy or an Indian with equal ease. She was never at a loss when it came to thinking up new adventures. Julie knew how to have fun. And so, she was fun to be with.

She wasn't aware of it—as few of us are in our extreme youth—but she'd found the secret: relax, be yourself, enjoy yourself. Then you have no cause to worry and wonder. You won't have time.

Of course, there are other factors that contribute to a carefree date. For instance, you can begin to get ready for the occasion long before starting out. It's likely that you'll know something about the boy, even if it's a first date. Is he a scholar? A sportsman? Do some boning up on subjects you think might interest him. Be certain to find something about the subject which honestly interests you. Know what's going on in the world and form some opinions of your own on the situation. Don't be afraid to ask questions and to make it known that you honestly value his opinions. You won't have to spend your evening dreading a strained silence. You'll be ready to plunge right in, conversation-wise, and cope with it.

I once went out with a girl who I thought might have a nervous breakdown before she found a mirror in which to check her appearance. "I just know I look a mess," she kept saying.

She looked fine. But would she believe me? Obviously the answer was no, and we were both miserable because of it. That's why I suggest that a girl take a good long look in her mirror before she and her date leave the house. Know you look your very best when you start out. Then forget your appearance. You won't have to be constantly fumbling in your handbag for a comb or seeking reassurance in a mirror.

Dressing properly for the event helps, too. If you're going out of an afternoon with no particular activities in mind, yet you know there's a chance your date might suggest a bowling game, leave your high heels in the closet. "Be prepared" is a great

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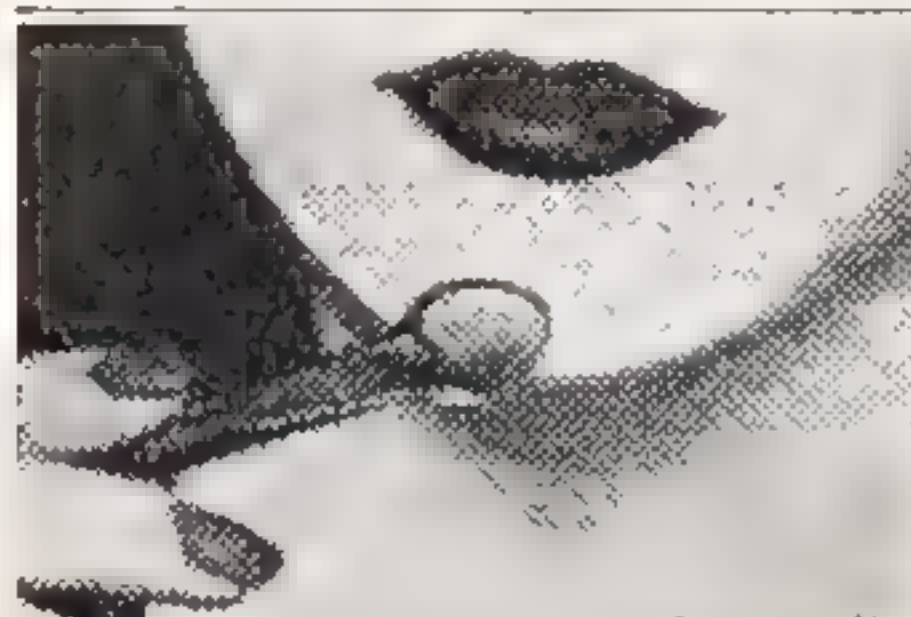
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motto, date-wise as well as Scout-wise. For evening, it's my theory that a girl can't go wrong by wearing a simple dress with, perhaps, a strand of pearls. And be certain you're dressing for comfort as well as style.

Start the evening right. Don't keep your man cooling his heels in the parlor—you'll be saved the trouble of wondering all evening whether he's secretly rebuking you for being late. If you've a good excuse, he'll understand. In that case, say you're sorry—but don't spend the rest of the evening apologizing!

Go out with the idea of having fun. After all, this fellow wants to be with you or he wouldn't have called in the first place. Let him know that it doesn't matter where you go. It's who you're with that counts. If a man realizes that you feel this way about him, the feeling will very probably be mutual.

I remember the time Lori Nelson and I attended a party. It was an elegant party. Very formal. Very social. Very dead. It seemed as if rigor mortis had set in all over the room. "You know," I whispered, "if it weren't so sad, I'd feel like laughing."

Lori gave me a shocked look. "Out loud?" she said, and we both laughed. Quietly, of course.

A few minutes later, we ran into Marilyn Erskine and her date and we managed to find a table together. Pretty soon we were oblivious to our surroundings and having a whale of a time. I guess we looked it. People kept drifting over to say hello. One hello lasted for nearly an hour before the couple went back to their own table to finish a bored discussion on the outrageous price of Cadillacs.

When Lori told me that she'd had a good time that evening, I believed her. I already knew. She'd been telling me all evening long—not in so many words—just by her laughter and the way she entered into the spirit of things.

A real dream date. That's Lori. She isn't bothered by the fact that she looks like a regal, fragile doll. Lori will tackle any sport you can name. (Most recently we've gone in for aqua-lung-ing!) She swims like a fish. Waterskis like a whiz. She plays tennis, rides horseback and she's a gun enthusiast. Speaking of the latter, Lori and her father go out nearly every Sunday for target practice at a near-by range. And the gal shoots as well left-handed as she does right-handed.

We've always done a lot of swimming together, and our water fights are getting famous. I remember one time when we took a trip to Palm Springs. A lot of photographers were down and they were

snapping a few dozen pictures as we played around by the side of the Racquet Club pool. Then, all of a sudden, Lori gave me a shove. Into the drink I went. "Now that was a large-type mistake," I shouted when I got to the surface. But after that, I switched to a more subdued tone. "Here," I said, "how about helping me out?"

Lori sat down at the edge of the pool, despite a shout of warning from one of her girl friends. "I trust Tab," she said sweetly. "He'd never pull me in." But there was a gleam in her eye.

What could a guy do? I pulled her into the pool, of course. That's where we spent the rest of the morning, while spectators placed bets on who would win the battle.

The photographers stayed with us, but the fact that her hair was soaking wet didn't spoil Lori's good time. She never thought to worry about it as some girls might. And I might add, she never looked cuter.

But what if your date goes in for sports and you're not exactly the athletic type? Would it completely wreck your idea of fun? It shouldn't. Most guys don't insist that a girl be an expert at sports. But she does have to be willing to give them a try—and forget to be embarrassed because she doesn't happen to be a champ. Any man will appreciate her efforts.

I can still recall the first time Debbie Reynolds and I went ice skating. Debbie has the grace of a dancer, and as long as I did a lot of lifts with her, she looked like a dream. Once on the ice again, however, she had a bit of trouble staying on her feet. All the same, this spoiled no one's evening and I mightily admired her bravery.

Deb isn't the world's greatest skier, either. But there again, she gives it her all. A friend accompanied us on our initial ski venture and when we struck out, Deb started in the opposite direction. "I'm going over and take a lesson like a sensible girl," she told us. "You guys go and have some fun."

We took her at her word. I'm ashamed to say that it was hours before we returned. But there was Deb—still plugging away as if learning to ski was the most important thing in the world. Since then she's tackled a few slopes with me, and I'm proud of the fact she went to the trouble to learn so that we could go skiing together.

And now I come to life's little tragedies and the importance of a sense of humor on a date. Calamities do happen to anyone, and when they do, a fellow's first inclination is to curl up and die of embarrassment. Take the time—long ago—that my date and I went to a drive-in theatre—in my old Ford coupe. Ordinarily this would

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have been a sterling idea. However, on this particular night, it began to rain. It came down in buckets and we couldn't see a thing. My windshield wipers wouldn't work. "Want to leave?" I asked her. I felt like an idiot, a rat and a cad, in that order, because the picture we were missing was one she'd especially wanted to see.

We stayed. We operated the wipers by hand. It was her idea, and you'd have thought she'd spent most of her life seeing movies that way!

Or there was the time Deb and I were coming home from a skiing trip. We'd gotten as far as Pasadena when I noticed we were practically out of gas. "We're going to have to stop pretty soon," I told her. After a while, I mentioned it again; And we promptly went on with our conversation. Finally, the car sputtered and came to a stop. "Tab," said Debbie, "we seem to have forgotten something."

There we were in the middle of the boulevard. And there we stayed until a kindly motorist gave us a push to a service station. Despite our good luck, I had cause to moan. "Deb, my credit card's no good here and I'm fresh out of money," I told her.

"Allow me," she grinned.

I allowed her to loan me the money for exactly one gallon. Enough to get us to a station where I could use my credit card. Deb thought the whole thing was just short of hilarious.

Neither Lori nor Deb expects a nightclub tour when we go out. Neither drinks, except for an occasional sip of champagne which they both claim tastes like Seven-Up.

Marilyn Erskine's one of the most wonderful girls I've ever known. And I believe that every girl could profit by her "honesty is the best policy" theory, on a date. And her examples of thoughtfulness and kindness.

I met Marilyn last October when I was called in to read for a part in the stage production of "Our Town." Marilyn was to be the leading lady. She'd done the part before and was great in it, and she agreed to read with me. Later, when I was told that I'd won the role I'd read for, I thanked her for all her help. "Please don't," she grinned. "I have a confession. I didn't think you could do it. And I apologize!"

Despite this fact, she'd spent hours patiently working with me on the part. I was grateful for her aid and for her honesty. And I felt pretty proud of having won her respect. Her admission made me feel I'd really accomplished something.

I think you'll find that when you level with a man (and I don't mean level him right into the ground) you'll both be more comfortable. And you'll both know exactly where you stand with each other.

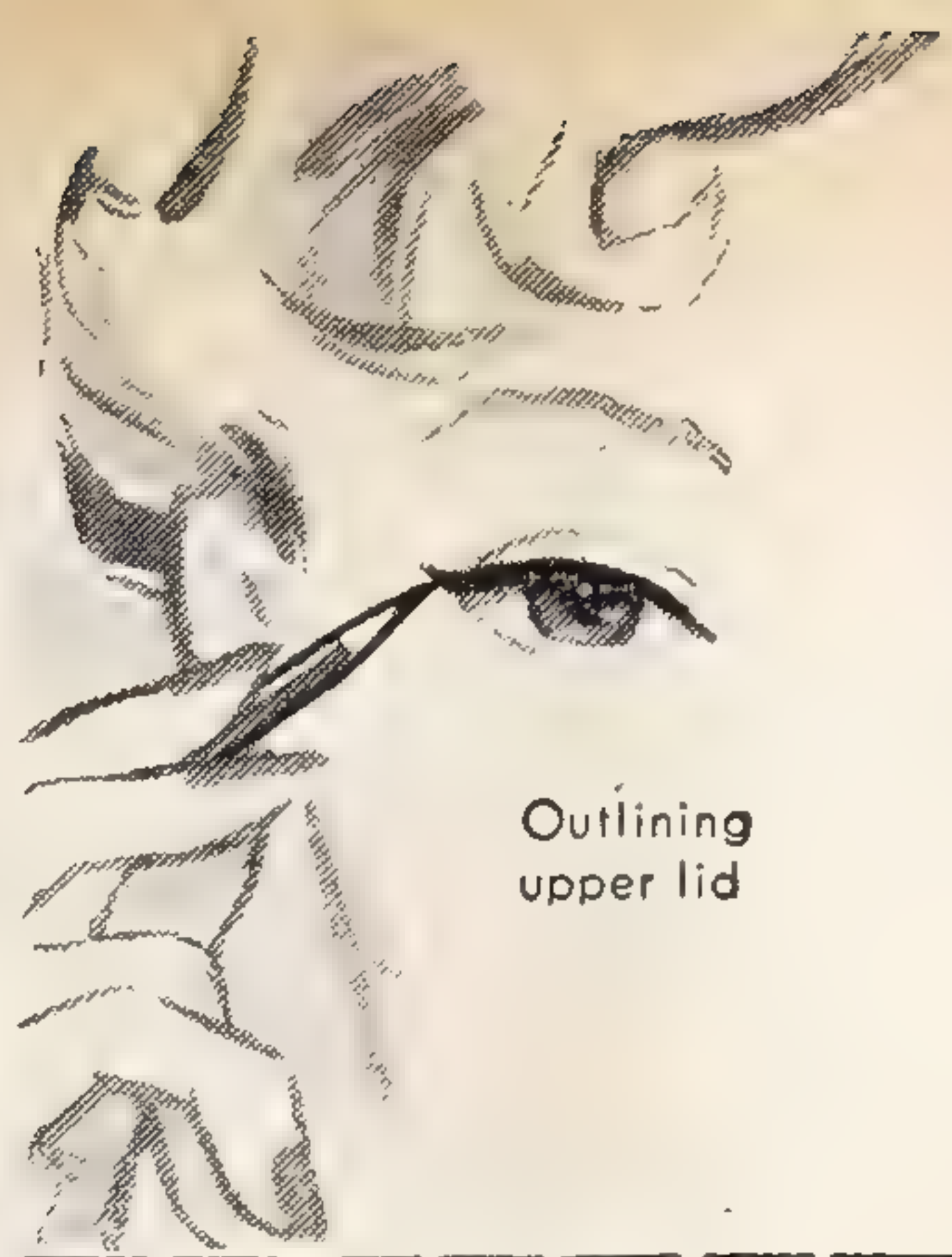
The stage company of "Our Town" did a series of one-night stands. That means you rush here and you rush there and while you're rushing, you have to take it all in your stride. That's exactly what Marilyn did. She never got upset by the confusion. If there was a problem, she pitched in and helped solve it. She's the kind of a girl a fellow knows he can count on. And that's the kind of a girl he likes to date.

Marilyn's secret is relaxation.

She makes sure, before she starts out on a date, that she is already convinced she is going to have a good time. That's her never-failing secret. Be prepared to have fun, then relax and enjoy yourself.

Come to think of it, both have a lot in common with my youthful dream girl, Julie... although we've all long since given up cowboys and Indians! They know how to have fun, and when I walk them to the door and say good night, I go away feeling great. Because I've had fun, too.

THE END



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows

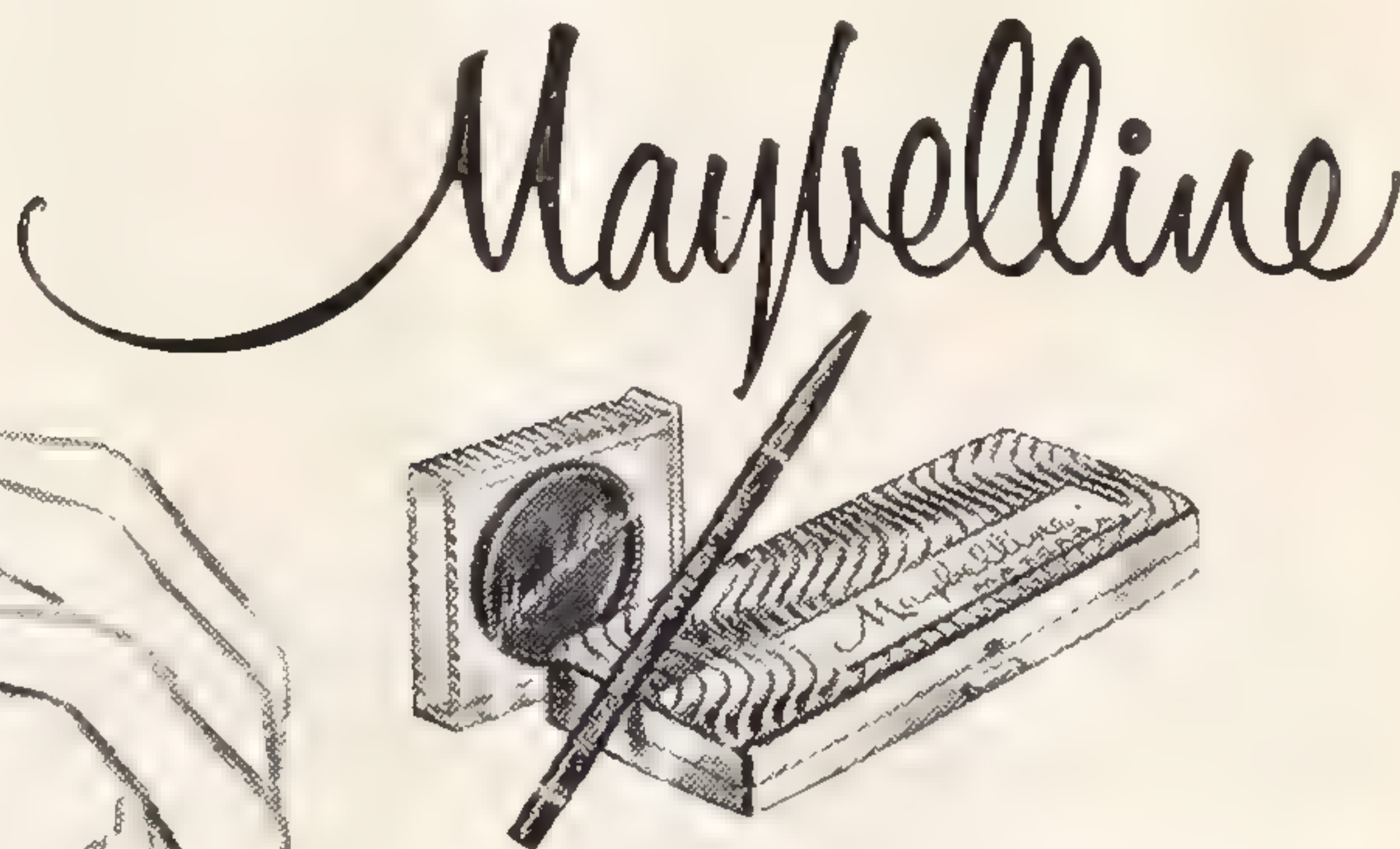


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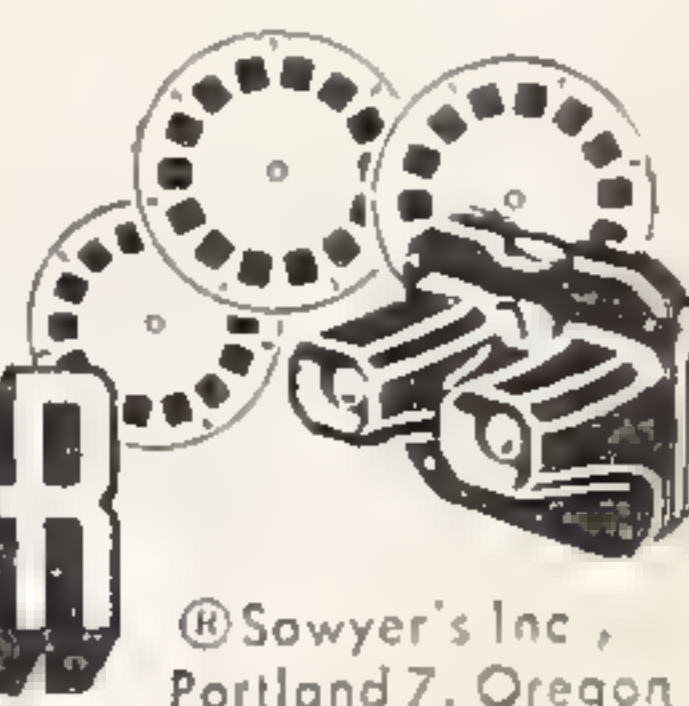
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MOVIE STAR PICTURES

AT PHOTO, GIFT AND DEPARTMENT STORES

(Continued from page 49)

he become a top performer in pictures? **Dewey Martin:** Current picture, "Men of the Fighting Lady." Next picture, "Land of the Pharaohs." Here's one of the most contradictory situations in Hollywood. Stocky, good-looking Dewey has an M-G-M contract, but his most powerful backing comes from producer-director Howard Hawks, who discovered him. The effect of his hit in Hawks' "The Big Sky" was frittered away by months of inactivity. Now Dewey's rolling. Will he get there?

Terry Moore: Recent picture, "King of the Khyber Rifles." Next picture, not yet decided. Inactivity's also a threat to Terry's career. In the past year, she's had a couple of big pictures to capitalize on all her publicity. But she'll need bigger and better ones to make her really the tops. She's cute and curvaceous, under contract to 20th, in her early twenties, divorced.

Rita Moreno: Current picture, "Garden of Evil." Next picture, "Untamed." Five feet two inches of voluptuous grace, Rita is regarded as very hot stuff on the 20th lot, where cheesecake queens Terry and Marilyn have already scored. But she needs bigger roles than her singing scene in "Garden of Evil" to register strongly.

George Nader: Recent picture, "Carnival Story." Next picture, "Five Bridges to Cross." After a couple of film floppers, George is suddenly in demand all over the place—on TV (with Loretta Young and Ann Sothorn), at U-I (where's he's landed a part originally intended for Jeff Chandler). Six feet one, brown-haired, blue-eyed, very unmarried.

Sheree North: Current picture, "Living It Up." Next picture, "Pink Tights." Sheree's the girl who was brought from TV and the Broadway stage to scare Marilyn Monroe into not getting married and also into doing "Pink Tights." Marilyn didn't scare—but Sheree's still a threat. She has a good singing voice, in addition to the terrific figure and dancing legs she showed off while jitterbugging with Jerry Lewis.

Kim Novak: Debut picture, "Pushover." Next picture, "And Then to Bed." Tall, silver-blond, young, sensuous-voiced Kim made the "Pushover" preview audience stand up and cheer. Columbia's answering the applause with ambitious plans.

Dan O'Herlihy: Current picture, "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Next picture, "The Black Shield of Falworth." The blonds have it this year. Here's another—sexy, unmarried, brilliant and Irish. With lead roles in minor films, minor roles in big films, he was a bit lost until his impressive solo job as Crusoe. "Black Shield" gives him a chance at comedy and charm.

Debra Paget: Current pictures, "Demetrius and the Gladiators," "The Gambler from Natchez." Sloe-eyed, lush-figured Debra has had lots of publicity and fan acclaim. But will she be among the first rank of stars in 1955? She's tried playing it both ways: demure, then jazzy.

Jack Palance: Recent picture, "Man in the Attic." Next picture, "Sign of the Pagan." Hardly the pretty-boy type, Jack's loaded with intelligence and sex appeal, along with the menace. When he's the villain, audiences often forget to look at the hero. Married, but adept (on-screen) at that "You might be the one woman"

look. A free lance actor, by his own choice. **Edmund Purdom:** Current picture, "The Student Prince." Next picture, "The Egyptian." Not since Gregory Peck's zoom to stardom have so many films been lined up for any young player. Purdom's very British, married, tall, handsome, skilled as an actor. But it remains to be seen whether fans will agree with all the studios madly bidding to borrow Purdom from M-G-M.

Jeff Richards: Current picture, "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers." Next picture, "Many Rivers to Cross." Tall, husky Jeff has a quality somewhat like a young Bob Taylor, without the too-perfect features that limited Bob's early career. M-G-M likes him, but with the same studio also busy promoting Purdom, Forrest, Martin and Carlos Thompson, everybody can't win. Which one will?

Jay Robinson: Current picture, "Demetrius and the Gladiators." Next picture, "Prince of Players." Here's a truly unusual personality. Too unusual? Six feet tall, blond-haired, green-eyed, only twenty-three, Jay scored a character hit in "The Robe" and its sequel. He may surprise fans when he gets off this Emperor Caligula kick.

Barbara Rush: Current pictures, "Magnificent Obsession," "The Black Shield of Falworth." The winsome Mrs. Jeffrey Hunter, hazel-eyed and black-haired, is certainly U-I's feminine favorite this year. Her work in "Obsession" won her a co-starring role with Rock Hudson and a trip to Ireland for "Captain Lightfoot."

Carlos Thompson: Current picture, "Valley of the Kings." Next picture, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." Off-screen, Carlos is tall, slender, unmarried, brainy and completely charming. On-screen, he is tall, slender, not extra-scrupulous—but still charming. If he stops playing shady characters, we'll see how far his intelligence, personality and pleasant singing voice can take him.

Mamie Van Doren: Recent picture, "Yankee Pasha." Current picture, "Francis Joins the WACs." She's twenty-one, five feet four, 112 pounds, and her measurements are 36-24-35. So who cares whether she can act? Actually, she can. Mamie pleases her studio, U-I, as much as she amuses movie audiences.

Joan Weldon: Current picture, "Them!" Next picture, "Deep in My Heart." Joan has a curious history. Warners originally hired her because of her singing voice—which you won't have heard until M-G-M's "Deep in My Heart" is released. After a series of melodramas, Joan's now freelancing, ready to capitalize on her voice.

May Wynn: Current picture, "The Caine Mutiny." Next picture, "They Rode West." Everybody around Columbia literally adores the pretty, curvaceous May. This helps any actress' future, but May has further assets: sex appeal and a seductive way with dialogue and songs.

There you have the up-and-coming players who'll bid for top stardom in the movie year of 1955. Which young actor do you think will make the grade? Which actress, from all the wealth of youthful talent spread before you? Let PHOTOPLAY have your final word. Thank you!

THE END

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Miracle at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 69)

these days. I was sitting at home chewing the end of a pencil, trying to figure out how to keep my budget balanced when the call came.

"I guess everyone has faced critical times when they wait for something unusual to happen, and when it actually does—it sounds pretty corny and fictional. But in my case there it was, coming at me right over the wire. Cecil B. DeMille wanted to see me. Could I come over to the studio that same afternoon? Could I? I'd have crawled there on my stomach through cactus clumps.

"Going up the stairs to Mr. DeMille's office," John said, "I had plenty of thoughts. Of course, I had heard tales about the great man—how he kept a secretary at his elbow at all times to take down each word that was spoken in an interview, how he knew everything there was to know about an individual before he came to see him—his tastes, how he spent his leisure, his habits and weaknesses, even his accomplishments, however small. I'd heard he told the truth, literally and absolutely, that he'd tell it to the devil himself. I knew he was the greatest single figure the picture industry had yet produced, that he was a perfectionist who refused to accept failure or mistakes.

"But why, I kept asking myself, did he want to see me?"

Derek was admitted to Mr. DeMille's private office at once and saw a kindly faced elderly man who shook his hand with genuine friendliness.

"At once," John said, "all my nervousness disappeared. His lively, intelligent eyes looked into mine and he seemed to know me in an instant. He held my hand and then said with simple dignity, 'Mr. Derek, I'm glad to see you.'

"Mister Derek! I couldn't remember when anybody had used that term of address to me, especially anyone of importance in Hollywood. The typical trick of most members of Hollywood's high brass, I had always found when being interviewed, was to make you feel like a worm of the lowest known variety. And as for being an actor, the whole world, apparently, is deluged with them. You can kick them out from under any rock. They crawl about the streets like an army of ants, waiting for a crumb to be dropped from a studio executive's hand. This, of course, is a well-calculated procedure. When it comes to the crux of the interview—how much are we going to have to pay this bum—they try to get you groveling.

"But this was different. Suddenly I felt I was an individual, an actor who was serious about his career and therefore entitled to respect. I was *Mister Derek*! There was none of that phony arm-about-the-shoulder stuff, no patronizing familiarity, just simple directness and a gentle but wise appraisal."

Mr. DeMille came directly to the point. He had, it came out, been seriously considering him for the role of Joshua in the forthcoming "Ten Commandments."

"As we talked," John said, "he seemed to be measuring me physically, and I thought I detected a shadow of disappointment. A few minutes later he told me very frankly that I wasn't tall enough for the part. Joshua, you know, was the one whom Moses appointed to command the conquest of Canaan, and he had to be pretty impressive in stature."

Before he came to the studio, Derek had thought the interview would last no more than fifteen minutes. He was in Mr. DeMille's office for more than an hour, and as they talked, John became increasingly



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astonished. He discovered that the great man had had him under close observation for a considerable period. He had actually seen all of John's pictures. Then he discussed John's work. "I've observed that you look at things, objects in a room, people's faces, a picture on the wall, but you don't really see them," Mr. DeMille said. "Learn to do that, show that you have seen by the expression in your eyes, your face, and you'll have accomplished something that many actors never manage."

"Of course," John said, recalling impressions of the interview that remained in his mind after leaving Mr. DeMille's office, "I tried to defend myself, even in the faults I knew I had. And I then realized that Mr. DeMille was one of the really great men I've met in this business who actually listened to me. He considered every word I spoke. And I didn't have the inward feeling that I must hurry or 'Id lose my audience. With every minute of his time during the day scheduled, he let me think he had all afternoon to give me. Once we got into the subject of religion—that's the theme of his great new picture—and he asked me about mine. I tried to conjure up some quick convictions, but immediately I knew it was no good. Mr. DeMille was already aware of my religious attitude and later I was thankful I'd had sense enough to tell him the truth."

"But the great feeling I took out of that office was that I, John Derek, was a person of importance, not for what I'd done, but for what I could do. I knew that if Mr. DeMille had critical things to say, or even made a mildly complimentary remark, it came from his mind and his heart. When I left him I was soaring. I was filled with a faith in myself that I'd never had before. What if I didn't get the part of Joshua? Other good roles would come along and now I'd bring something to them."

Soon after his interview with Mr. DeMille, John made a test for 20th Century-Fox. He worked hard in preparation for it, knowing that Mr. DeMille would see the film. "I hope it comes to him soon," John said. "I'd like his opinion, especially now."

It was the feeling which Derek carried away from Mr. DeMille's office that was one of the determining factors in making his decision to accept the contract offer which was soon made him by Paramount.

William Meiklejohn, head of the talent-procurement department of that studio, said, "It seemed pretty clear to me what should be done with John Derek. He had grown out of the 'pretty boy' parts that he'd done too long and was ready for al-

most any type of role—the hard, gutty things."

Speaking of this, Derek admitted that while other studios had made more attractive financial offers, there never was any real doubt in his mind as to his ultimate studio home. "I'd like to make one thing quite clear," John said, "and that is within the scope of their own estimate of my abilities, Columbia did all they could for me. I think now the feeling of failure I knew there was largely my own fault. Somehow I had the idea that as an individual I didn't amount to much. But now, for the first time in my life as an actor, I'm beginning to think reasonably well of John Derek. I know that is attributable to Mr. DeMille."

Curiously enough, John's popularity with fans did not diminish during his period of comparative inactivity as a free lance. His fan letters continue to pour in at the rate of several hundred a week. Not long ago, Carol Thomas, pretty fifteen-year-old daughter of Bill Thomas of the Pine-Thomas producing unit, asked to meet Derek. There were only two actors, she said, about whom she had any lively feeling of admiration. One was Guy Mitchell, the other John Derek. After John came off the set, during one of the breaks in shooting on his new picture, "Run for Cover," Carol was photographed with him. "Mr. Derek has an odd, kind of dead-pan sense of humor," she said. "You're never quite sure whether he's kidding. He's nice."

It is this "niceness" of John's which appears to be one of his dominant characteristics. Jimmy Cagney, who is co-starring with him in "Run for Cover," a Western with a difference in which Derek plays an unsympathetic part, said, "This boy is a pretty dedicated youngster. And he has just the right mixture of brashness and unaffected humility that a young actor needs. A player must have a certain amount of ego, of course, but in John's case it's well under control."

It is this dedication of John's which to some hard-minded observers poses a question regarding his future. While he has no five-year plan, as such, he is inclined to take himself and his work a bit too seriously—if that is possible. He gives the impression that he has little desire for play or relaxation—other than his hobby of breeding Arabian horses. Off the set he is thoughtful and very intent. One feels that a certain joyousness is lacking. And this is remarkable. He is happily married to a pretty and charming girl. He has escaped the impasse in his career which hung over

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like a cloud during the last couple of years. He bids fair to become one of the most successful young actors now looming large on the cinema horizons. It would be refreshing to hear some spontaneous laughter emerging from his well-shaped lips. One of the crosses which Derek must bear is his physical attractiveness. He dislikes intensely any allusions to his well-publicized good looks. In his house one finds no pictures of him. Now twenty-eight, Derek can honestly claim—though he would be the last to do so—that his success has been achieved under his own power. The child of a broken home—his parents, both professionals, were divorced when he was very young—he received little encouragement when he was posing his future career. His father, in fact, actively opposed it. But one day while riding along a bridle path near the famous All Rogers ranch, he met Tom Moore and his wife. Sensing that here was a youth who had the makings of an actor, they endeavored to persuade John's father to give the youngster a chance. He refused. It was not until John was seventeen that he struck out on his own. He was signed by David Selznick, who has quite a reputation for covering talent. Just as he was about to be cast in a picture, he was drafted into the Army, and after basic training in this country, eventually landed in the Philippines during the final stages of the war in these islands.

Following his discharge, he began pounding on studio gates and at last was given a contract at 20th Century-Fox. This resulted in nothing more than a dropped option.

By this time he had read "Knock on Any Door," and responding to the thought, knocked determinedly on the door of Columbia. At the suggestion of Humphrey Bogart, he was given a test and a contract followed. "Knock on Any Door" gave him a tremendous upward boost under the able direction of Nicholas Ray, who is, incidentally, directing him in "Run for Cover." Asked if Derek is a better actor now, Mr. Ray said: "'Knock on Any Door' shot him to the top of the popularity polls and made him the 'find' of 1949. And he's a much better actor in this picture."

After the success of "Knock on Any Door," Derek was awarded a strong part in Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men," which won the Academy Award for 1949. Then the studio cast him in the starring role of Robin Hood's son in "Rogues of Sherwood Forest." Subsequently Columbia bought Millard Lampell's novel about college football, to be released under the title "Saturday's Hero." Then came "Ask of the Avenger" and "Family Secret." His later pictures include "Scandal Sheet," "Prince of Pirates," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Ambush at Tomahawk Gap," "Underbirds" and "Mission over Korea." His next for Paramount is "Run for Cover."

In 1948 Derek was married to Patti Andrews, a young 20th Century-Fox starlet. They now have two children, a son, Russell Andre, and a baby daughter, Sean Catherine.

Thus well launched in life as well as in his career, John Derek chooses to disregard his past in pictures and says quite candidly that he is starting over. Whether his objective attitude toward himself is the result of much inward searching or the peer-making forward impetus given him by one of the truly great men of the picture world, no one knows, not even John himself. Asked about this, he said: "All I'm aware of is that Mr. DeMille held up an unflattering mirror to my shortcomings and gave me an ideal that I shall always strive toward."

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The Pied Piper of Hoboken

(Continued from page 55)

jam your head into the roof of the carousel. Your hair has to be shaved off, and they pry the carousel roof open to remove your head. They send your dad the bill. Carousel roofs come very high, and you are suitably disciplined.

Your father wants you to become a civil engineer and to attend Stevens School of Engineering some day. But this is doomed. As you put it, "Math murders me." Although you love music, in your practical hardy neighborhood, it hasn't occurred to you that music could be a man's livelihood.

You early acquire the nickname of "Angles" at Demarest High—and with some justification. Whatever the problem, you have an idea for an "angle"—and a quick wit and a keen blue eye for calculating the score. Athletics seem to be the best angle to gain wider popularity. When the football coach looks askance at your weight, you make star forward on the basketball team. You win trophies in swimming, you sing with the school glee club and the band. And here, too, you discover an angle that can be worked easily. By borrowing a few dollars from your dad, you invest in some musical arrangements and in a public-address system and amplifying horn. You book bands for clubs and for school dances, you rent your P.A. system to them, and go along as singer—for a small additional fee.

At sixteen, however, there's one engagement you haven't been able to angle yet. Visiting your aunt at the seashore at Long Branch, New Jersey, you can't negotiate a date with pretty dark-eyed Nancy Barbato, daughter of a Jersey City building contractor, whose summer home is just across the street. You strum a mean ukulele on the beach, but no matter how loud you strum or how musically you croon, she isn't impressed. One day, however, you stroll casually by her house when she's sitting on the porch, giving her sister a manicure, and you manage a rakish, "Why don't you fix mine?" and she agrees. From now on, you're a frequent and a welcome visitor in the Barbatos' summer place and in their comfortable old three-story brownstone Jersey City home. An only, and sometimes lonely kid, you welcome the warmth and camaraderie of the seven Barbato children. And you are an instant hit with Mom Barbato, who's always trying to fatten you up—and save back a choice steak for you. Her daughter Tina (for whom your youngest is named, who is today Mrs. Ivan Maclear, interior decorator and proprietress of the "Toluca Den" in North Hollywood), can remember only too well when the steaks were seldom there.

"Frank was like an eighth child to Mother. 'Ask Frank if he's hungry,' was her standard greeting whenever he called. And he usually was. He was quite an actor too, even then. I remember how Frank and some of the other kids in the gang would take a stand on the balcony of the house and make like Mussolini or Hitler, ridiculing the dictators—while some of the rest of us tossed tomatoes at them. What hams."

These are the busy young years. Record sessions, line parties at the theatre, strumming ukuleles and toasting marshmallows around a driftwood fire on the beach . . . and you, Frank Sinatra, have no indication of just how busy your future will be.

In 1935 you leave Demarest High, and you're variously employed. You work for the circulation department of the *Jersey Observer*, you cub in the sports department and you decide to be a newspaperman—undiscouraged even when your thousands

of words about a school ball game come out, "Demarest Beats Kalamazoo—10-0. Then one balmy romantic evening you and Nancy Barbato take in a movie—a Bing Crosby changes your mind and your whole future. There in the darkness of the theatre, yours becomes a determined dream. Thousands listen to Bing's happy beat and dream of a singing career, but yours is the courage to chase—and catch that rainbow—and make it your own.

You haunt the dances and theatres near bands play. You listen for hours at a time to Bing's records and to Tommy Dorsey's trombone. Your whole life is set to music now—to phrasing and to a tone. You buy up a special radio headphone for your bed and you listen to bands and sing until the early morning hours. You analyze why one singer personally sends you and another does not. To you it all seems to add up to sincerity. The singer you like—puts his whole heart into song.

Your whole heart is there too, and your aim is high. From the first note you're singing for the stars.

At NBC in New York, another Sinatra, Ray Sinatra, musical conductor at the fabulous Sands Hotel in Las Vegas today, gets a letter from you. . . .

"I'd been doing a lot of radio and I was doing a show called, 'The Girl Next Door,' starring Agnes Moorehead, when I got the letter with Frank's picture enclosed," Ray Sinatra says today. "He wanted to know whether we might be related. He mentioned he wanted to be a singer, and asked if I would listen to him. Since his Sinatra families had come from Italy I checked with my father and discovered we were cousins. I arranged an audition for him and had my producer and a few agency people there. It was rough at the time, even with contacts, for a kid to get any kind of a break in radio. But I always thought he would make it. He had a warm intimate quality that was very good, and a way of speaking a lyric and making it mean something—which few singers were doing then. We kept in touch during the months, and when Frank got a guest spot on the Fred Allen 'I'm a Show,' he called and inquired whether I would mind if he mentioned he was my cousin. He seemed to think it would help. 'Go ahead,' I said, 'after all—we are.' Following the show, I got a call from Fred Allen and from a number of others, asking whether I'd heard the broadcast. 'That kid who said he was your cousin,' Frank said. I have laughed ever since about the 'crazy' unknown they thought was usurping my name."

Within a few years, your cousin Ray Sinatra will be conducting for a "Command Performance" show, starring you and Gene Kelly and Danny Kaye—and it will be raining Sinatras at the Sands Hotel.

You get your first break professionally when you audition on the "Major Boes Amateur Hour" show. You win, singing "Night and Day," and that becomes your lucky song. Since there are also two winning instrumentalists from your hometown, you're booked out as one unit and billed as "The Hoboken Four." You hit the unit on the West Coast; you're homesick and determined to make the grade in radio.

Back home, you sing for dishes or for free—on the chance somebody who can mean something to your future may be in. You are singing, and literally, for a song. And on five local stations yet, you join a boy-and-a-girl sweetheart-in-a-show on Station WNEW, and the ambitious girl's voice drips of magnolia blossoms sufficiently to antagonize a boy named Joisey-side. But let Dinah Shore tell

Frank was singing for a song all right, alph. We were both singing for the same amount. As I remember, we got seventeen dollars for five fifteen-minute morning shows a week. But what bothered me was—why was he singing for my song and my show? I had the WNEW show sponsored by the Gang & Gang Furniture Company of Passaic, New Jersey, and they hired Frank too. We were supposed to sing ballads a la duet. And the way we both felt, believe me, we were singing loud enough to be heard in New Jersey without benefit of a transmitter at all. For all the sweet love songs, we were each determined it was an individual show. Frank could never understand why a New Jersey furniture company wanted a Southern Belle. On the other hand, I couldn't figure out why they wanted a darn Yankee. Today, of course, I'm a fan of Frank's, I can figure why." But in 1938—you have your fans too . . . and you keep singing into that wild blue yonder—praying someone of importance will hear—

You're working at the Rustic Cabin, a adhouse in New Jersey, soloing with Bill Henri and His Headliners," mc-ing, and singing with a trio called: "The Three Georges," which also features the tenor sax player—your friend, Harry Schuchman, later to be affiliated with Columbia Pictures' Studio Orchestra in Hollywood. Harry and his wife Helen share many memorable milestones—professional and personal—with you . . . and as Harry recalls now: "Publicity gave Frank a push later on. Not as a singer, he was swooning the customers then at twenty-five a week; I made an extra five arranging for Frank and the band. And in those days Frank was always getting fired and rehired. The boss would fire him one day and hire him the next. Usually on Sundays when we played both afternoon and evening sessions and had to eat at the Rustic Cabin. Frank was always griping about how lousy the food was, and the boss would counter with, 'If you don't like the food, get lost . . .' But by Monday he'd come down and remember how much he needed Frank—and find him again. . . .

From the first, Frank was shooting for the stars—and determined to get there. After he went with Harry James and I went with Bob Chester's orchestra, he came by the Hotel New Yorker one night, where we were playing, and spotted Jimmy Dorsey out front. Chester put Frank on to do a number, but Dorsey kept putting it up with some guests at his table—and Frank commented in an undertone then, 'You'd better listen to me, or I'll be singing with you some day. . . .'

While we were at the Rustic Cabin, one of the favorite haunts was a pizza palace in Hoboken run by a friend of Frank's, and on the band's night off, we'd often wind up there. They closed early but they'd always open for Frank, and we'd have our own private club. 'Hey, Esano—it's Dolly's boy,' he'd call out, and the guy would say, 'Sure Frankie—you wait—I'll be right down—you wait. . . .' We'd done him the biggest favor in the world. We'd sit there, the fellows and their wives, Frank and Nancy, Helen and I—making tall plans for the future of pizza and beer. . . ."

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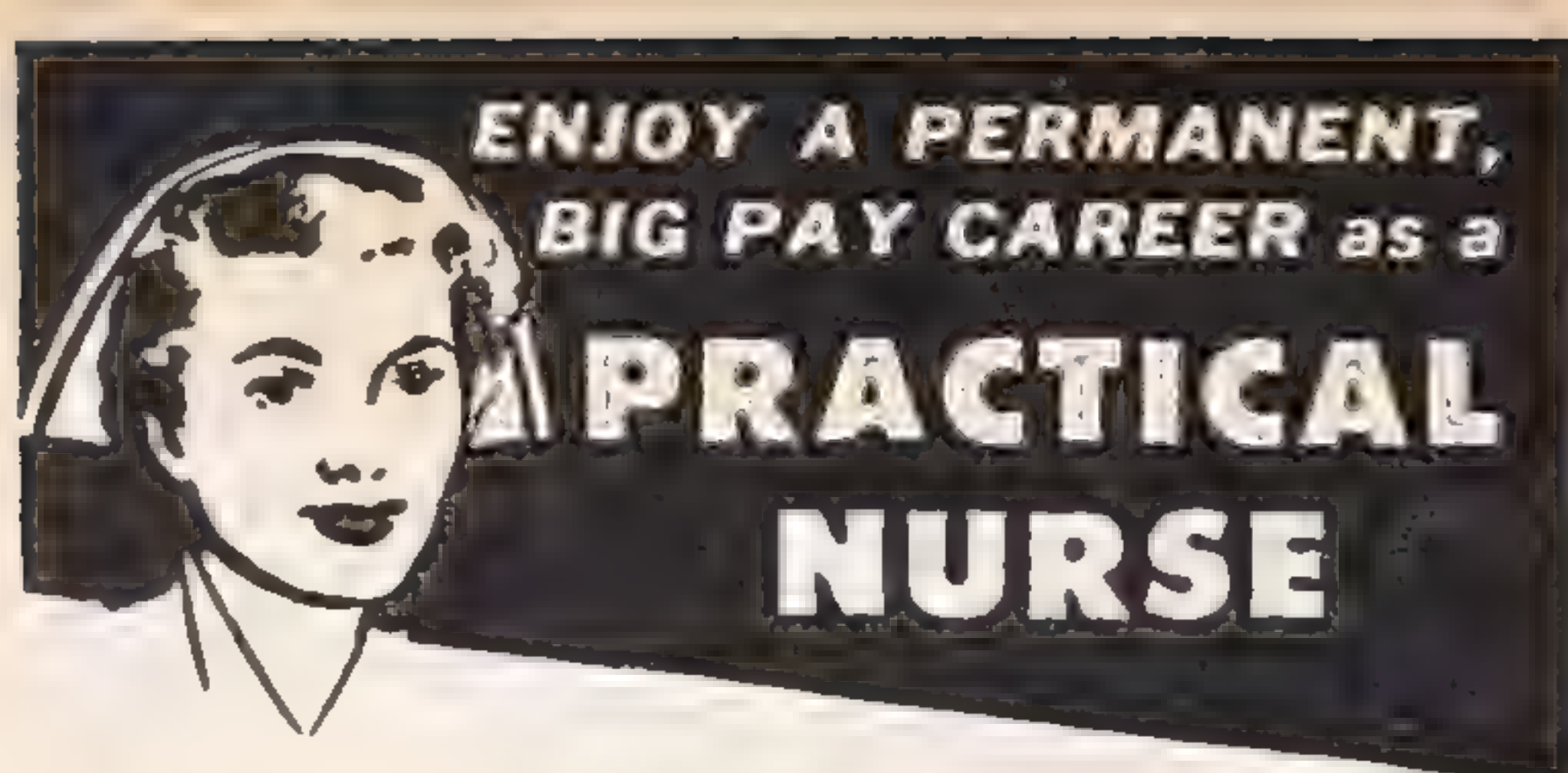
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the Rustic Cabin and Nancy makes \$25 a week working days as a secretary at the American Type Founders in Elizabeth, New Jersey. But you manage—as Helen Schuchman remembers now—

"Frank was very cute about helping fix up the apartment. One day he went out and bought yellow and brown curtains to match the kitchen and put them up all by himself—to surprise Nancy when she got home from work. But he didn't know too much about shopping, and once he came home from Macy's Department Store with a whole wheel of Gorgonzola cheese! There wasn't any place to keep it in the kitchen, but it was winter—fortunately—and Frank kept it out on the fire escape. For months we all ate Gorgonzola cheese. Money was scarce with all of us, and one day when somebody told Frank a big band leader was looking for a vocalist and advised him to have some professional photographs made at once, Nancy got a twenty-five-dollar advance to pay for them. But Frank was bigtime even then. He was just a kid and many of the customers out at the Rustic Cabin were older women, but his voice and little-boy charm really got them. I'd watch them while Frank was singing—and they were sent. . . ."

You sing from your heart—and in June, 1939—out of that wild blue yonder into which you sing—comes the big break you've hoped for. Between shows at the Paramount Theatre in New York, Harry James turns a radio dial to WNEW's "Dance Parade" to catch some music—and you are in the middle of a ballad. . . .

"I liked Frank's voice and his way of talking a lyric," James says. "After the show some of the fellows in the band and I went out to the Rustic Cabin to see him. He asked the boss if he could do a number for me and sang, 'Begin the Beguine.' I signed him for seventy-five a week. I wanted to change his last name, but he wouldn't. He said he had a cousin named Ray Sinatra who'd been doing very well with the name and he wanted to keep it. During the six months Frank was with us, we recorded 'All or Nothing at All.' It was a smash later—but then it was nothing at all. The band had rough going. We came to Los Angeles to play the Palomar, and by the time we got here, the Palomar had burned down. We were booked into Victor Hugo's in Beverly Hills, but the chichi crowd there didn't dig our kind of music—the help outnumbered the customers. The management wouldn't pay us. We got pretty hungry and we'd all chip in and Nancy would cook a pot of spaghetti for us. We were playing the Panther Room in the Hotel Sherman in Chicago when Tommy Dorsey offered Frank more money to go with his band. When Frank asked me I said, 'Sure, Boy—GO . . .' They were expecting a baby and they needed money. I didn't want to hold him back. We dissolved with a handshake, and I never did get around to tearing up his contract. If any of his managers had thought to come to me, Frank wouldn't have had to pay that sixty thousand dollars to settle his contract with Dorsey. Legally, he was under contract to me."

Yes, the line's forming on the right for you, even now, Frank Sinatra. Harry James likes you too much to stand in your way. Even the girl vocalist you replaced in James's band is your fan. Her name? Connie Haines—

"The boy was great. Let's face it—and I did," Connie says now. "Our first booking after he joined us was the Hippodrome in Baltimore, Maryland. Frank was so new with the band he wasn't even billed. The fans didn't even know his name, but they were standing at the stage door, screaming and yelling for him. I saw it. I was there. But the band had it real

tough. So tough the boys were doubled up to save money on hotel bills, a when Nancy would join us, Frank could afford another room, and Nancy would stay with me. Finally Harry could afford two singers. He decided to keep Frank, and he had to let me go—"

"Night and Day" is more than your lucky song, Frank Sinatra—it's the story of your life. Christmas 1939—no more—a baby on the way. You were the balladier for Tommy Dorsey's band, top showcase for any young singer of the day. And here's a girl who backed you the way . . . Jo Stafford!

"When Frank joined the band in Minneapolis, the Pied Pipers had never heard him sing. We knew there was a new singer coming with us, but there was always a boy singer going with some band then. And I didn't know what Frank had. We were on stage when Tommy announced Frank that first show, and when he came up to the mike, I just thought, 'Hmmm, kinda thin.' But by the first eight bars I thought, 'This is the greatest sound I ever heard.' The house quieted down until you could've heard a pin drop. He had a tremendous sound—but he had more than that. Phrasing, showmanship—I just call it talent. You knew he would know how to do a number badly."

"We had a million laughs rolling along on Tommy's bus across the country, those one-nighters. We'd finish a date, grab a bite to eat, leave town around 2:30 A.M., ride all night and make the next stop around 10:00 A.M. The boys who wanted to sleep would sit up front with Tommy. We had our own little group at the back of the bus—Frank, the 'Pied Pipers' a couple of sax players or so. We'd play the Word Game, harmonize, or jive up and roll along. One morning the bus broke down at 5:00 A.M. in a little town in Ohio, and we had to sit there and wait for another bus to come out of Cleveland and get us. Along about 7:00 A.M., the group was beginning to get bored. Buddy Rich got his drums out of the bus and we got some seats out that were stored in the back. Buddy began beating on his drums while the rest of us danced around the circle of chairs. Some of the early risers in that village must have thought we were crazy—beating drums and dancing in the street at seven o'clock in the morning. One bus driver we had, standing out with us a strong healthy guy, but by the end of three weeks, he was a wreck."

"One Christmas we'll never forget—until our dying day—and we were afraid that was it. We were playing at the Palladium in Hollywood and Tommy made date for a one-night engagement at a downtown Chicago club for a coming-out party in Chicago. Our two planes got caught in a terrible snowstorm, and one of the planes ran into real trouble. We had to come down in Moline, Illinois, and take a bus home. All of us were still shaky, and the whole band sang Christmas carols all the way into Chicago. It was something to remember—a wonderful thing. . . ."

"Another time—Tommy cancelled our dates and we drove two days across country to New York to record 'I'll Never Smile Again.' We'd met Ruth Lowe, who wrote the song. And we knew her husband had died which inspired her to write it. The band had recorded the song without success. Tommy decided we'd better do it a different way and in a hurry—before the tune died without a chance. We got there around ten in the morning and cut the song without any sleep. We tried a couple of takes, but they weren't good. Finally Tommy came over and said, 'Look, Kid—you're trying to be too perfect. Now sit back, relax, sit back real easy-like and sing like five people sitting around a piano in

the living room.' And that's the way we made it. . . ."

This is your life, Frank Sinatra—in 1940. Pouring with a band, cross-country trips in snow and rain and sleet—and cutting record that sells over a million.

And on June 8—same year—there comes to your life a girl who is to be the inspiration for another record at a future date—"Nancy with the Laughing Face. . ."

You're at the Hotel Astor in New York, and the band's rehearsed until six A.M. You decide to spend the rest of the night there with Bob Burns, the manager of the band. At eight A.M. his room phone rings. It's the Margaret Hague Hospital in Jersey City, calling to tell you that you're father. You're so groggy—you hang up on them. Then you come awake in a hurry—and fly over. . . . She's christened Nancy Sandra, but you call her "Little Miss Moonbeam," and she's the light of your daddy's life.

By 1941 you've made your first movie with the band, "Las Vegas Nights," at Paramount, and you've met your idol—the usual fellow who inspired you to become a minstrel man—Bing Crosby—who strolls through the sound-stage door and listens approvingly to the playback as the camera moves in on you.

This is the year too—you make your first record date without Dorsey backing you. It comes your lucky song again, "Night and Day." And you feel you will need all the luck it can allow this time. At least that's how Axel Stordahl, who's been arranging for Tommy Dorsey and conducts it is one for you, remembers it.

"This was a first for both of us, and a real nervous moment. When I lifted my arm my hand was shaking so much I could hardly give the downbeat. And Frank didn't know what would happen—or whether he would sell alone on a label. This was a make-or-break moment for him. I'll never forget when we got those dubs. We sat there in Frank's room in the Hollywood Plaza Hotel listening to them over and over all afternoon. Frank just couldn't believe it. This was a turning point in his career—when he realized what he could do on his own. . . ."

In October 1942—you make that fateful decision that will mean fame. You leave the band and go it alone. You have a three-minute-spot in "Reveille with Beverly" at Columbia Pictures singing "Night and Day"—and you aren't even given billing. A few months from now—you will be featured in the film. You haven't the down payment, but on the strength of being booked into the Paramount Theatre in New York, you're able to buy a ten-room place in Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey—your first home.

One winter day—you open at the Paramount. You hold the microphone intimately; you speak the lyrics meaningfully, you hold notes that fall off into a baritone whisper. Out in the audience, a girl begins to moan softly—and you, Frank Sinatra, son of a Hoboken fireman, are on your way to making history.

In the audience, the girls moan low when you sing, and you catch the keen ear of George Evans, veteran Broadway press agent who believes you're a great talent and is determined the whole country shall hear of you. He suggests the girls moan—not so low. "If you like something—show it," he says. Soon the moans switch to a mass coloratura squeal—and the management passes out smelling salts.

Soon you're the Pied Piper of song . . . followed by multitudes of saddle shoes and sloppy joes wherever you go. Six thousand fans jam 44th Street in zero weather outside the Paramount. Fan clubs spring from nowhere overnight, calling themselves "The Moonlight Sinatras,"

"Slaves of Sinatra's" and one fan club has a countersign—three short sighs followed by one long. Your fan mail staggers the mailmen and is filled with proposals of marriage—all of which Nancy rejects sweetly for you "with thanks."

You're the talk of the nation now. The press term you "King of Swoon," "Boudoir Baritone," "Swoonatra" to name a few. Physicians and psychologists attempt to analyze a scientific name and reason for you. The best they arrive at is a wartime love shortage and the need for romance. Finally, even your more vintaged public quit trying to analyze what you have and concede you undoubtedly have it.

But those who know music, the experts, say no one should sell you short. They say when the squealing stops you'll still be around. Canny song writers praise the way you sing every song as though it were part of you. To you "A singer is a storyteller. Music is the backdrop to a pretty poem."

In 1943—you are twenty-five years old and the entertainment world is yours. You're the star of "Your Hit Parade" and "Broadway Band Box" radio shows. You've captured the sophisticated crowd in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel's Wedgwood Room. You're breaking records on personal appearances wherever you sing.

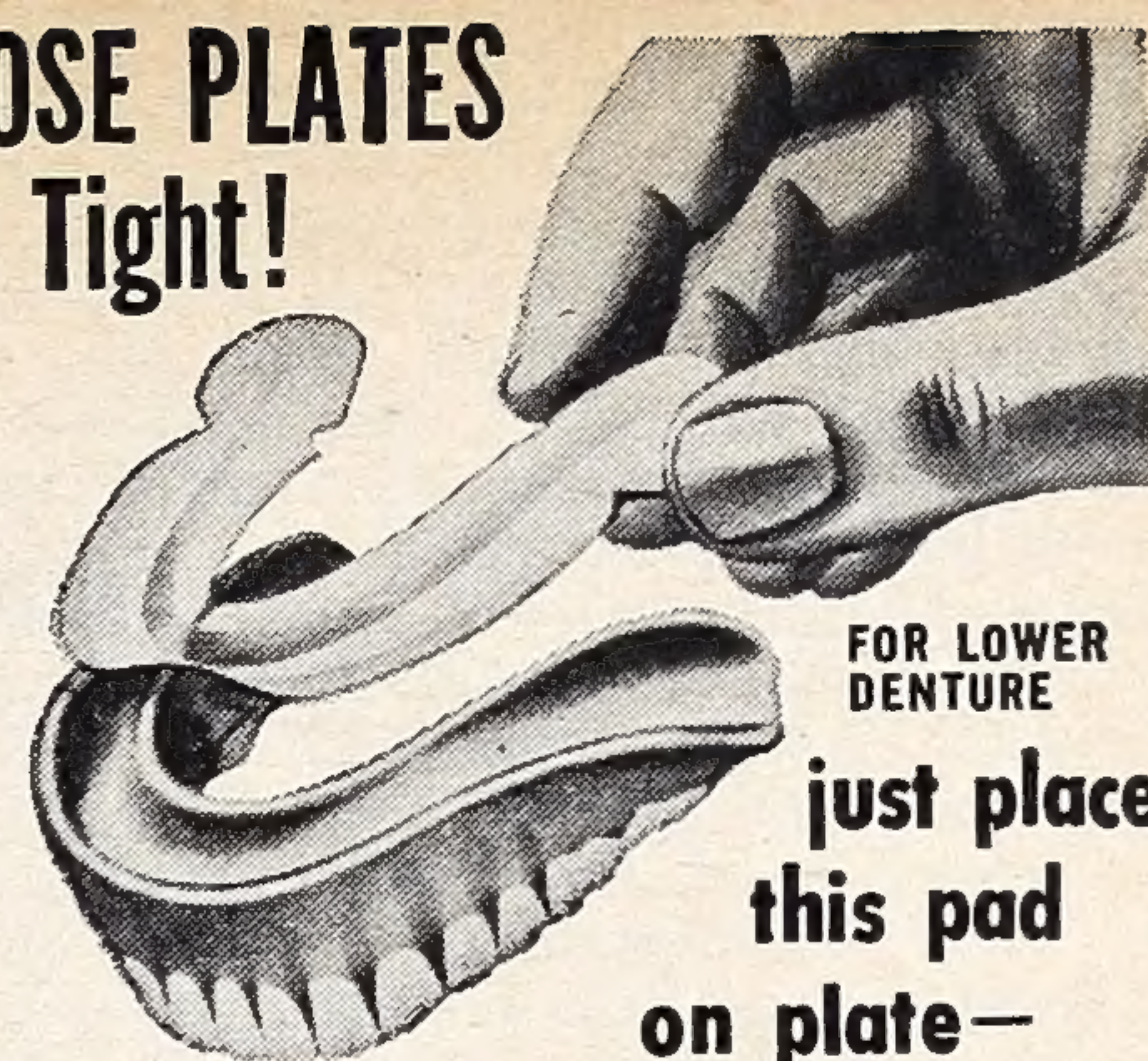
On August 13—this time yours is a triumphant entrance into Hollywood. You arrive for a well-publicized concert at the Hollywood Bowl and to star in "Higher and Higher," your first movie under your new RKO contract. At the Pasadena Station all is beauty and bedlam. Two thousand jiving fans are there to meet your train. Loudspeakers blast with "All or Nothing at All" and cordons of cops are waiting to escort you—standing there in the doorway of the train a thin fellow in a tan gabardine suit and a red polka-dot tie. Flanking you are George Evans and Hank Sanicola, ex-song plugger and your friend of years who's given you free music and plugged you for jobs and who is now your manager.

You hold your first Hollywood press conference in an old garage near by with your foot on the fender of an old jalopy with an "A" gas ration sticker, and with sixteen cops guarding garage doors that creak dangerously with the weight of the mob outside. Unknown to you—missing from the official welcoming committee is your first leading lady, a pretty RKO starlet, then Barbara Hale. . .

"I never did get to welcome him. I was—you might say—carried away. And I wound up baby-sitting for a mother who wanted to see Frank. I'd only been under contract to RKO for a couple of months and I was thoroughly awed at the thought of co-starring with him. As a matter of fact, I would still be awed today. But I'd been a fan of Frank's since I was in high school when he played the Coronado Theatre in my home town, Rockford, Illinois. He was with Tommy Dorsey's band, I think. I didn't see anybody else on the show but this boy. He had the same effect on all the girls in our audience then. He came into the drugstore for a Coke after the show and spoke to my girl friend and didn't speak to me—and I was really crushed. Now, three years later, to actually be co-starring in a picture with him and him the big white rage. . . I was the first girl to kiss Sinatra on the screen—and I darn near fainted myself when we shot that scene."

On August 16, 1943—the nation's newspapers are full of speculation about whether Roosevelt or Churchill plan to establish a second front. And the controversy between your army of fans and symphony lovers about your concert in the Hollywood Bowl. For you, this is a night always to be remembered. You be-

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lieve music is the universal language and you are entitled to be heard in any amphitheatre. You accept the challenge and yours is quite a victory, as PHOTOPLAY reporter, Maxine Arnold (who was caught in the jam with you), reveals here. "That was a real jam session all right. Frank had them hanging from the stars, hanging from boxes. Hanging, period. I was with Frank's official party. He'd already done two 'Hit Parade' broadcasts and he'd dressed to the teeth between the winning numbers on the last show. In all the confusion it developed he had no boutonniere, and at the last minute a page boy rushed in with a sad-looking cornflower he'd found at a florist for him. 'If the "Joisey Observer" could only see me now,' Frank joked as he got into the limousine for the Bowl.

"This was the largest evening of his life—and he was the calmest one in the crowd. We had a police escort, but we'd have fared better in a tank. I was in the car following Frank's and I got the overflow. It was the first time I'd ever been physically afraid of people. They snatched at the windows, they crushed around the cars, and a few women fainted on the fenders.

"The maestro, who had just conducted the first half of the evening, Vladimir Bakaleinikoff, was a reasonably bewildered fellow. 'Not even the Russian Revolution—even,' he kept saying.

"Hollywood was well represented there with Bing Crosby, Red Skelton, Mickey Rooney, Edward G. Robinson, the Alan Joneses, Harold Lloyds and many more. Out front Frank begins 'Dancing in the Dark' accompanied by fans screaming 'Sing to me, Frankie,' 'Send me, Frankie!' and in the middle of 'Old Man River' a barrage of thirty photographers yelled 'Smile, Frankie, smile.' An elderly patron of the arts saw me, peering at the small figure on the stage and handed me his field glasses saying sympathetically, 'Here—these will put him right in your lap.' He couldn't know I was curious about the cornflower, but Frankie and his boutonniere stood up better than any of the rest of us that night. He got the Bowl out of a \$12,500 deficit—and enabled symphony batons to keep waving there."

On August 27, 1943—you make headlines in the Hollywood trade papers saying, "Now I belong to myself." You've bought back the fifty-three per cent Tommy Dorsey and others have owned of you because of early contract arrangements.

January 10, 1944—CBS keeps an open line from Jersey City to the rehearsal stage to let you know the instant your son, Frank, Jr., is born. This is a fateful year all the way around. During 1944 you're earning an unheard of sum—close to \$1,400,000 this year. You co-star with Gene Kelly and Kathryn Grayson in "Anchors Aweigh" at M-G-M. Your recordings of "Sunday, Monday and Always" and "People Will Say We're in Love" are smash hits. The universal cry is "Semper Sinatra" and in Hollywood, in all mediums of entertainment, you're a respected star. You star in many "Command Performance" shows for GI's abroad with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.

This is the year, too, when Nancy and the two children join you in your first Hollywood home, a pink stucco Mediterranean-type house in Toluca Lake (which you call "Warm Valley") dubbed "The House That Music Built." And your "Goodnight, Nancy" and "Goodnight, Frank" that are your sign-off are familiar in every American home.

You're an important citizen now, not only of Hollywood but of the whole land. You're the voice of youth in the fight against juvenile delinquency. You've become entrenched in the nation's consciousness—not as a swooner, or at least not only

as a crooner, but as a respected spokesman and citizen. Success has only sharpened your memory of those less fortunate than yourself, and you're an impassioned spokesman for racial and religious tolerance. You speak before high-school audiences at benefits on behalf of Catholic youth organizations and those for Protestant and Jew. Yours is a voice for Democracy and it is in 1944, when you return from an exhausting tour, that director Mervyn Le Roy insists that you could reach millions telling the same story on the screen. With Le Roy directing and Frank Ross producing and you starring, you make a film that brings you a special Academy Award—the heartwarming and memorable "The House I Live In."

In 1944, too, you have tea at the White House and the President of the United States grinningly asks you to tell him confidentially what's going to be number one that week on the "Hit Parade."

Yes, even the most skeptical admit now that Little Nancy's dad is here to stay.

During the years between 1945 and 1949, the screams are dying away—but your star is still rising professionally. Jesse Lasky gambles on you for your first dramatic role—as a young priest, *Father Paul*, in RKO's "The Miracle of the Bells."

But at three o'clock in the morning of June 20th, 1948, you are more occupied with the miracle of fatherhood. For the first time in your career you can be there when one of your children is born. You pace the halls of Cedars of Lebanon Hospital—and waiting with you is yours and Nancy's good friend from Rustic Cabin days—Helen Schuchman.

"When Frank didn't pace, we played double solitaire," Helen says. "When Nancy moaned he would say, 'Oh—she'll be all right. Don't worry—she'll be all right.' And he was right. Nancy was fine, but by three in the morning when baby Tina came into this world, her father was a total wreck."

You have a fabulous home in Palm Springs now with a swimming pool shaped like a piano and with built-in palm trees. You have a \$250,000 estate in Holmby Hills with its own theatre and projection room. You own, together with Jimmy Van Heusen, your own airplane. Never, Frank Sinatra, back in those pizza parlors in New Jersey, did you dare dream this big.

But there are rumors of growing discord now in those houses music built for you. And in 1950, when you're flying high in that plane over El Paso, Texas, a news flash comes through that makes success or failure seem a small moment. Jimmy Van Heusen, who was at the controls, remembers only too well.

"We were flying to Houston, Texas, for Frank's opening at the Shamrock Hotel when we got the word on our radio that George Evans had dropped dead. For Frank this was an emotional shock that defies words. We put down immediately at El Paso and took another plane for New York and George's funeral."

On Valentine's Day, 1950, the official announcement that you and Nancy have separated is made. New York becomes your home base for television and radio.

On November 7th, 1951, you married glamorous Ava Gardner—but this marriage is to end unhappily in the not too distant future, too. For you, the troubadour sings of love for others. The lyrics can't be made to fit your own life.

Rumors rise bolder now, too, that your Old Black Magic no longer has the fans in its spell. But the Hoboken kid is far from down for the Hollywood count. You're just getting your second wind—and you go in swinging for the important part of *Maggio* in "From Here to Eternity." And for you, tough-tongued, wisecracking, warmhearted *Angelo Maggio* is almost like

playing yourself! You know the part is your own skin. You come from the side of the tracks. Only a mellow heart like yours—and *Maggio's*—would let music come through. But Columbia studios will give you no encouragement, and finally leave on location with Ava Gardner for Nairobi, Africa, where producer *Billy Adler's* cable finds you . . .

"We were considering two important actors, but as long as we were setting tests, I thought we might as well make one of Frank too. Within thirty-six hours he was in Hollywood. I was a little startled when I gave him the script of the drama scene and he took one look at it and handed it back. 'I don't need this,' he said. 'I read it three or four times.' I didn't think he had a Chinaman's chance, anyway. I said, 'Well, okay.' His was the last scheduled for the day and I didn't intend going down on the stage, but I got a telephone call from Fred Zinnemann: 'You'd better come down here. You're going to see something unbelievable. I already have it in the camera. I'm not using any film this time, but I want you to see it.'"

"Frank thought he was making another take—and he was terrific. But we had to have Harry Cohn's okay on casting and he was out of town. Meanwhile, Frank went back to Africa. I'd like to add now that it was my right and my left hand throughout the making of 'Eternity.' I just can't say enough good things about this man."

So you can't know at Christmas, 1949—you're in darkest Africa listening to Christian natives chanting "Silent Night," but even as you sing, the present you've prayed for is on the way. The cable says "*Maggio* is all yours."

It's 1953 now, Frank Sinatra—and it's a whole new life for you in Hollywood. By the strength of your performance in "From Here to Eternity," you will be given the challenging dramatic role of the hero in a war-shocked ex-GI in Robert Bassett's production of "Suddenly" for United Artists release. Radio, television and nightclub offers come at you from all sides, the prices soar. Your records again are smash hits. You have the whole world showing business on your string—and you're sitting on top of that rainbow you've chased ever since you were born.

On March 25th, 1954—you are in a star-studded audience at the Pantages Theatre that waits with bated breath as Mercedes McCambridge opens that night envelope. The house is pulling for your name—yours—to be inside. Near you is a man who's made a habit of winning Oscars, director Fred Zinnemann, who calls to tell them it will be there. . . .

"Thanks to a very versatile guy—more than anybody realizes. He has a whole career starting for him, and he'll be as successful in the acting field as he is a singer. He's made the top—and I'm sure he'll stay there."

Your children, Nancy and Frank, Jr., made sure you wouldn't go home empty-handed, no matter what happened. Now you hold in a tense hand their medals, guardian angel on one side of it and an "Oscar" on the other inscribed: "To Dick From Here to Eternity." Once more the crowd roars—they applaud you, an Italian fireman's son, born on a Jersey waterfront, a song-and-dance man who wins Hollywood's highest honor as an actor. In the crowd who applaud had thought you were through.

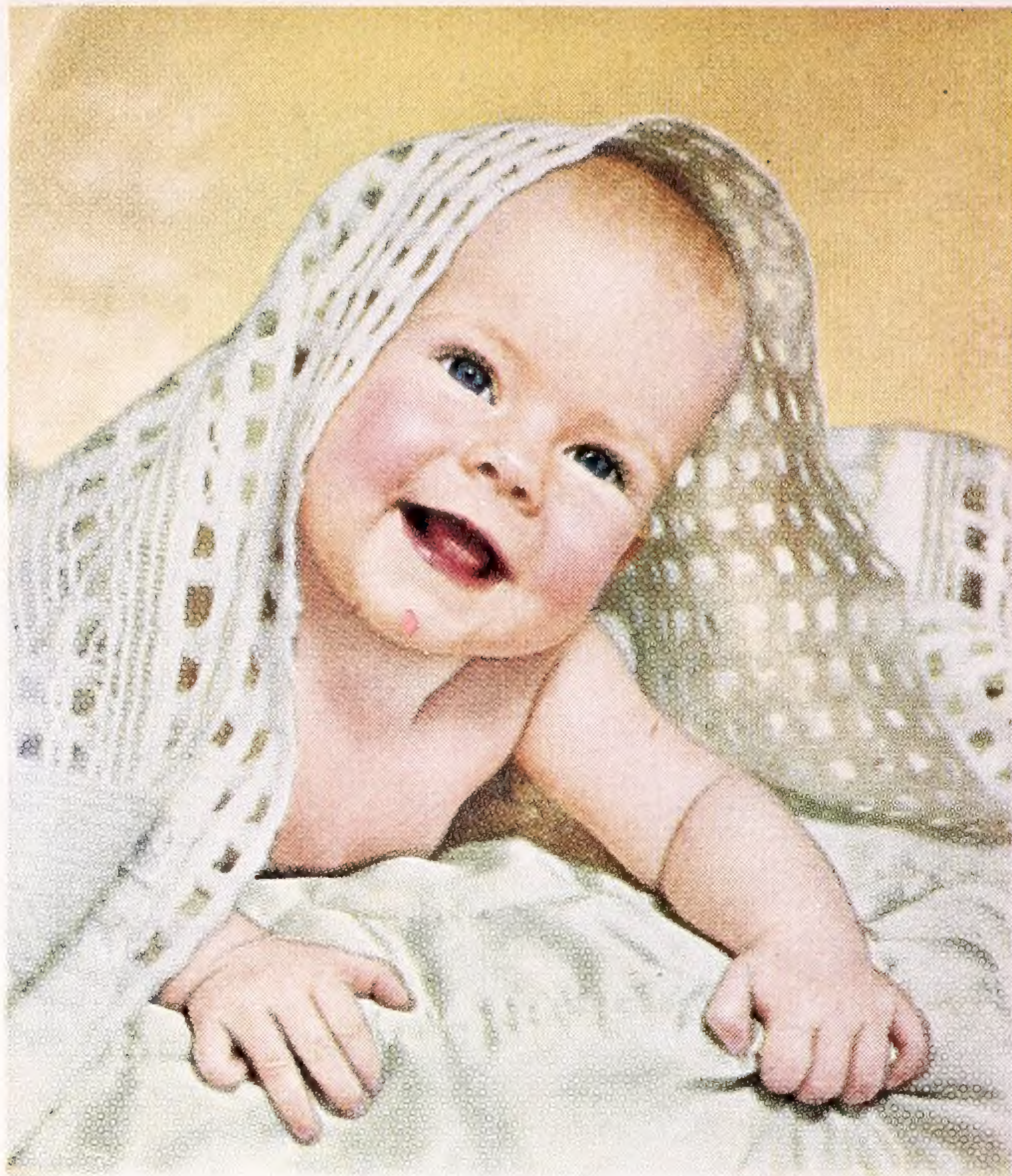
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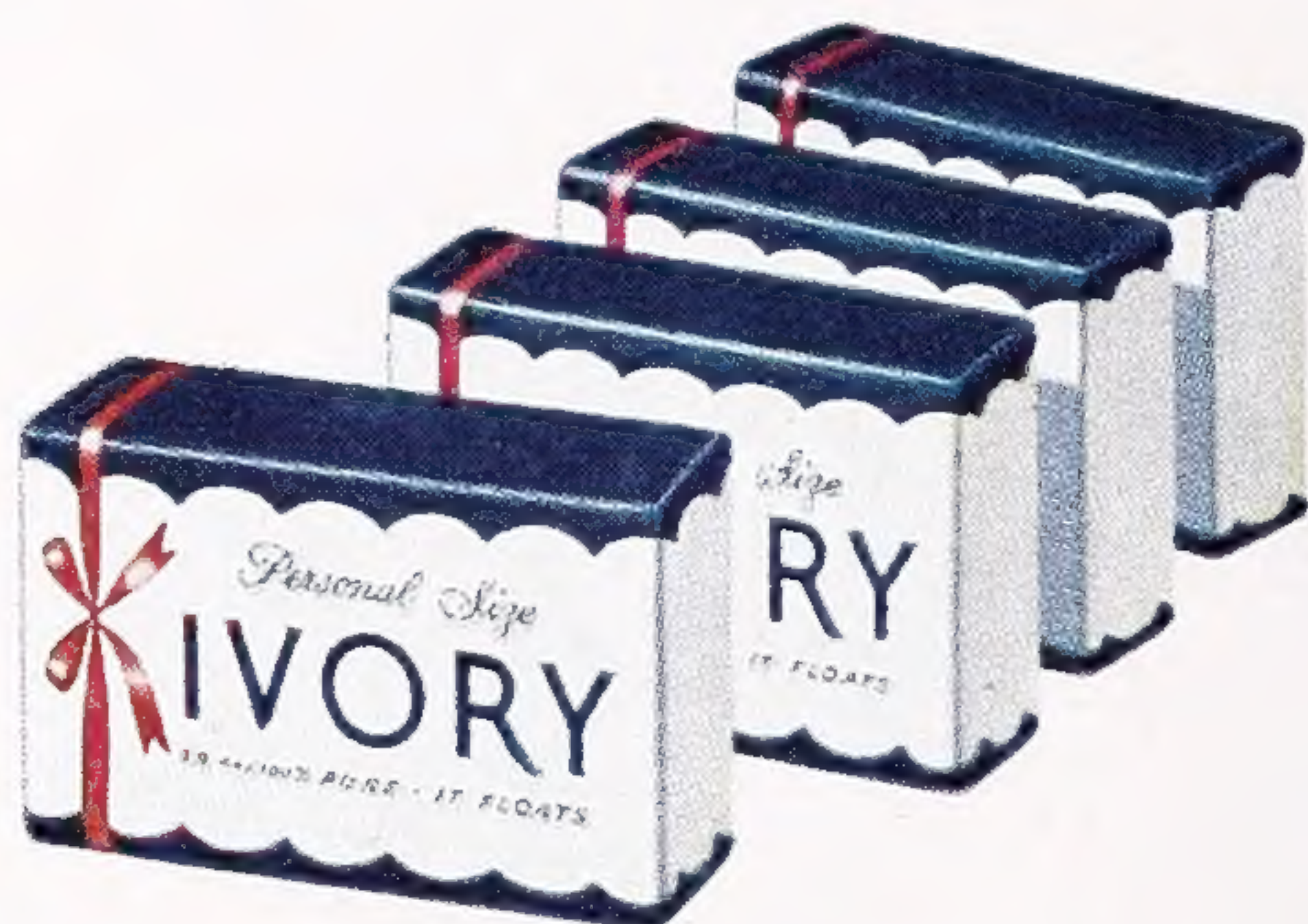
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